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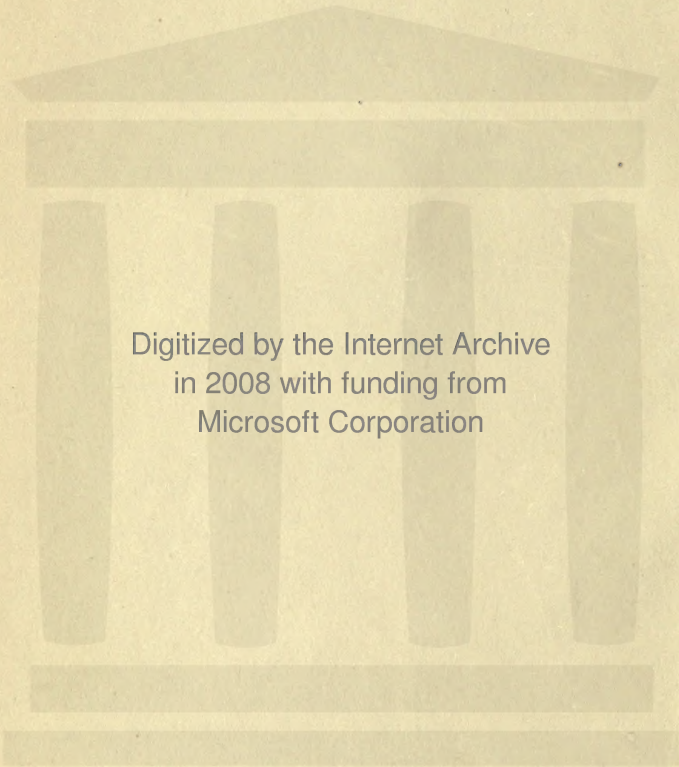
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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

JUNE 1815.....OCTOBER 1815.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JUNE 1815.

No. XLIX.

ART. I. *Roderick: The Last of the Goths.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Poet-Laureate, and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. 4to. pp. 477. London. 1814.

THIS is the best, we think, and the most powerful of all Mr Southey's poems. It abounds with lofty sentiments, and magnificent imagery; and contains more rich and comprehensive descriptions—more beautiful pictures of pure affection—and more impressive representations of mental agony and exaltation than we have often met with in the compass of a single volume.

A work, of which all this can be said with justice, cannot be without great merit; and ought not, it may be presumed, to be without great popularity. Justice, however, has something more to say of it: and we are not quite sure either that it will be very popular, or that it deserves to be so. It is too monotonous—too wordy—and too uniformly stately, tragical, and emphatic.—Above all, it is now and then a little absurd—and pretty frequently not a little affected.

The author is a poet undoubtedly; but not of the highest order. There is rather more of rhetoric than of inspiration about him—and we have oftener to admire his taste and industry in borrowing and adorning, than the boldness or felicity of his inventions. He has indisputably a great gift of amplifying and exalting; but uses it, we must say, rather unmercifully. He is never plain, concise, or unaffectedly simple, and is so much bent upon making the most of every thing, that he is perpetually overdoing. His sentiments and situations are sometimes ordinary enough; but the tone of emphasis and pretension is never for a moment relaxed; and the most trivial occurrences, and fantastical distresses, are commemorated with the same vehemence and exaggeration of manner, as the most startling incidents, or the deepest and most heart-rending disasters. This

want of relief and variety is sufficiently painful of itself in a work of such length; but its worst effect is, that it gives an air of falsetto and pretension to the whole strain of the composition, and makes us suspect the author of imposture and affectation, even when he has good enough cause for his agonies and raptures. How is it possible, indeed, to commit our sympathies, without distrust, to the hands of a writer, who, after painting with infinite force the anguish of soul which pursued the fallen Roderick into the retreat to which his crimes had driven him, proceeds with redoubled emphasis to assure us, that neither his remorse nor his downfal were half so intolerable to him, as *the shocking tameness of the sea birds* who flew round about him in that utter solitude, and were sometimes so familiar as to brush his cheek with their wings?

'For his lost crown
And sceptre never had he felt a thought
Of pain: repentance had no pangs to spare
For trifles such as these, . . the loss of these
Was a cheap penalty: . . that he had fallen
Down to the lowest depth of wretchedness,
His hope and consolation. But to lose
His human station in the scale of things, . .
To see brute Nature scorn him, and renounce
Its homage to the human form divine! . .
Had then almighty vengeance thus reveal'd
His punishment, and was he fallen indeed
Below fallen man, . . below redemption's reach, . .
Made lower than the beasts?' p. 17.

This, if we were in bad humour, we should be tempted to say, was little better than drivelling;—and certainly the folly of it is greatly aggravated by the tone of intense solemnity in which it is conveyed: But the worst fault by far, and the most injurious to the effect of the author's greatest beauties, is the extreme diffuseness and verbosity of his style, and his unrelenting anxiety to leave nothing to the fancy, the feeling, or even the plain understanding of his readers,—but to have every thing set down, and impressed and hammered into them, which it may any how conduce to his glory that they should comprehend. There never was any author, we are persuaded, who had so great a distrust of his readers' capacity, or such an unwillingness to leave any opportunity of shining unimproved; and accordingly, we rather think there is no author, who, with the same talents and attainments, has been so generally thought tedious, or acquired, on the whole, a popularity so inferior to his real deservings. On the present occasion, we have already said, his deservings appear to us unusually great, and his faults less than commonly

conspicuous. But though there is less childishness and trifling in this, than in any of his other productions, there is still, we are afraid, enough of tediousness and affected energy, very materially to obstruct the popularity which the force, and the tenderness, and the beauty of its better parts, might have otherwise commanded.

There is one blemish, however, which we think peculiar to the work before us; and that is, the outrageously religious, or rather fanatical, tone which pervades its whole structure;—the excessive horror and abuse with which the Mahometans are uniformly spoken of on account of their religion alone, and the offensive frequency and familiarity with which the name and the sufferings of our Saviour are referred to at every turn of the story. The spirit which is here evinced towards the Moors, not only by their valiant opponents, but by the author when speaking in his own person, is neither that of pious reprobation, nor patriotic hatred, but of savage and bigotted persecution; and the heroic character and heroic deeds of his favourites are debased and polluted by the paltry superstitions, and sanguinary fanaticism, which he is pleased to ascribe to them. This, which we are persuaded would be revolting in a nation of zealous Catholics, must excite a degree of nausea, we think, among sober Protestants; while, on the other hand, the constant introduction of the holiest persons, and most solemn rites of religion, for the purpose of helping on the flagging interest of a story devised for amusement, can scarcely fail to give scandal and offence to all persons of right feeling or just taste. This remark may be thought a little rigorous by those who have not looked into the work to which it is applied—for they can have no idea of the extreme frequency, and palpable extravagance, of the allusions and invocations to which we have referred.—One poor woman, for example, who merely appears to give alms to the fallen Roderick in the season of his humiliation, is very needlessly made to exclaim, as she offers her pittance,

> 'Christ Jesus, for his Mother's sake,
> Have mercy on thee.'

—and soon after, the King himself, when he hears one of his subjects uttering curses on his name, is pleased to say,

> 'Oh, for the love of Jesus curse him not!
> O brother, do not curse that sinful soul,
> Which Jesus suffered on the cross to save!'

Whereupon, one of the more charitable auditors rejoins,

> 'Christ bless thee, brother, for that Christian speech!'

—and so the talk goes on through the greater part of the poem. Now, we must say we think this both indecent and ungraceful; and look upon it as almost as exceptionable a way of increasing

the solemnity of poetry, as common swearing is of adding to the energy of discourse.

We are not quite sure whether we should reckon his choice of a subject, among Mr Southey's errors on the present occasion; —but certainly no theme could well have been suggested, more utterly alien to all English prejudices, tradition, and habits of poetical contemplation, than the domestic history of the last Gothic King of Spain,—a history extremely remote and obscure in itself, and treating of persons and places and events, with which no visions or glories are associated in English imaginations. The subject, however, was selected, we suppose, during that period, when a zeal for Spanish liberty, and a belief in Spanish virtue, spirit and talent, were extremely fashionable in this country; and before 'the universal Spanish people' had made themselves the objects of mixed contempt and compassion, by rushing prone into the basest and most insulted servitude that was ever asserted over human beings. From this degradation we do not think they will be redeemed by all the heroic acts recorded in this poem,—the interest of which, we suspect, will be considerably lowered, by the late revolution in public opinion, as to the merits of the nation to whose fortunes it relates. After all, however, we think it must be allowed, that any author who interests us in his story, has either the merit of choosing a good subject, or a still higher merit;—and Mr Southey, in our opinion, has made his story very interesting. Nor should it be forgotten, that by the choice which he has made, he has secured immense squadrons of Moors, with their Asiatic gorgeousness, and their cymbals, turbans, and Paynim chivalry, to give a picturesque effect to his battles,—and veiled virgins and ladies in armour,—and hermits and bishops,—and mountain villagers,—and torrents and forests, and cork trees and sierras, to remind us of Don Quixote,—and store of sonorous names:—and altogether he might have chosen worse among more familiar objects.

The scheme or mere outline of the fable is extremely short and simple. Roderick, the valiant and generous king of the Goths, being unhappily married, allows his affections to wander on the lovely daughter of Count Julian; and is so far overmastered by his passion, as, in a moment of frenzy, to offer violence to her person. Her father, in revenge of this cruel wrong, invites the Moors to seize on the kingdom of the guilty monarch;—and assuming their faith, guides them at last to a signal and sanguinary victory. Roderick, after performing prodigies of valour, in a seven-days fight, feels at length that Heaven has ordained all this carnage as the penalty of his offences; and, overwhelmed with remorse and inward agony, falls from his

battle horse in the midst of the carnage: Stripping off his rich armour, he then puts on the dress of a dead peasant; and, pursued with revengeful furies, rushes desperately on through his lost and desolated kingdom, till he is stopped by the sea, on the rocky and lonely shore of which he passes more than a year in constant agonies of penitence and humiliation,—till he is roused at length by visions and impulses to undertake something for the deliverance of his people. Grief and abstinence have now so changed him, that he is recognized by no one; and being universally believed to have fallen in battle, he traverses great part of his former realm, witnessing innumerable scenes of wretchedness and valour, and rousing, by his holy adjurations, all the generous spirits in Spain, to unite against the invaders. After a variety of trials and adventures, he at last recovers his good war horse on the eve of a great battle with the infidels; and, bestriding him in his penitential robes, rushes furiously into the heart of the fight, where, kindling with the scene and the cause, he instinctively raises his ancient war cry, as he deals his resistless blows on the heads of the misbelievers; and the thrilling words of 'Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!' resounding over the astonished field, are taken up by his inspired followers, and animate them to the utter destruction of the enemy. At the close of the day, however, when the field is won, the battle horse is found without its rider, and the sword which he wielded lying at his feet. The poem closes with a brief intimation, that it was not known till many centuries thereafter, that the heroic penitent had again sought the concealment of a remote hermitage, and ended his days in solitary penances. The poem, however, both requires and deserves a more particular analysis.

The first book or canto opens with a slight sketch of the invasion, and proceeds to the fatal defeat and heart-struck flight of Roderick. The picture of the first descent of the Moorish invaders, is a good specimen of the author's broader and more impressive manner. He is addressing the rock of Gibraltar.

'Thou saw'st the dark blue waters flash before
Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands.
There on the beach the misbelievers spread
Their banners, flaunting to the sun and breeze:
Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,
White turbans, glittering armour, shields engrail'd
With gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazon'd scrolls of blasphemy.' p. 2, 3.

The agony of the distracted king, as he flies in vain from himself through his lost and ruined kingdom; and the spectacle which every where presented itself of devastation and terror, and miserable emigration, are represented with great force of colouring. At the end of the seventh day of that solitary and despairing flight, he arrives at the portal of an antient convent, from which all its holy tenants had retired on the approach of the Moors, except one aged priest, who staid to deck the altar, and earn his crown of martyrdom from the infidel host. By him Roderick is found grovelling at the foot of the cross, and drowned in bitter and penitential sorrows. He leads him in with compassionate soothings, and supplicates him before the altar to be of comfort, and to trust in mercy. The result is told with great feeling and admirable effect.

'Then Roderick knelt
Before the holy man, and strove to speak.
Thou seest, he cried, . . thou seest, . . but memory
And suffocating thoughts represt the word,
And shudderings, like an ague fit, from head
To foot convulsed him; till at length, subduing
His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd,
Spreading his hands and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame, . . Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name would have sufficed
To tell the whole abhorred history:
He not the less pursued, . . the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin! Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straightened down, and hands outspread, and eyes
Raised to the Monk, like one who from his voice
Expected life or death.' p. 11, 12.

The worthy father weeps and watches with his penitent through the night, and in the morning resolves to forego the glories of martyrdom for his sake, and to bear him company in the retreat to which he is hastening. They set out together, and fix themselves in a little rocky bay, opening out to the lonely roar of the Atlantic.

'Behind them was the desert, offering fruit
And water for their need; on either side
The white sand sparkling to the sun; in front,
Great Ocean with its everlasting voice,
As in perpetual jubilee, proclaim'd
The wonders of the Almighty, filling thus
The pauses of their fervent orisons.
Where better could the wanderers rest than here?' p. 14.

The Second Book begins with stating, that Roderick passed twelve months in penance and austerities, in this romantic retreat. —At the end of that time, his ghostly father dies, and his agonies become more intolerable, in the utter desolation to which he is now left. The author, however, is here a little unlucky in two circumstances, which he imagines and describes at great length, as aggravating his unspeakable misery;—one is the tameness of the birds, of which we have spoken already—the other is the reflection which he very innocently puts into the mouth of the lonely king, that all the trouble he has taken in digging his own grave, will be thrown away, as there will probably be nobody to stretch him out, and cover him decently up in it. However he is clearly made out to be very miserable; and prays for death, or for the imposition of some more active penance— ——' any thing

But stillness, and this dreadful solitude!'

At length he is visited, in his sleep, by a vision of his tender mother, who gives him her blessing in a gentle voice, and says, 'Jesus have mercy on thee.'

———' 'Twas that voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which sooth'd his childish griefs;
Counsell'd, with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth!' p. 23.

The air and countenance of this venerable shade, as she bent in sorrow over her unhappy son, are powerfully depicted in the following allusion to her domestic calamities. He traced there, not only the settled sadness of her widowhood—

'But a more mortal wretchedness than when
Witiza's ruffians and the red-hot brass
Had done their work, and in her arms she held
Her eyeless husband; wiped away the sweat
Which still his tortures forced from every pore;
Cool'd his scorch'd lids with medicinal herbs,
And pray'd the while for patience for herself
And him,—and pray'd for vengeance too, and found
Best comfort in her curses.' p. 23, 24.

While he gazes on this piteous countenance, the character of the vision is suddenly altered; and the verses describing the alteration afford a good specimen both of Mr Southey's command of words, and of the profusion with which he sometimes pours them out on his readers.

———' And lo! her form was changed!
Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody Cross
Gleam'd on her breastplate, in her shield display'd
Erect a Lion ramp'd; her helmed head

Rose like the Berecynthian Goddess crown'd
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword
Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon the tramp
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes
Moving to mortal conflict, rung around;
The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
War-cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
Rout and pursuit and death; and over all
The shout of Victory ... Spain and Victory!' p. 24, 25.

In awaking from this prophetic dream, he resolves to seek occasion of active service in such humble capacity as becomes his fallen fortune, and turns from this first abode of his penitence and despair.

The Third Book sets him on his heroic pilgrimage, and opens with a fine picture.

'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the Sun,
Rising above Albardos, pour'd his light
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant
Entering its depth, illumed the branchless pines,
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue
Its rusty stains, and cast along the floor
Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect,
Like pillars of the temple. With slow foot
Roderick pursued his way.' p. 27.

We do not know that we could extract from the whole book a more characteristic passage than that which describes his emotion on his first return to the sight of man, and the altered aspect of his fallen people. He approaches to the walls of Leyria.

'Twas even-song time, but not a bell was heard;
Instead thereof, on her polluted towers,
Bidding the Moors to their unhallow'd prayer,
The cryer stood, and with his sonorous voice
Fill'd the delicious vale where Lena winds
Through groves and pastoral meads. The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scymitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The unaccustom'd face of human-kind
Confused him now, and through the streets he went
With hagged mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewilder'd. All who met him turn'd,
And wonder'd as he past. One stopt him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man

To bless him. With a look of vacancy
Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen King,
Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seem'd like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans supprest: the Mussleman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.
A Christian woman spinning at her door
Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd
She laid her spindle by, and running in
Took bread, and following after call'd him back,
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
Have mercy on thee! With a look that seem'd
Like idiotcy he heard her, and stood still,
Staring awhile; then bursting into tears
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,
Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.
So through the streets, and through the northern gate,
Did Roderick, reckless of a resting place,
With feeble yet with hurried step, pursue
His agitated way; and when he reach'd
The open fields, and found himself alone
Beneath the starry canopy of Heaven,
The sense of solitude, so dreadful late,
Was then repose and comfort. There he stopt
Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf;
And shedding o'er that unaccustom'd food
Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul
He breathed thanksgiving forth; then made his bed
On heath and myrtle.' p. 28—30.

After this, he journies on through deserted hamlets and desolated towns, till, on entering the silent streets of Auria, yet black with conflagration, and stained with blood, the vestiges of a more heroic resistance appear before him.

' Helmet and turban, scymitar and sword,
Christian and Moor in death promiscuous lay
Each where they fell; and blood-flakes, parch'd and crack'd
Like the dry slime of some receding flood;
And half-burnt bodies, which allured from far
The wolf and raven, and to impious food
Tempted the houseless dog.' p. 36.

While he is gazing on this dreadful scene with all the sympathies of admiration and sorrow, a young and lovely woman rushes from the ruins, and implores him to assist her in bury-

ing the bodies of her child, husband, and parents, who lie mangled at her feet. He sadly complies; and listens, with beating heart and kindling eyes, to the vehement narrative and lofty vow of revenge with which this heroine closes her story. The story itself is a little commonplace; turning mainly upon her midnight slaughter of the Moorish captain, who made love to her after the sacrifice of all her family; but the expression of her patriotic devotedness and religious ardour of revenge, is given with great energy, as well as the effect which it produces on the waking spirit of the king. He repeats the solemn vow which she has just taken, and consults her as to the steps that may be taken for rousing the valiant of the land to their assistance. The high-minded Amazon then asks the name of her first proselyte.

——— 'Ask any thing but that!
The fallen king replied. My name was lost
When from the Goths the sceptre past away.'

She rejoins, rather less felicitously, 'Then be thy name *Maccabee;*' and sends him on an embassage to a worthy abbot on the mountains, to whom he forthwith reports what he had seen and witnessed. Upon hearing the story of her magnanimous devotion, the worthy priest instantly divines the name of the heroine.

'Oh none but Adosinda!.. none but she,..
None but that noble heart, which was the heart
Of Auria while it stood, its life and strength,
More than her father's presence, or the arm
Of her brave lord, all valiant as he was.
Hers was the spirit which inspired old age,
Ambitious boyhood, girls in timid youth,
And virgins in the beauty of their spring,
And youthful mothers, doting like herself
With ever-anxious love: She breathed through all
That zeal and that devoted faithfulness,
Which to the invader's threats and promises
Turn'd a deaf ear alike,' &c. p. 53–4.

The king then communes on the affairs of Spain with this venerable Ecclesiastic and his associates, who are struck with wonder at the lofty mien which still shines through his sunk and mortified frame.

'They scann'd his countenance; but not a trace
Betray'd the royal Goth: sunk was that eye
Of sovereignty; and on the emaciate cheek
Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their furrows premature,.. forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than threescore winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkled there.' p. 57.

At length, the prelate lays his consecrating hands on him, and sends him to Pelayo, the heir-apparent of the sceptre, then a prisoner or hostage at the court of the Moorish prince, to say that the mountaineers are still unsubdued, and call on him to guide them to vengeance.

These scenes last through two books; and at the beginning of the Fifth, Roderick sets out on his mission. Here, while he reposes himself in a rustic inn, he hears the assembled guests at once lamenting the condition of Spain, and imprecating curses on the head of its guilty king. He says a few words vehemently for himself; and is supported by a venerable old man, in whom he soon recognizes an antient servant of his mother's house—the guardian and playmate of his infant days. Secure from discovering himself, he musters courage to ask if his mother be still alive; and is soothed to milder sorrow by learning that she is. At dawn he resumes his course; and kneeling at a broken crucifix on the road, is insulted by a Moor, who politely accosts him with a kick, and the dignified address of 'God's curse confound thee!' for which Roderick knocks him down, and stabs him with his own dagger. The worthy old man, whose name is Siverian, comes up just as this feat is performed, and is requested to assist in 'hiding the carrion;' after which they proceed lovingly together. On their approach to Cordoba, the old man calls sadly to mind the scene which he had witnessed at his last visit to that place some ten years before, when Roderick, in the pride of his youthful triumph, had brought the haughty foe of his father to the grave where his ashes were interred, and his gentle mother came to see that expiation made. The narrative founded on these touching recollections is given with great tenderness and effect; and reminds us of the touching and pure style of those narratives which form the great charm of the Greek dramatic writers.

——'Three coal-black steeds
Drew on his ivory chariot: by his side,
Still wrapt in mourning for the long-deceased,
Rusilla sate; a deeper paleness blanch'd
Her faded countenance, but in her eye
The light of her majestic nature shone.'

——'Gracious God,
Only but ten short years,.. and all so changed!
Ten little years since in yon court he check'd
His fiery steeds. The steeds obey'd his hand,
The whirling wheels stood still, and when he leapt
Upon the pavement, the whole people heard,
In their deep silence, open-ear'd, the sound,

With slower movement from the ivory seat
Rusilla rose, her arm, as down she stept,
Extended to her son's supporting hand;
Not for default of firm or agile strength,
But that the feeling of that solemn hour
Subdued her then, and tears bedimm'd her sight,' &c.

'Roderick stood up, and reaching to the tomb
His hands, my hero cried, Theodofred!
Father! I stand before thee once again,
According to thy prayer, when kneeling down
Between thy knees I took my last farewell;
And vow'd by all thy sufferings, all thy wrongs,
And by my mother's days and nights of woe,
Never again to see my father's face,
Nor ask my mother's blessing, till I brought,
Dead or in chains, the Tyrant to thy feet.
Boy as I was, before all saints in Heaven,
And highest God, whose justice slumbereth not,
I made the vow. According to thy prayer,
In all things, O my father, is that vow
Perform'd, alas too well! for thou didst pray,
While looking up I felt the burning tears
Which from thy sightless sockets stream'd, drop down,..
That to thy grave, and not thy living feet,
The oppressor might be led. Behold him there.' p. 85—87.

The sketch of the guilty tyrant in this hour of retribution, is also very finely executed.

'Thus while the hero spake, Witiza stood
Listening in agony, with open mouth,
And head, half raised, toward his sentence turn'd;
His eyelids stiffen'd and pursed up,..his eyes
Rigid, and wild, and wide; and when the King
Had ceased, amid the silence which ensued,
The dastard's chains were heard, link against link
Clinking.' p. 87.

The King listens to this commemoration of his past glories with deep, but suppressed emotion; and entering the chapel, falls prostrate on the grave of his father. A majestic figure starts forward at that action, in the dress of penitence and mourning; and the pilgrims recognize Pelayo, to whom they both come commissioned. This closes the Sixth Book.

The Seventh contains their account of the state of affairs, and Pelayo's solemn acceptance of the dangerous service of leading the meditated insurrection. The abdicated monarch then kneels down and hails him King of Spain; and Siverian, though with mournful remembrances, follows the high example.

The Eighth Book continues this midnight conversation, and introduces the young Alphonso, Pelayo's fellow prisoner at the Moorish court, who is then associated to their counsels, and enters with eager delight into their plans of escape. These two books are rather dull; though not without force and dignity. The worst thing in them is a bit of rhetoric of Alphonso, who complains that his delight in watching the moon setting over his native hills, was all spoiled on looking up and seeing the Moorish crescent on the towers. The best, perhaps, is the following short sketch of the day dawning on their anxious vigils.

—' The lamps and tapers now grew pale,
And through the eastern window slanting fell
The roseate ray of morn. Within those walls
Returning day restored no cheerful sounds,
Or joyous motions of awakening life;
But in the stream of light the speckled motes,
As if in mimickry of insect play,
Floated with mazy movement. Sloping down
Over the altar pass'd the pillar'd beam,
And rested on the sinful woman's grave,
As if it enter'd there, a light from Heaven.' p. 103, 104.

The Ninth Book introduces an important person,—Florinda, the unhappy daughter of Count Julian. She sits muffled by Pelayo's way, as he returns from the chapel, and begs a boon of him in the name of Roderick, the chosen friend of his youth. He asks who it is that adjures him by that beloved but now unuttered name.

' She bared her face, and, looking up, replied,
Florinda! .. Shrinking then, with both her hands
She hid herself, and bowed her head abased
Upon her knee.——
Pelayo stood confused: he had not seen
Count Julian's daughter since in Roderick's court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved:
More like a poet's dream, or form divine,
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood,
So lovely was the presence, .. than a thing
Of earth and perishable elements.' p. 110.

She then tells him, that wretched as she is, the renegade Orpas seeks her hand; and begs his assistance to send her beyond his reach to a Christian land. He promises that she shall share his fate; and they part till evening.

The Tenth Book sends all the heroic party upon their night pilgrimage to the mountains of Asturia. Roderick and Siverian had gone before. Pelayo, with Alphonso and Florinda, follow in the disguise of peasants. Their midnight march in that superb climate is well described.

——'The favouring moon arose,
To guide them on their flight through upland paths
Remote from frequentage, and dales retired,
Forest and mountain glen. Before their feet
The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;
The timorous blackbird, starting at their step,
Fled from the thicket, with shrill note of fear;
And far below them in the peopled dell,
When all the soothing sounds of eve had ceased,
The distant watch-dog's voice at times was heard,
Answering the nearer wolf. All through the night
Among the hills they travell'd silently;
Till when the stars were setting, at what hour
The breath of Heaven is coldest, they beheld
Within a lonely grove the expected fire,
Where Roderick and his comrade anxiously
Look'd for the appointed meeting.'——
'Bright rose the flame replenish'd; it illumed
The cork-tree's furrowed rind, its rifts and swells
And redder scars, .. and where its aged boughs
O'erbower'd the travellers, cast upon the leaves
A floating, grey, unrealizing gleam.' p. 117, 118.

The rest soon sink in serene and untroubled sleep; but Roderick and Florinda, little dreaming of each other's presence, are kept awake by bitter recollections. At last she approaches him; and, awed by the sanctity of his air and raiment, kneels down before him, and asks if he knows who the wretch is who thus grovels before him. He answers that he does not.

'Then said she, Here thou seest
One who is known too fatally for all, ..
The daughter of Count Julian.... Well it was
For Roderick that no eye beheld him now!
From head to foot a sharper pang than death
Thrill'd him; his heart, as at a mortal stroke,
Ceased from its functions; his breath fail'd.' p. 120.

The darkness and her own emotions prevent her from observing him, and she proceeds—

'Father, at length she said, all tongues amid
This general ruin shed their bitterness
On Roderick, load his memory with reproach,
And with their curses persecute his soul....
Why shouldst thou tell me this? exclaim'd the Goth,
From his cold forehead wiping as he spake
The death-like moisture: .. Why of Roderick's guilt
Tell me? Or thinkest thou I know it not?
Alas! who hath not heard the hideous tale
Of Roderick's shame!'——

'There! she cried,
Drawing her body backward where she knelt,
And stretching forth her arms with head upraised, . .
There! it pursues me still! . . I came to thee,
Father, for comfort, and thou heapest fire
Upon my head. But hear me patiently,
And let me undeceive thee! self-abased,
Not to arraign another, do I come; . .
I come a self-accuser, self-condemn'd,
To take upon myself the pain deserved;
For I have drank the cup of bitterness,
And having drank therein of heavenly grace,
I must not put away the cup of shame.

'Thus as she spake she falter'd at the close,
And in that dying fall her voice sent forth
Somewhat of its original sweetness. Thou! . .
Thou self-abased! exclaim'd the astonish'd King; . .
Thou self-condemn'd! . . The cup of shame for thee! . .
Thee . . thee, Florinda! . . But the very excess
Of passion check'd his speech.' p. 121, 122.

Still utterly unconscious of her strange confessor, she goes on to explain herself—

——'I loved the King, . .
Tenderly, passionately, madly loved him.
Sinful it was to love a child of earth
With such entire devotion as I loved
Roderick, the heroic Prince, the glorious Goth!
He was the sunshine of my soul, and like
A flower, I lived and flourish'd in his light.
Oh bear not with me thus impatiently!
No tale of weakness this, that in the act
Of penitence, indulgent to itself,
With garrulous palliation half repeats
The sin it ill repents. I will be brief.' p. 123, 124.

She then describes the unconscious growth of their mutual passion,—enlarges upon her own imprudence in affording him opportunities of declaring it,—and expresses her conviction, that the wretched catastrophe was brought about, not by any premeditated guilt, but in a moment of delirium, which she had herself been instrumental in bringing on.

'Here then, O Father, at thy feet I own
Myself the guiltier; for full well I knew
These were his thoughts; but vengeance master'd me,
And in my agony I curst the man
Whom I loved best.
Dost thou recall that curse?
Cried Roderick, in a deep and inward voice,

Still with his head depress'd, and covering still
His countenance. Recall it? she exclaim'd;
Father, I come to thee because I gave
The reins to wrath too long, .. because I wrought
His ruin, death, and infamy... O God,
Forgive the wicked vengeance thus indulged,
As I forgive the King!' p. 132.

Roderick again stops her enthusiastic self-accusation, and rejects her too generous vindication of the King;—and turning to Siverian, adds—

——'To that old man, said he,
And to the mother of the unhappy Goth,
Tell, if it please thee, not what thou hast pour'd
Into my secret ear, but that the child
For whom they mourn with anguish unallay'd,
Sinn'd not from vicious will, or heart corrupt,
But fell by fatal circumstance betray'd.
And if in charity to them thou say'st
Something to palliate, something to excuse
An act of sudden frenzy when the fiend
O'ercame him, thou wilt do for Roderick
All he could ask thee, all that can be done
On earth, and all his spirit could endure.
Venturing towards her an imploring look,
Wilt thou join with me for his soul in prayer?
He said, and trembled as he spake. That voice
Of sympathy was like Heaven's influence,
Wounding at once and comforting the soul.
O Father, Christ requite thee! she exclaim'd;
Thou hast set free the springs which withering griefs
Have closed too long.'——
——'Then in a firmer speech,
For Roderick, for Count Julian and myself,
Three wretchedest of all the human race,
Who have destroyed each other and ourselves,
Mutually wrong'd and wronging, let us pray!' p. 133—4.

There is great power, we think, and great dramatic talent, in this part of the poem. The meeting of Roderick and Florinda was a touchstone for a poet who had ventured on such a subject; and Mr Southey has come out of the test, of standard weight and purity.

The Eleventh Book brings them in safety to the castle of Count Pedro, the father of the young Alphonso, formerly the feudal foe, but now the loyal soldier of Pelayo. They find him arming in his courts with all his vassals, to march instantly against the Moors: And their joyful welcome, and the parental delight of father and mother at the return of their noble boy, are very beautifully described.

The Twelfth Canto continues these preparations.—The best part of it is the hasty and hopeful investiture of the young Alphonso, with the honours of knighthood. The mixture of domestic affection with military ardour, and the youthful innocence, ingenuous modesty, and unclouded hopes of that blooming age, are feelingly combined in the following amiable picture.

'Rejoicing in their task,
The servants of the house with emulous love
Dispute the charge. One brings the cuirass, one
The buckler; this exultingly displays
The sword, his comrade lifts the helm on high:
The greaves, the gauntlets they divide; . . a spur
Seems now to dignify the officious hand
Which for such service bears it to his Lord.
Greek artists in the imperial city forged
That splendid armour, perfect in their craft;
With curious skill they wrought it, framed alike
To shine amid the pageantry of war,
And for the proof of battle. Many a time
Alphonso from his nurse's lap had stretch'd
His infant hands toward it eagerly,
Where gleaming to the central fire it hung
High in the hall; and many a time had wish'd
With boyish ardour, that the day were come
When Pedro to his prayers would grant the boon,
His dearest heart's desire.
No season this for old solemnities,
For wassailry and sport; . . the bath, the bed,
The vigil, . . all preparatory rites
Omitted now, . . here in the face of Heaven,
Before the vassals of his father's house,
With them in instant peril to partake
The chance of life or death, the heroic boy
Dons his first arms; the coated scales of steel
Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend,
The hose, the sleeves of mail: bareheaded then
He stood. But when Count Pedro took the spurs,
And bent his knee in service to his son,
Alphonso from that gesture half drew back,
Starting in reverence, and a deeper hue
Spread o'er the glow of joy which flush'd his cheeks.
Do thou the rest, Pelayo! said the Count;
So shall the ceremony of this hour
Exceed in honour what in form it lacks.' p. 147—149.

The ceremony is followed by a solemn vow of fidelity to Spain, and eternal war with the Infidel, administered by Roderick, and

devoutly taken by the young Knight, and all his assembled followers.

——' Silently
The people knelt; and when they rose, such awe
Held them in silence, that the eagle's cry,
Who far above them, at her highest flight
A speck scarce visible, wheel'd round and round,
Was heard distinctly; and the mountain stream,
Which from the distant glen sent forth its sound
Wafted upon the wind, was audible
In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice
Of waters in the stillness of the night.' p. 154.

The Thirteenth Book contains a brief account of the defeat of a Moorish detachment by this faithful troop, and of the cowardice and rebuke of Count Eudon, who had tamely yielded to the invaders, and is dismissed with scorn to the castle which his brave countrymen had redeemed. They then proceed to guard or recover the castle of Pelayo.

The Fourteenth Book describes their happy arrival at that fortress, at the fall of evening; where, though they do not find his wife and daughters, who had retired for safety to a sacred cave in the mountains, they meet a joyful and triumphant band of his retainers, returning from a glorious repulse of the Moors, and headed by the inspiring heroine Adosinda, who speedily recognizes in Roderick her mournful assistant and first proselyte at Auria, while he at the same moment discovers among the ladies of her train the calm and venerable aspect of his beloved mother Rusilla.

The Fifteenth Book contains the history of his appearance before that venerated parent. Unable to sleep, he had wandered forth before dawn,

——' that morn
With its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow,
And with its breath allay the feverish heat
That burnt within. Alas! the gales of morn
Reach not the fever of a wounded heart!
How shall he meet his Mother's eye, how make
His secret known, and from that voice revered
Obtain forgiveness!' p. 179.

While he is meditating under what pretext to introduce himself, the good Siverian comes to say, that his lady wishes to see the holy father who had spoken so charitably of her unhappy son.—The succeeding scene is very finely conceived, and supported with great judgment and feeling.

' Count Julian's daughter with Rusilla sate;
Both had been weeping, both were pale, but calm.

With head as for humility abased
Roderick approach'd, and bending, on his breast
He cross'd his humble arms. Rusilla rose
In reverence to the priestly character,
And with a mournful eye regarding him,
Thus she began. Good Father, I have heard
From my old faithful servant and true friend,
Thou didst reprove the inconsiderate tongue,
That in the anguish of its spirit pour'd
A curse upon my poor unhappy child.
O Father Maccabee, this is a hard world,
And hasty in its judgements! Time has been,
When not a tongue within the Pyrenees
Dared whisper in dispraise of Roderick's name.
Now if a voice be raised in his behalf,
'Tis noted for a wonder, and the man
Who utters the strange speech shall be admired
For such excess of Christian charity.
Thy Christian charity hath not been lost;..
Father, I feel its virtue:..it hath been
Balm to my heart:..with words and grateful tears,..
All that is left me now for gratitude,..
I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy prayers
That thou wilt still remember Roderick's name.' p. 180, 181.

The all-enduring king shudders at these words of kindness;—but repressing his emotion—

'O venerable Lady, he replied,
If aught may comfort that unhappy soul
It must be thy compassion, and thy prayers.
She whom he most hath wrong'd, she who alone
On earth can grant forgiveness for his crime,
She hath forgiven him; and thy blessing now
Were all that he could ask,..all that could bring
Profit or consolation to his soul,
If he hath been, as sure we may believe,
A penitent sincere.' p. 182.

Florinda then asks his prayers for her unhappy and apostate father, and his advice as to the means of rejoining him.

'While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognized at length,
Changed as he was and in those sordid weeds,
His royal Master. And he rose and lick'd
His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
To court and chide the long-withheld caress.
A feeling uncommix'd with sense of guilt

Or shame, yet painfullest, thrill'd through the King;
But he, to self-controul now long inured,
Repress his rising heart.' &c. p. 186.

He makes a short and pious answer to the desolate Florinda;—and then—

'Deliberately, in self-possession still,
Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Follow'd his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthen'd nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears stream'd down, Thou, Theron, then hast known
Thy poor lost master,.. Theron, none but thou!' p. 187.

The Sixteenth Book contains the reunion of Pelayo's family in the cave of Covadonga. His morning journey to the place of this glad meeting, through the enchanting scenery of his native hills, and with the joyous company of self-approving thoughts, is well described. We can find room only for a slight sketch of its latter stages, when he has ascended near to the source of the clear mountain torrent.

'No fields of waving corn were here,
Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal grain,
Vineyard, nor bowery fig, nor fruitful grove;
Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream,
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
Arose on either hand, here hung with woods,
Here rich with heath, that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread, or golden gorse;
Bare here, and striated with many a hue,
Scored by the wintry rain; by torrents here
Riven, and with overhanging rocks abrupt.'— p. 192.

'And never had Pelayo till that hour
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head the eagle soar'd serene,
And the grey lizard on the rocks below
Bask'd in the sun: no living creature else
In this remotest wilderness was seen.' p. 193.

Arrived at last upon the lonely platform which masks the cave in which the springs burst out, and his children are concealed, he sounds his bugle note; and the rock gives up its inhabitants. There is something animating and impressive, but withal a little too classical and rapturous, in the full length picture of this delightful scene.

'But when a third and broader blast
Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did wand,

With magic power endued, call up a sight
So strange, as sure in that wild solitude
It seem'd, when from the bowels of the rock
The mother and her children hasten'd forth.
She in the sober charms and dignity
Of womanhood mature, nor verging yet
Upon decay; in gesture like a queen,
Such inborn and habitual majesty
Ennobled all her steps:..Favila such
In form and stature, as the Sea Nymph's son,
When that wise Centaur from his cave well-pleased
Beheld the boy divine his growing strength
Against some shaggy lionet essay,
And fixing in the half-grown mane his hands,
Roll with him in fierce dalliance intertwined.
But like a creature of some higher sphere
His sister came; she scarcely touch'd the rock,
So light was Hermesind's aerial speed.
Beauty and grace and innocence in her
In heavenly union shone. One who had held
The faith of elder Greece, would sure have thought
She was some glorious nymph of seed divine,
Oread or Dryad, of Diana's train
The youngest and the loveliest: yea she seem'd
Angel, or soul beatified, from realms
Of bliss, on errand of parental love
To earth re-sent.' p. 197, 198.

'Many a slow century since that day hath fill'd
Its course, and countless multitudes have trod
With pilgrim feet that consecrated cave;
Yet not in all those ages, amid all
The untold concourse, hath one breast been swoln
With such emotions as Pelayo felt
That hour.' p. 201.

The Seventeenth Book brings back the story to Roderick, who, with feelings more reconciled, but purposes of penitence and mortification as deep as ever, and as resolved, muses by the side of the stream on past and future fortunes.

'Upon a smooth grey stone sate Roderick there;
The wind above him stirr'd the hazel boughs,
And murmuring at his feet the river ran
He sate with folded arms and head declined
Upon his breast, feeding on bitter thoughts,
Till Nature gave him in the exhausted sense
Of woe a respite something like repose;
And then the quiet sound of gentle winds
And waters with their lulling consonance
Beguiled him of himself. Of all within

Oblivious there he sate, sentient alone
Of outward nature, . . of the whispering leaves
That sooth'd his ear, . . the genial breath of heaven
That fann'd his cheek, . . the stream's perpetual flow,
That, with its shadows and its glancing lights,
Dimples and thread-like motions infinite,
For ever varying and yet still the same,
Like time toward eternity, ran by.
Resting his head upon his Master's knees,
Upon the bank beside him Theron lay.' p. 205, 206.

In this quiet mood, he is accosted by Siverian, who entertains him with a long account of Pelayo's belief in the innocence, or comparative innocence of their beloved Roderick, and of his own eager and anxious surmises that he may still be alive.

The Eighteenth Book, which is rather long and heavy, contains the account of Pelayo's coronation. The best part of it, perhaps, is the short sketch of his lady's affectionate exultation in his glory. When she saw the preparations that announced this great event, ———' her eyes

Brightened; the quickened action of the blood
Tinged with a deeper hue her glowing cheek,
And on her lips there sate a smile which spake
The honourable pride of perfect love,
Rejoicing, for her husband's sake, to share
The lot he chose, the perils he defied,
The lofty fortune which their faith foresaw.' p. 218.

Roderick bears a solemn part in the lofty ceremonies of this important day, and, with a calm and resolute heart, beholds the allegiance of his subjects transferred to his heroic kinsman.

The Nineteenth Book is occupied with an interview between Roderick and his mother, who has at last recognized him; and even while she approves of his penitential abandonment of the world, tempts him with bewitching visions of recovered fame and glory, and of atonement made to Florinda, by placing her in the rank of his queen. He continues firm, however, in his lofty purpose. ———' From the hour,

When in its second best nativity,
My soul was born again through grace, this heart
Died to the world. Dreams such as thine pass now
Like evening clouds before me; if I think
How beautiful they seem, 'tis but to feel
How soon they fade, how fast the night shuts in.
But in that World to which my hopes look on,
Time enters not, nor Mutability;
Beauty and Goodness are unfading there;
Whatever there is given us to enjoy,
That we enjoy for ever, still the same. . . .

Much might Count Julian's sword achieve for Spain
And me; but more will his dear daughter's soul
Effect in Heaven; and soon will she be there
An Angel at the Throne of Grace, to plead
In his behalf and mine.' p. 238.

The pious Princess soon acquiesces in those pious resolutions; and, engaging to keep his secret, gives him her blessing, and retires.

The Twentieth Book conducts us to the Moorish camp and the presence of Count Julian. Orpas, a baser apostate, claims the promised hand of Florinda; and Julian appeals to the Moorish Prince, whether the law of Mahomet admits of a forced marriage. The Prince attests that it does not; and then Julian, who has just learned that his daughter was in the approaching host of Pelayo, obtains leave to despatch a messenger to invite her to his arms. There is something touching in the terms of the message thus publicly given by the vindictive, relenting, desolate and most affectionate father.

'Say to her, that her father solemnly
Annuls the covenant with Orpas pledged,
Nor with solicitations, nor with threats,
Will urge her more, nor from that liberty
Of faith restrain her, which the Prophet's law,
Liberal as Heaven from whence it came, to all
Indulges. Tell her that her father says
His days are number'd, and beseeches her
By that dear love, which from her infancy
Still he hath borne her, growing as she grew,
Nursed in our weal, and strengthen'd in our woe,
She will not in the evening of his life,
Leave him forsaken and alone. Enough
Of sorrow, tell her, have her injuries
Brought on her father's head; let not her act
Thus aggravate the burthen. Tell her too,
That when he pray'd her to return, he wept
Profusely as a child; but bitterer tears
Than ever fell from childhood's eyes, were those
Which traced his hardy cheeks.
With faltering voice
He spake, and after he had ceased from speech
His lip was quivering still.' p. 252, 253.

The Twenty-first Book contains the meeting of Julian with his daughter and Roderick, under whose protection she comes at evening to the Moorish camp, and finds her father at his ablutions at the door of his tent, by the side of a clear mountain spring;—on her approach, he clasps her in his arms with overflowing love.

'Thou hast not then forsaken me, my child.
Howe'er the inexorable will of Fate
May in the world which is to come divide
Our everlasting destinies, in this
Thou wilt not, O my child, abandon me!
And then with deep and interrupted voice,
Nor seeking to restrain his copious tears,
My blessing be upon thy head, he cried,
A father's blessing! though all faiths were false,
It should not lose its worth! . . . She lock'd her hands
Around his neck, and gazing in his face
Through streaming tears, exclaim'd, Oh never more,
Here or hereafter, never let us part!' p. 258.

He is at first offended with the attendance and priestly habit of Roderick, and breaks out into some infidel taunts upon creeds and churchmen; but is forced at length to honour the firmness, the humility and candour of this devoted Christian. He poses him, however, in the course of their discussion, by rather an unlucky question.

'Thou preachest that all sins may be effaced:
Is there forgiveness, Christian, in thy creed
For Roderick's crime? . . For Roderick and for thee,
Count Julian, said the Goth; and as he spake
Trembled through every fibre of his frame,
The gate of Heaven is open. Julian threw
His wrathful hand aloft, and cried, Away!
Earth could not hold us both, nor can one Heaven
Contain my deadliest enemy and me!
My father, say not thus! Florinda cried;
I have forgiven him! I have pray'd for him!
For him, for thee, and for myself I pour
One constant prayer to Heaven! In passion then
She knelt, and bending back, with arms and face
Raised toward the sky, the supplicant exclaim'd,
Redeemer, heal his heart!' p. 269.

This ethical dialogue is full of lofty sentiment and strong images; but is, on the whole, rather tedious and heavy.—One of the newest pictures is the following; and the sweetest scene, perhaps, that which closes the book immediately after.

'Methinks if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watch'd it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs

In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.—
Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely orb,
Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
Of spirit, as by travail of the day
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
The fires have moulder'd, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light,
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
They by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and pour'd
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay
Came to them like a copious evening dew
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain.' 274–276.

The Twenty-second Book is fuller of business than of poetry. The vindictive Orpas persuades the Moorish leader, that Julian meditates a defection from his cause; and, by working on his suspicious spirit, obtains his consent to his assassination on the first convenient opportunity.

The Twenty-third Book recounts the carnage and overthrow of the Moors in the strait of Covadonga. Deceived by false intelligence, and drunk with deceitful hope, they advance up the long and precipitous defile, along the cliffs and ridges of which

Pelayo had not only stationed his men in ambush, but had piled huge stones and trunks of trees, ready to be pushed over upon the ranks of the enemy in the lower pass. A soft summer mist hanging upon the side of the cliffs, helps to conceal these preparations; and the whole line of the Infidel is entered irretrievably in the gulph, when Adosinda appears on a rock in the van, and, with her proud defiance, gives the word, which is the signal for the assault. The whole description is, as usual, a little overworked, but is unquestionably striking and impressive.

——' As the Moors
Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen
Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
Pronounced his name, . . . Alcahman, hoa! look up,
Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up
It had divided there, and opened round
The Cross; part clinging to the rock beneath,
Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
A canopy of silver light condensed
To shape and substance. In the midst there stood
A female form, one hand upon the Cross,
The other raised in menacing act: below
Loose flow'd her raiment, but her breast was arm'd,
And helmeted her head. The Moor turn'd pale,
For on the walls of Auria he had seen
That well-known figure, and had well believed
She rested with the dead. What, hoa! she cried,
Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
At Auria in the massacre, this hour
I summon thee before the throne of God
To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,
Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of Hell, this hour
I summon thee to judgment! . . . In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance!
From voice to voice on either side it past
With rapid repetition, . . In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! and forthwith
On either side along the whole defile
The Asturians shouting in the name of God,
Set the whole ruin loose; huge trunks and stones,
And loosen'd crags, down down they roll'd with rush
And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall
As when some city by the labouring earth
Heaved from its strong foundations is cast down,
And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces
In one wide desolation prostrated.
From end to end of that long straight, the crash
Was heard continuous, and commixt with sounds
More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair,

And death, . . the wild and agonizing cry
Of that whole host in one destruction whelm'd.' p. 298, 299.

The Twenty-fourth Book is full of tragical matter, and is perhaps the most interesting of the whole piece. A Moor, on the instigation of Orpas and Abulcacem, pierces Julian with a mortal wound; who thereupon exhorts his captains, already disgusted with the jealous tyranny of the Infidel, to rejoin the standard and the faith of their country, and then requests to be borne into a neighbouring church, where Florinda has been praying for his conversion.

——'They raised him from the earth;
He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
Drew in through open lips and teeth firm-closed
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,
Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
Gently his men with slow and steady step
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the Church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees.' p. 307, 308.

He then, on the solemn adjuration of Roderick, renounces the bloody faith to which he had so long adhered; and reverently receives at his hand the sacrament of reconciliation and peace. There is great feeling and energy we think in what follows.

'That dread office done,
Count Julian with amazement saw the Priest
Kneel down before him. By the sacrament
Which we have here partaken, Roderick cried,
In this most awful moment; by that hope, . .
That holy faith which comforts thee in death,
Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou diest!
Behold the man who most hath injured thee!
Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty cause
Of all thy guilt, . . the unworthy instrument
Of thy redemption, . . kneels before thee here,
And prays to be forgiven!
Roderick! exclaim'd
The dying Count, . . Roderick! . . and from the floor
With violent effort half he raised himself;
The spear hung heavy in his side, and pain
And weakness overcame him, that he fell
Back on his daughter's lap. O Death, cried he, . .
Passing his hand across his cold damp brow, . .
Thou tamest the strong limb, and conquerest
The stubborn heart! But yesterday I said
One Heaven could not contain mine enemy
And me; and now I lift my dying voice
To say, Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive
Him who hath done the wrong! . . He closed his eyes

A moment; then with sudden impulse cried, . .
Roderick, thy wife is dead, . . the Church hath power
To free thee from thy vows, . . the broken heart
Might yet be heal'd, the wrong redress'd, the throne
Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd it down,
And these curst Africans . . . Oh for a month
Of that waste life which millions misbestow! . . ' p. 311, 312.

Returning weakness then admonishes him, however, of the near approach of death; and he begs the friendly hand of Roderick to cut short his dying pangs, by drawing forth the weapon which clogs the wound in his side. He then gives him his hand in kindness,—blesses and kisses his heroic daughter, and expires. The concluding lines are full of force and tenderness.

' When from her father's body she arose,
Her cheek was flush'd, and in her eyes there beam'd
A wilder brightness. On the Goth she gazed;
While underneath the emotions of that hour
Exhausted life gave way. O God! she said,
Lifting her hands, thou hast restored me all, . .
All . . in one hour! . . and round his neck she threw
Her arms and cried, My Roderick! mine in Heaven!
Groaning, he clasp't her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled. ' p. 313.

The Last Book describes the recognition and exploits of Roderick in the last of his battles. After the revolt of Julian's army, Orpas, by whose counsels it had been occasioned, is sent forward by the Moorish leader, to try to win them back; and advances in front of the line, demanding a parley, mounted on the beautiful Orelio, the famous war horse of Roderick, who, roused at that sight, obtains leave from Pelayo, to give the renegado his answer; and after pouring out upon him some words of abuse and scorn, seizes the reins of his trusty steed; and

——' How now, he cried,
Orelio! old companion, . . my good horse, . .
Off with this recreant burthen! . . . And with that
He raised his hand, and rear'd, and back'd the steed,
To that remember'd voice and arm of power
Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell
Violently thrown, and Roderick over him
Thrice led, with just and unrelenting hand,
The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza now,
Where he lies howling, the avenger cried,
And tell him Roderick sent thee! ' p. 318, 319.

He then vaults upon the noble horse; and fitting Count Julian's sword to his grasp, rushes in the van of the Christian army into the thick array of the Infidel,—where, unarmed as he is, and clothed in his penitential robes of waving black, he

scatters death and terror around him, and cuts his way clean through the whole host of his opponents. He there descries the army of Pelayo advancing to cooperate; and as he rides up to them with his wonted royal air and gesture, and on his well-known steed of royalty, both the King and Siverian are instantaneously struck with the apparition, and marvel that the weeds of penitence should so long have concealed their sovereign.—Roderick, unconscious of this recognition, briefly informs them of what has befallen, and requests the honourable rites of Christian sepulchre for the unfortunate Julian and his daughter.

'In this and all things else,
Pelayo answer'd, looking wistfully
Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then Roderick saw that he was known, and turn'd
His head away in silence. But the old man
Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd up
In his master's face, weeping and silently.
Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure took
His hand, and bending down toward him, said,
My good Siverian, go not thou this day
To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
Thou art past the age for combats, and with whom
Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me
If thou wert gone?' p. 330.

He then borrows the defensive armour of this faithful servant; and taking a touching and affectionate leave of him, vaults again on the back of Orelio; and placing himself without explanation in the van of the army, leads them on to the instant assault. The renegade leaders fall on all sides beneath his resistless blows.

——'And in the heat of fight
Rejoicing and forgetful of all else
Set up his cry as he was wont in youth,
RODERICK THE GOTH!... his war-cry known so well.
Pelayo eagerly took up the word,
And shouted out his kinsman's name beloved,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! Odoar gave it forth;
Urban repeated it, and through his ranks
Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from the field
Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,
With louder acclamations had that name
Been borne abroad upon the winds of heaven.'
——'O'er the field it spread,
All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
Mountains and rocks and vales re-echoed round;
And he rejoicing in his strength rode on,

Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote,
And overthrew, and scattered, and destroy'd,
And trampled down; and still at every blow
Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!' p. 334, 335.

The carnage at length is over, and the field is won!—but where is he to whose name and example the victory is owing?

———'Upon the banks
Of Sella was Orelio found, his legs
And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smear'd
With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
Aspersed like dew-drops: trembling there he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
His tremulous voice far-echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seem'd
To call the master whom he loved so well,
And who had thus again forsaken him.
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day?...
Days, months, and years, and generations past,
And centuries held their course, before, far off
Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls,
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
In ancient characters King Roderick's name.' p. 339, 340.

These copious extracts must have settled our readers' opinion of this poem; and though they are certainly taken from the better parts of it, we have no wish to disturb the forcible impression which they must have been the means of producing. Its chief fault undoubtedly is the monotony of its tragic and solemn tone,—the perpetual gloom with which all its scenes are overcast,—and the tediousness with which some of them are developed. There are many dull passages in short, and a considerable quantity of heavy reading;—some silliness, and a great deal of affectation: But the beauties, upon the whole, preponderate;—and these, we hope, speak for themselves in the passages we have already extracted.

The versification is smooth and melodious, though too uniformly drawn out into a long and linked sweetness. The diction is as usual more remarkable for copiousness than force;—and though less defaced than formerly with phrases of affected simplicity and infantine pathos, is still too much speckled with strange words; which, whether they are old or new, are not

English at the present day,—and we hope never will become so. What use or ornament does Mr Southey expect to derive for his poetry from such words as *avid* and *aureate*, and *auriphrygiate?* or *leman* and *weedery*, *frequentage* and *youthhead*, and twenty more as pedantic and affected? What good is there, we should like to know, in talking of 'oaken galilees,' or 'incarnadined poitrals,' or 'all-able Providence,' and such other points of learning?—If poetry is intended for general delight, ought not its language to be generally intelligible?

ART. II. *De la Litterature du Midi de l'Europe.* Par J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI. 4 Tom. Paris, 1813.

THIS is another great work from the pen of the celebrated historian of the Italian Republics: though we think it written, on the whole, with less force and spirit than that admirable history. The excellent author has visibly less enthusiasm as a critic than as a politician; and therefore he interests us less in that character, and at the same time inspires us rather with less than greater confidence in the accuracy of his opinions; for there can be no real love of liberty, or admiration of genius, where there is no enthusiasm—and no one who does not love them, will ever submit to the labour of a full and fair investigation of their history and concerns. A cold, calculating indifference in matters of taste, is generally the effect of want of feeling; as affected moderation in politics is (nine times out of ten) a cloak for want of principle. Notwithstanding the very great pleasure we have received from the work before us, we should have been still more gratified, therefore, if the author had himself appeared more delighted with his task, and consequently imparted to it a more decided and original character. In his Republics, he describes events and characters in the history of modern Italy with the genuine feelings of an enlightened reasoner, indignant at the wrongs, the vices, and the degradation of the country of his ancestors: In judging of its literature, he too often borrows French rules and German systems of criticism. His practical taste and speculative principles do not, therefore, always coincide; and, regarding this work on Literature as an appendage to his History, it is impossible not to observe, that he is glad, upon all occasions, to slide into his old and favourite subject; to pass from the professor's chair into the rostrum; and to connect, in glowing terms, the rise or fall of letters with the political independence or debasement of the states in which they flourished or decayed.

If we were to hazard any other preliminary remark of a general character, it should be, that the author appears to have a more intimate acquaintance with, and a great predilection for, the more modern and immediately popular writers of Italy, than for those who appear to us objects of greater curiosity and admiration. Thus, he dismisses Dante, Petrarca and Boccacio, in fewer pages than he devotes to Metastasio alone—an author whose chief merit he himself defines to be, the happy adaptation of his pieces to the musical recitative of the opera, and which, therefore, in a literary point of view, must be comparatively uninteresting. Again, Ariosto makes, in his hands, a very slender appearance by the side of Tasso—an appearance by no means proportioned to the size of the men, or to the interest which is felt in them, or to the scope for criticism in their different works. The account of the two modern Italian dramatists, Alfieri and Goldoni, though given much at length, is not certainly liable to the same kind of objection, as the information with respect to them is valuable from its novelty.

The present volumes contain a general view of the literature of the South of modern Europe,—of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the Provençal. The author proposes, in another work, to examine that of the North, particularly of England and Germany. The publication now before us was (we are informed in the preface) originally composed to be delivered to a class of young persons at Geneva: and this circumstance, while it has added to its value and comprehensiveness as a book of reference, has made it less entertaining to the general reader. A body of criticism, like a body of divinity, must contain a great deal of matter less pleasant than profitable in the perusal. In our account of it, we shall direct the reader's attention to what most forcibly arrested our own—premising merely, that among the writers to whom M. Sismondi is forward to acknowledge his obligations, are, Professor Boutterwek on modern literature in general, Millot's history of the Troubadours, Tiraboschi and M. Guiguené on the Italian literature, Velasquez on the Spanish and Portuguese, and William Schlegel for the dramatic literature of all these nations. It is to this last author that he seems to be indebted for a great part of his theoretical reasoning and conjectural criticism on the general principles of taste and the progress of human genius.

The first volume commences with an account of the Provençal poetry, which is by no means the least interesting or curious part of this extensive and elaborate work. We shall endeavour to give some general idea of it to our readers. The language which prevailed in all the South of Europe, after the de-

struction of the Roman empire, was a barbarous mixture of Latin with the different languages of the Northern invaders. It was in the south of France that this language first took a consistent form, and became the vehicle of a gay and original poetry. The causes which contributed to invest it with this distinction, were, according to M. Sismondi, 1. The comparative exemption of the Francs from perpetual successive inroads of barbarous conquerors; and, 2. The collateral influence of the Moorish or Arabian literature, through the connexion between the kingdoms of Spain and Provence. The description given by the author of the Arabian literature, which 'rose like an exhalation,' and disappeared almost as soon, is splendid in the extreme. In a hundred and fifty years, human genius is said to have produced more prodigies in that prolific region, than it has done in the history of ages in all the world besides. Arts and sciences had their birth, maturity and perfection;—almost all the great modern discoveries (as they have been considered) were anticipated, and again forgotten,—paper, printing, the mariner's compass, glass, gunpowder, &c. In the exercise of fancy and invention, they infinitely surpassed all former or succeeding ages. As an instance of the prodigious scale on which these matters were conducted in the East, and of the colossal size to which their literature had swelled in all its branches, it is stated that the Thousand and One Stories forming the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, constitute only a six-and-thirtieth part of the original collection. We suspect that there is some exaggeration in all this; though the brilliant theories of our author have, no doubt, very considerable foundation in fact. We hope there is none for the eloquent, but melancholy, reflections he makes on the sudden disappearance of so much intellectual magnificence from the face of the earth.

'Such,' he says, 'was the lustre with which literature and sciences shone forth from the ninth to the fourteenth century of our era, in the vast regions which were subjected to Mahometism. The most melancholy reflexions are attached to the long enumeration of names unknown to us, and which were nevertheless illustrious,—of works buried in manuscript in some dusty repositories—which yet for a time had a powerful influence on the culture of the human mind. What remains then of so much glory? Five or six persons only can visit the treasures of Arabian manuscripts shut up in the library of the Escurial; and some few hundreds besides, scattered over all Europe, have qualified themselves, by obstinate labour, to dig in the mines of the East—but these persons can only obtain, with the utmost difficulty, some rare and obscure manuscripts, and cannot raise themselves high enough to form a judgment on the whole of a literature of which they never attain but a part. Meantime, the

extended regions where Mahometism reigned, and still reigns, are dead to all the sciences. Those rich plains of Fez and Morocco, illumined five centuries ago by so many academies, so many universities, and so many libraries, are now nothing but deserts of burning sand, for which tyrants dispute with tigers. All the gay and fertile shore of Mauritania, where commerce, the arts, and agriculture had been raised to the highest prosperity, are now the nests of pirates, who spread terror on the seas, and who relax from their labour in shameful debaucheries, till the plague, which returns yearly, comes to mark out its victims, and to avenge offended humanity. Egypt is nearly swallowed in the sands, which it once fertilized—Syria and Palestine are desolated by wandering Bedouins, less formidable, however, than the Pasha who oppresses them. Bagdad, formerly the abode of luxury, of power, and of knowledge, is ruined; the once celebrated universities of Cufa and Bassora are shut, —those of Samarcande and of Balch are also destroyed. In this immense extent of country, twice or three times as large as our Europe—nothing is found but ignorance, slavery, terror and death. Few of the inhabitants can read any of the writings of their illustrious forefathers;—few could comprehend them—none could procure them. The immense literary riches of the Arabs, of which we have given some glimpses, exist no more in any of the countries which the Arabs and Mussulmen rule.—It is not there that we must now seek either the renown of their great men or their writings. What has been saved of them, is entirely in the hands of their enemies—in the convents of the monks, or in the libraries of the Kings of Europe. And yet these countries have not been conquered. It is not the foreigner who has despoiled them of their wealth, wasted their population, destroyed their laws, their morals, and their national spirit. The poison was within them—it developed itself, and has annihilated all things.

'Who knows if, some centuries hence, this same Europe, where the reign of literature and sciences is now transported—which shines with such lustre—which judges so well of times past—which compares so well the successive influence of antient literature and morals, may not be deserted, and wild as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Egypt, and the vallies of Anatolia? Who knows whether, in a country entirely new, perhaps in the high lands where the Oronoko and the Amazon collect their streams, perhaps in the now impenetrable enclosure of the mountains of New Holland, there may not be formed nations with other morals, other languages, other thoughts, other religions,—nations who shall again renew the human kind, who shall study like ourselves the times past, and who, seeing with surprise that we have been, and have known what they shall know—that we have believed like them in durability and glory, shall pity our impotent efforts, and shall recal the names of Newton, of Racine, of Tasso, as examples of the vain struggles of man to attain an immortality of renown which fate denies him?'

The more immediate causes which gave birth to the poetry of the Provençals, and by consequence to all our modern literature, are afterwards detailed in the following passage, which is interesting both in point of fact, and as matter of speculation.

'In Italy, at the time of the renovation of its language, each province, each small district, had a particular dialect. This great number of different *patois*, was owing to two causes; the great number of barbarous tribes with whom the Romans had successively been confounded by the frequent invasions of their country, and the great number of independent sovereignties which had been kept up there. Neither of those causes operated on the Gauls in the formation of the Romanesque. Three hordes established themselves there nearly at the same time,—the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Franks; and after the conquest of these last, no northern barbarians could again form a fixed establishment there, except the Normans, in a single province; no mixture of Germans, much less of the Sclavonians and Scythians, came again to produce a change in language and morals. The Gauls had then been employed in consolidating themselves into one nation, with one language, for four ages: during which Italy had been successively the prey of the Lombards, the Francs, the Hungarians, the Saracens, and the Germans. The birth of the Romanesque in Gaul, came thus to precede that of the Italian language. It was divided into two principal dialects:—the Provençal Romanesque, spoken in all the provinces to the south of the Loire, which had been originally conquered by the Visigoths and the Burgundians; and the Walloon Romanesque, in the provinces to the north of the Loire, where the Franks had the ascendant. The political divisions remained conformable to this first division of nations and languages. In spite of the independence of the great feudatories, northern France always formed one political body; the inhabitants of the different provinces met in the same national assemblies, and in the same armies. Southern France, on its side, after having been the inheritance of some of the successors of Charlemagne, had been raised, in 879, to the rank of an independent kingdom, by Bozon, who was crowned at Nantes, under the title of King of Arles or of Provence; and who subjected to his domination Provence, Dauphiny, Savoy, the Lyonese, and some counties of Burgundy. The title of kingdom gave place, in 943, to that of earldom, under Bozon II., without the dismemberment of Provence, or its separation from the House of Burgundy, of which Bozon I. had been the founder. This house was extinguished in 1092, in the person of Gillibert, who left two daughters only, between whom he divided his states. One, Faydide, married Alphonso, Count of Toulouse; and the other, Douce, married Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona. The union of Provence during two hundred and thirty years, under a line of princes who played no very brilliant part beyond their own territory, and who are almost forgotten by his-

tory, but who suffered no invasion; who, by a paternal administration, augmented the riches, and extended the population of the state, and favoured commerce, to which their maritime situation invited them, sufficed to consolidate the laws, the manners, and the language of the Provençals. It was at this epoch, but in a deep obscurity, that in the kingdom of Arles, the Provençal Romanesque took completely the place of the Latin. The latter was still made use of in the public acts; but the former, which was spoken universally, began also to be made use of in literature.

'The succession of the Count of Barcelona, Raymond Berenger, to the sovereignty of Provence, gave a new turn to the national spirit, by the mixture of the Catalonians with the Provençals. Of the three Romanesque languages, which the Christian inhabitants of Spain then spoke, the Catalonian, the Castillian, and the Gallician, or Portuguese, the first was almost absolutely like the Provençal; and though it has since been much removed from it, especially in the kingdom of Valencia, it has always been called after the name of a French province. The people of the country call it *Llemosin* or Limousin. The Catalans, therefore, could make themselves well understood by the Provençals; and their intercourse at the same court served to polish the one language by means of the other. The first of these nations had already been much advanced, either by their wars and their intercourse with the Moors of Spain, or by the great activity of the commerce of Barcelona. This city enjoyed the most ample privileges: the citizens felt their freedom, and made their princes respect it.—at the same time that the wealth which they had acquired rendered the taxes more productive, and permitted the court of the Counts to display a magnificence unknown to other sovereigns. Raymond Berenger, and his successor, brought into Provence at once the spirit of liberty and chivalry, the taste of elegance and the arts, and the sciences of the Arabs. From this union of noble sentiments, arose the poetry which shone at the same time in Provence, and all the south of Europe, as if an electric spark had, in the midst of the thickest darkness, kindled at once in all quarters its brilliant radiance.

'Chivalry arose with the Provençal poetry; it was in some sort the soul of every modern literature: and this character, so different from all that antiquity had known,—that invention, so rich in poetical effects, is the first subject for observation, which modern literary history presents us. We must not, however, confound *feudalism* with *chivalry*. Feudalism is the real world at this epoch—with its advantages and disadvantages, its virtues and its vices; chivalry is this world idealized such as it has existed only in the invention of the romancers: its essential character is a devotion to woman, and an inviolable regard to honour; but the ideas which the poets manifested then, as to what constituted the perfection of a knight or a lady, were not entirely of their invention. They existed in the people, without perhaps being followed by them; and when they had ac-

quired more consistence in their heroic songs, they reacted in their turn upon the people, among whom they originated, and thus approximated the real feudal system to the ideal notions of chivalry.

'Without doubt, there can be few finer things than the bold and active kind of life which characterized the feudal times; than the independent existence of each nobleman in his castle; than the persuasion which he felt, that God alone was his judge and master; than that confidence in his own power which made him brave all opposition, and offer an inviolable asylum to the weak and unfortunate,—which made him share with his friends the only possessions which they valued, arms and horses,—and rely on himself alone for his liberty, his honour, and his life. But, at the same time, the vices of the human character had acquired a development proportioned to the vigour of men's minds. Among the nobility, whom alone the laws seemed to protect, absolute power had produced its habitual effect,—an intoxication approaching to madness, and a ferocity of which later times afford no example. The tyranny of a baron, it is true, extended only a few leagues round his chateau, or the town which belonged to him: If any one could pass this boundary, he was safe; but, within these limits, in which he kept his vassals like herds of deer in a park, he gave himself up, in the plenitude of his power, to the wildest caprices; and subjected those who displeased him to the most frightful punishments. His vassals, who trembled before him, were degraded below the human species; and, in the whole of this class, there is hardly an instance of any individual displaying, in the course of ages, a single trait of greatness or virtue Frankness and good faith, which are essentially the virtues of chivalry, are indeed, in general, the consequence of strength and courage; but, in order to render an adherence to them general, it is indispensable that punishment or shame should be attached to their violation. But the seignoral lords were placed in their chateaus above all fear; and opinion had no force in restraining men who did not feel the relations of social life. Accordingly, the history of the middle ages furnishes a greater number of scandalous perfidies than any other period. Lastly, the passion of love had, it is true, taken a new character, which was much the same in reality and in the poetry of the time. It was not more passionate or more tender than among the Greeks and Romans, but it was more respectful; something mysterious was joined to the sentiment. Some traces of that religious respect were preserved towards women, which the Germans felt towards their prophetesses. They were considered as a sort of angelic beings, rather than as dependants, submitted to the will of their masters: It was a point of honour to serve and to defend them, as if they were the organs of the divinity on earth; and at the same time there was joined to this deference, a warmth of sentiment, a turbulence of passions and desires, which the Germans had known little of, but which is characteristic of the people of the South, and of which they borrowed the expression from the Arabians. In our i-

deas of chivalry, love always retains this religious purity of character; but in the actual feudal system, the disorder was extreme; and the corruption of manners has left behind it traces more scandalous than in any other period of society. Neither the *sirventes* nor the *canzos* of the troubadours, nor the fables of the trouveres, nor the romances of chivalry, can be read without blushing: the gross licentiousness of the language is equalled only by the profound corruption of the characters, and the profligacy of the moral. In the South of France, in particular, peace, riches, and the example of courts, had introduced among the nobility an extreme dissipation: they might be said to live only for gallantry. The ladies, who did not appear in the world till after they were married, prided themselves in the homage which their lovers paid to their charms: they delighted in being celebrated by their *troubadours:* they answered in their turn, and expressed their sentiments in the most tender and passionate verses. They even instituted Courts of Love, where questions of gallantry were gravely debated, and decided by their suffrages. In short, they had given to the whole of the South of France the movement of a carnival, which contrasts singularly with the ideas of restraint, of virtue, and of modesty, which we connect with the good old times. The more we study history, the more we shall be convinced that chivalry is an almost purely poetical invention. We never can arrive by any authentic documents at the scene where it flourished: it is always represented at a distance, both in time and place. And while contemporary historians give us a distinct, detailed, complete idea of the vices of courts and of the great, of the ferocity or licentiousness of the nobles, and the degradation of the people; one is astonished to see, after a lapse of time, the same ages animated by the poets with fictitious and splendid accounts of virtue, beauty, and loyalty. The romancers of the twelfth century placed the age of chivalry in the reign of Charlemagne: Francis I. placed it in their time: We at present believe we see it flourishing in the persons of Du Guesclin and of Bayard, at the courts of Charles V. and Francis the I. But when we come to examine any of these periods, though we find some heroic characters in all of them, we are soon forced to confess that it is necessary to remove the age of chivalry three or four centuries before any kind of reality.' p. 91.

This, we cannot help thinking, is a little hard on the *good old times;* though the specimens of their poetry, which are subjoined, go far to justify this severity. They certainly indicate neither refinement of sentiment, nor elevation of fancy. They are merely war or love-songs, relating to the personal feelings or situation of the individual who composed them. The Provençal poetry, indeed, is in a great measure lyrical; at least it is certain, that it is neither epic nor dramatic. The *tensons* were, indeed, a sort of eclogues, or disputes in verse, in which two or three persons maintained their favourite opinions on any

given subject; and they appear to have been for the most part extemporaneous effusions. The following example will give some idea of the state of manners and literature at this period.

'Several ladies who assisted at the Courts of Love, as they were called, used to reply themselves to the verses which their beauty inspired. There is left but a small portion of their compositions, but they have almost always the advantage over the troubadours. Poetry did not then aspire either to creative power, or to sublimity of thought, or to variety of imagery. Those powerful efforts of genius, which have given birth at a later period to dramatic and epic poetry, were then unknown; and in the simple expression of feeling, an inspiration, more tender and more delicate, would give to the poetry of women a more natural expression. One of the most pleasing of these compositions is by Clara d'Anduse: it is left unfinished: but, as far as a prose translation can convey the impression, which depends so much on the harmony of the metre, it is as follows.

"In what cruel trouble, in what profound sadness, jealous calumniators have plunged my heart! With what malice these perfidious destroyers of all pleasure have persecuted me! They have forced you to banish yourself from me, you whom I love more than life! They have robbed me of the happiness of seeing you, and of seeing you without ceasing! Ah, I shall die of grief and rage!

"But let calumny arm itself against me: the love with which you inspire me braves all its shafts: they will never be able to reach my heart: nothing can increase its tenderness, or give new force to the desires with which it is inflamed. There is no one, though it were my enemy, who would not become dear to me, by speaking well of you: but my best friend would cease to be so, from the moment he dared to reproach you.

"No, my sweet friend, no: do not believe that I have a heart treacherous to you: do not fear that I should ever abandon you for another, though I should be solicited by all the ladies of the land. Love, who holds me in his chains, has said, that my heart should be devoted to you alone; and I swear that it shall always be so. Ah, if I was as much mistress of my hand, he who now possesses, should never have obtained it.

"Beloved! such is the grief which I feel at being separated from you, such my despair, that when I wish to sing, I only sigh and weep. I cannot finish this couplet. Alas! my songs cannot obtain for my heart what it desires."

The poets of this period were almost all of them chevaliers; and it is in their war-songs, that, according to M. Sismondi, we find most of the enthusiasm of poetry. Guillaume de St Gregory, thus chants his love for war, and seems to be inspired by the very sight of the field of battle.

"How I love the gay season of the approach of spring, which covers our fields with leaves and flowers! How I love the sweet warbling of the birds, which make the woods resound with their songs!

But how much more delightful still it is to see the tents and pavillions pitched in the meadows! How I feel my courage swell, when I see the armed chevaliers on their horses, marching in long array!

"I love to see the cavaliers put to flight,—the common people, who strive to carry away their most precious effects: I love to see the thick battalions of soldiers, who advance in pursuit of the fugitives; and my joy redoubles when I observe the siege laid to the strongest castles, and hear their battered walls fall with a dreadful crash!" ..... "Yes, I repeat it again, the pleasures of the table, or of love, are not to be compared, in my mind, with those of the furious fight ... when I hear the horses neighing on the green meadows, and the cry repeated on all sides, "To arms, to arms!" when the great and the vulgar load the earth with their bodies, or roll, dying, into the ditches; and when large wounds from the blows of the lance mark the victims of honour."

This poetic rhapsody of the eleventh or twelfth century is not altogether unworthy of the spirit of the nineteenth; so we shall not stop to moralize upon it. One of the most heroic and magnanimous personages of the same period was Bertrand de Born, Vicompte Hautefort. He was a great maker of war and verses. 'The most violent,' says M. Sismondi, 'the most impetuous of the French chevaliers, breathing nothing but war; exciting, inflaming the passions of his neighbours and his superiors, in order to engage them in hostilities, he troubled the provinces of Guienne by his arms and his intrigues, during all the second half of the twefth century; and the reigns of the Kings of England, Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion. He first stripped his brother Constantine of his paternal inheritance, and made war upon Richard who protected him. He then attached himself to Henry, the brother of Richard Cœur de Lion, and afterwards made war upon him, after having engaged him in a conspiracy against his father. For this last offence he is put by Dante into his hell. In all his enterprizes, he encouraged himself by composing *sirventes*, that is, songs in which he sounded the war-whoop, in the manner of some writers nearer our own times. Let the reader judge for himself.

"What signify to me happy or miserable days? What are weeks or years to me? At all times my only wish is, to destroy whoever dares to offend me! Let others, if they please, embellish their houses; let them idly procure the conveniences of life: but, for myself, to collect lances, helmets, swords and implements of destruction, shall be the only object of my life! I am fatigued with advice, and swear never to attend to it!"

The historical notice of Richard Cœur de Lion gives a striking and more favourable picture of the manners of the time. Every one is acquainted with the story of his deliverance from prison by the fidelity of his servant Blondel, and of his rescue from the Saracens by the gallant device of Guillaume de Preaux,

who attracted the fury of the assailants to his own person, by crying out, 'Spare me; for I am the King of England!' M. Sismondi gives the following as the words of the celebrated song (a little modernized) composed by Richard during the captivity to which he was treacherously subjected by Leopold of Austria, after his return from the Holy Land.

Si prisonnier ne dit point sa raison
Sans un grand trouble, et douloureux soupçon,
Pour son consort qu'il fasse une chanson
J'ai prou d'amis, mais bien panore est leur don;
Honte ils auront, si faute de rançon,
Je suis deux hivers pris.

Qu'ils sachent bien, mes hommes, mes barons,
Anglais, Normands, Poitevins et Gascons,
Que je n'ai point si pauvres compagnons
Que pour argent n'ouvrisse leurs prisons.
Point ne les veux taxer de trahison,
Mais suis deux hivers pris.

Pour un captif plus d'ami, de parent!
Plus que ses jours ils epargnent l'argent;
Las! que je sens me douloir ce pourment!
Et si je meurs dans mon confinement,
Qui sauvera le renom de ma gent,
Car suis deux hivers pris?

Point au chagrin ne vaudrais succomber!
Le roi françois peut mes terres brûler,
Fausser la paix qu'il jura de garder;
Pourtant mon cœur je sens se rassurer,
Si je l'en crois, mes fers vont se briser,
Mais suis deux hivers pris.

Fiers ennemis, dont le cœur est si vain,
Pour guerrayer, attendez donc la fin
De mes ennemis; me trouverez enfin,
Dites-le leur, Chail et Pensavin,
Chers troubadours, qui me plaignez en vain
Car suis deux hivers pris.

Among the most distinguished troubadours, we find the names of Arnaud de Marveil, and of Arnaud Daniel, celebrated by Petrarch and Dante, Rambaud de Vaqueiras, and Pierre Vidal, both warriors and poets, and Pierre Cardinal, the satirist of Provence. The Provençal literature does not however appear to have produced any one great genius or lasting work. Their poetry, indeed, did not aim at immortality; but appears to have been considered chiefly as an ornamental appendage of courts, as the innocent amusement of great lords and ladies.

It consists, therefore, entirely of occasional and fugitive pieces. The ambition of the poet seems never to have reached higher than to express certain habitual sentiments, or record passing events in agreeable verse, so as to gratify himself or his immediate employers; and his genius never appears to have received that high and powerful impulse, which makes the unrestrained development of its own powers its ruling passion, and which looks to future ages for its reward.

The Provençal poetry belongs, in its essence as well as form, to the same class as the Eastern or Asiatic; that is, it has the same constitutional warmth and natural gaiety, but without the same degree of magnificence and force. During its most flourishing period, it made no perceptible progress; and it has left few traces of its influence behind. The civil wars of the Albigeois, the crusades which made the Italian known to all the rest of Europe, and the establishment of the court of Charles of Anjou, the new sovereign of Provence, at Naples, were fatal to the cultivation of a literature which owed its encouragement to political and local circumstances, and to the favour of the great. M. Sismondi compares the effects of the Provençal poetry to the northern lights, which illumine the darkness of the sky, and spread their colours almost from pole to pole; but suddenly vanish, and leave neither light nor heat behind them. After the literature of the troubadours had disappeared from the country which gave it birth, it lingered for a while in the kingdoms of Arragon and Catalonia, where it was cultivated with success by Don Henri of Arragon, Marquis of Villera; by Ausias, who has been called the Petrarch; and by Jean Martorell, the Boccacio of the Provençal tongue, and the well-known author of the history of Tirante the White, which is preserved by Cervantes with such marks of respect, when Don Quixote's library is condemned to the flames.

Our author next enters at great length, and with much acuteness, into the literature of the North of France, or the *Roman Wallon*, which succeeded the Provençal. The great glory of the writers of this language, was the invention of the romances of chivalry. M. Sismondi divides these romances into three classes or periods, and supposes them all to be of Norman origin, in contradiction to the very general theory which traces them to the Arabs or Moors. The first class relates to the exploits of King Arthur, the son of Pendragon, and the last British king who defended England against the Anglo-Saxons. It is at the court of this king, and of his wife Geneura, that we meet with the enchanter Merlin, and the institution of the Round Table, and all the Preux chevaliers, Tristram de Leonois, Launcelot

of the Lake, and many others. The romance of Launcelot of the Lake was begun by Chretien de Troyes, and continued, after his death, by Godfrey de Ligny: that of Tristram, the son of King Meliadus of Leonois, the first that was written in prose, and which is the most frequently cited by the old authors, was composed in 1190 by one of the *trouveres* or Northern troubadours, whose name is unknown. The second class of chivalrous romances, is that which commences with Amadis of Gaul, the hero of lovers, of which the events are more fabulous, and the origin more uncertain. There are numerous imitations of this work, Amadis of Greece, Florismarte of Hircania, Galaor, Florestan, Esplandian, which are considered as of Spanish origin, and which were in their greatest vogue at the time of the appearance of Don Quixote. The third class considered by our author, as undoubtedly of French origin, relates to the court of Charlemagne and his peers. The most antient monument of the marvellous history of Charlemagne, is the chronicle of Turpin, or Tilpin, Archbishop of Rheims. Both the name of the author and the date are, however, doubtful. It relates to the last expedition of Charlemagne into Spain, to which he had been miraculously invited by St Jaques of Galicia, and to the wars of the Christians against the Moors. M. Sismondi is inclined to refer this composition to the period when Alphonso VI. king of Castile and Leon, achieved, in the year 1085, the conquest of New Castile and Toledo.

'He was followed,' it is said, 'in this triumphant expedition, by a great number of French chevaliers, who passed the Pyrenees to combat the infidels by the side of a great king, and to see the Cid, the hero of his age. The war against the Moors in Spain was then undertaken from a spirit of religious zeal, very different from that which, twelve years later, kindled the first crusade. Its object professedly was, to carry succour to neighbours, to brothers who adored the same God, and who revenged common injuries, of which the romancer seemed to wish to recal the remembrance: whereas the end of the first crusade was to deliver the Holy Sepulchre, to recover the inheritance of our Lord, and to bring assistance to God rather than man, as one of the troubadours expressed it. This zeal for the Holy Sepulchre, this devotion pointing towards the East, appears nowhere in the Chronicle of Archbishop Turpin; which, nevertheless, is animated by a burning fanaticism, and full of all sorts of miracles. This chronicle, however fabulous, cannot itself be considered as a romance. It consists alternately of incredible feats of arms, and of miracles, of monkish superstition and monkish credulity. We find there several instances of enchantment: the formidable sword of Roland, Durandal, with every stroke opens a a wound: Ferragus is all over enchanted and invulnerable: the dreadful horn of Roland, which he sounds at Roncesvalles to call

for succour, is heard as far as St Jean Pied de Port, where Charlemagne was with his army; but the traitor Ganeton prevents the monarch from giving assistance to his nephew. Roland, losing all hope, is himself desirous to break his sword, that it may not fall into the hands of the infidels, and thus hereafter bathe itself in the blood of Christians: he strikes it against tall trees, against rocks, —but nothing can resist the enchanted blade, guided by an arm so powerful; the oaks are overturned, the rocks are shattered in pieces, and Durandal remains entire. Roland at last thrusts it up to the hilt in a hard rock, and twisting it with violence, breaks it between his hands. Then he again sounds his horn, not to demand succour from the Christians, but to announce to them his last hour; and he blows it with such violence, that his veins burst, and he dies covered with his own blood. All this is sufficiently poetical, and indicates a brilliant imagination; but in order to its being a romance of chivalry, it was necessary that love and women should be introduced—and there is no allusion made to one or the other.' p. 289.

This, we think, is rather an arbitrary decision of our author, and certainly does not prove that the work is not a romance of any kind. He concludes this chapter in the following manner.

'But all these extraordinary facts, which in the Chronicle of Turpin passed for history, were consigned soon after to the regions of romance, when the crusades were finished, and had made us acquainted with the East, at the end of the thirteenth century, and during the reign of Philip the Hardy. The king at arms of this monarch, Adenez, wrote in verse the romance of *Berthe-au-grand-pied;* the mother of Charlemagne, that of Ogier the Dane, and Cleomadis. Huon de Villeneuve wrote the history of Renaud de Montauban. The four sons of Aymon, Huon de Bourdeaux, Doolin de Mayence, Morgante the giant, Maugis the christian magician, and several other heroes of this illustrious court, were celebrated then or afterwards by romancers, who have placed in broad day all the characters, and all the events of this period of glory, of which the divine poem of Ariosto has consecrated the mythology.—The creation of this brilliant romantic chivalry, was completed at the end of the thirteenth century; all that essentially characterizes it, is to be found in the romances of Adenez. His chevaliers no longer wandered, like those of the Round Table, through gloomy forests in a country half civilized, and which seemed always covered with storms and snow: the entire universe was expanded before their eyes. The Holy Land was the grand object of their pilgrimage: but by it they entered into communication with the fine and rich countries of the East. Their geography was as confused as all their other knowledge. Their voyages from Spain to Cathay, from Denmark to Tunis, were made, it is true, with a facility, a rapidity more astonishing, than the enchantments of Maugis or Morgana: but these fanciful voyages afforded the romance writers the means of embellishing their recitals with the most brilliant colours. All the softness and the perfumes

of the countries, the most favoured by nature, were at their disposal: All the pomp and magnificence of Damascus, of Bagdad, and Constantinople, might be made use of to adorn the triumph of their heroes; and an acquisition more precious still, was the imagination itself of the people of the East and South; that imagination so brilliant, so various, which was employed to give life to the sombre mythology of the North. The fairies were no longer hideous sorceresses, the objects of the fear and hatred of the people, but the rivals or the friends of those enchanters, who disposed in the east of Solomon's ring, and of the genii who were attached to it. To the art of prolonging life, they had joined that of augmenting its enjoyments: they were in some sort the priestesses of nature and of its pleasures. At their voice, magnificent palaces arose in the deserts; enchanted gardens, groves, perfumed with orange-trees and myrtles, appeared in the midst of burning sands, or on barren rocks in the middle of the sea. Gold, diamonds, pearls, covered their garments, or the inside of their palaces: and their love, far from being reputed sacrilegious, was often the sweetest recompense of the toils of the warrior. It was thus that Ogier the Dane, the valiant paladin of Charlemagne, was received by the fairy Morgana in her castle of Avalon. She placed on his head the fatal crown of gold, covered with precious stones, and leaves of laurel, myrtle, and roses, to which was attached the gift of immortal youth, and, at the same time, the oblivion of every other sentiment than the love of Morgana. From this moment the hero no longer remembered the court of Charlemagne; nor the glory which he had acquired in France; nor the crowns of Denmark, of England, Acre, Babylon, and Jerusalem, which he had worn in succession; nor all the battles he had fought, nor the number of giants he had vanquished. He passed two hundred years with Morgana in the intoxication of love, without being sensible of the flight of time; and when, by chance, his crown fell off into a fountain, and his memory was restored, he thought Charlemagne still living, and demanded with impatience, tidings of the brave paladins, his companions in arms. In reading this elegant fiction, we easily discover, that it was written after the Crusades had opened a communination between the people of the East and those of the West, and had enriched the French with all the treasures of the Arabian imagination!'

M. Sismondi also justly ascribes the invention of the Mysteries, the first modern efforts of the dramatic art, to the French; but the inference which he draws from it, that this was owing to the great dramatic genius of that people, must excite a smile in many of his readers. For, certainly, if there ever was a nation utterly and universally incapable of forming a conception of any other manners or characters than those which exist among themselves, it is the French. The learned author is right, however, in saying that the Mystery of the Passions,

and the moralities performed by the French company of players, laid the foundation of the drama in various parts of Europe, and also suggested the first probable hint of the plan of the *Divine Comedy* of Dante; but it is not right to say that the merit of this last work consists at all in the design. The design is clumsy, mechanical, and monotonous; the invention is in the style.

We have hitherto followed M. Sismondi in his account of the progress of modern literature, before the Italian language had been made the vehicle of poetical composition, and before the revival of letters. The details which he gives on the last subject, and the extraordinary picture he presents of the pains and labour undergone by the scholars of that day in recovering antient manuscripts, and the remains of antient art, are highly interesting. It is from this important event, and also from the work of Dante, the first lasting monument of modern genius, that we should strictly date the origin of modern literature; and, indeed, it would not be difficult to show, that it is still the emulation of the antients, working, indeed, on very different materials, from different principles, and with very different results, that has been the great moving spring of the grandest efforts of human genius in our own times. Our author next follows the progress of the Italian language, particularly at the court of the Sicilian Monarchs, to the period of which we are speaking. He thus introduces his account of the first great name in modern literature.

'Nevertheless, no poet had as yet powerfully affected the mind, no philosopher had penetrated the depths of thought and sentiment, when the greatest of the Italians, the father of their poetry, Dante, appeared, and showed to the world how a powerful genius is able to arrange the gross materials prepared for him, in such a manner as to rear from them an edifice, magnificent as the universe, of which it was the image. Instead of love songs, addressed to an imaginary mistress,—instead of madrigals, full of cold conceits,—of sonnets painfully harmonious,—or allegories false and forced, the only models which Dante had before his eyes in any modern tongue, he conceived in his mind an image of the whole invisible world, and unveiled it to the eyes of his astonished readers. In the country, indeed, of Dante, that is, at Florence, on the 1st of May, 1304,' (our author says), 'all the sufferings of hell were placed before the eyes of the people, at a horrible representation appointed for a festival day; the first idea of which was no doubt taken from the Inferno. The bed of the river Arno was to represent the gulf of hell; and all the variety of torments which the imagination of monks or of the poet had invented, streams of boiling pitch, flames, ice, serpents, were inflicted on real persons, whose cries and groans rendered the illusion complete to the spectators.

'The subject, then, which Dante chose for his immortal poem, when he undertook to celebrate the invisible world, and the three kingdoms of the dead, hell, purgatory, and paradise, was in that age the most popular of all; at once the most profoundly religious, and the most closely allied to the love of country, of glory, and of party-feelings, inasmuch as all the illustrious dead were to appear on this extraordinary theatre; and in short, by its immensity, the most loftily sublime of any which the mind of man has ever conceived. The commentaries on Dante, left us by Boccace and others, furnish a new proof of the superiority of this great man. We are there astonished to find his professed admirers unable to appreciate his real grandeur. Dante himself, as well as his commentators, attaches his excellence to purity and correctness: yet he is neither pure nor correct; but he is *a creator*. His characters walk and breathe; his pictures are nature itself; his language always speaks to the imagination, as well as to the understanding; and there is scarcely a stanza in his poem, which might not be represented with the pencil.'

M. Sismondi seems to have understood the great poet of Italy little better than his other commentators; and indeed the *Divine Comedy* must completely baffle the common rules of French criticism, which always seeks for excellence in the external image, and never in the internal power and feeling. But Dante is nothing but power, passion, self-will. In all that relates to the imitative part of poetry, he bears no comparison with many other poets; but there is a gloomy abstraction in his conceptions, which lies like a dead-weight upon the mind; a benumbing stupor from the intensity of the impression; a terrible obscurity like that which oppresses us in dreams; an identity of interest which moulds every object to its own purposes, and clothes all things with the passions and imaginations of the human soul, that make amends for all other deficiencies. Dante is a striking instance of the essential excellences and defects of modern genius. The immediate objects he presents to the mind, are not much in themselves;—they generally want grandeur, beauty, and order; but they become every thing by the force of the character which he impresses on them. His mind lends its own power to the objects which it contemplates, instead of borrowing it from them. He takes advantage even of the nakedness and dreary vacuity of his subject. His imagination peoples the shades of death, and broods over the barren vastnesses of illimitable space. In point of diction and style, he is the severest of all writers, the most opposite to the flowery and glittering—who relies most on his own power, and the sense of power in the reader—who leaves most to the imagination. *

* See, among a thousand instances, the conclusion of the story of Geneura.—"And all that day we read no more!"

Dante's only object is to interest; and he interests only by exciting our sympathy with the emotion by which he is himself possessed. He does not place before us the objects by which that emotion has been excited; but he seizes on the attention, by showing us the effect they produce on his feelings; and his poetry accordingly frequently gives us the thrilling and overwhelming sensation which is caught by gazing on the face of a person who has seen some object of horror. The improbability of the events, the abruptness and monotony in the Inferno, are excessive; but the interest never flags, from the intense earnestness of the author's mind. Dante, as well as Milton, appears to have been indebted to the writers of the Old Testament for the gloomy tone of his mind, for the prophetic fury which exalts and kindles his poetry. But there is more deep-working passion in Dante, and more imagination in Milton. Milton, more perhaps than any other poet, elevated his subject, by combining image with image in lofty gradation. Dante's great power is in combining internal feelings with familiar objects. Thus the gate of Hell, on which that withering inscription is written, seems to be endowed with speech and consciousness, and to utter its dread warning, not without a sense of mortal woes. The beauty to be found in Dante is of the same severe character, or mixed with deep sentiment. The story of Geneura, to which we have just alluded, is of this class. So is the affecting apostrophe, addressed to Dante by one of his countrymen, whom he meets in the other world.

"Sweet is the dialect of Arno's vale!
"Though half consumed, I gladly turn to hear."

And another example, even still finer, if any thing could be finer, is his description of the poets and great men of antiquity, whom he represents 'serene and smiling,' though in the shades of death, ——"because on earth their names

"In fame's eternal records shine for aye."

This is the finest idea ever given of the love of fame.

Dante habitually unites the absolutely local and individual with the greatest wildness and mysticism. In the midst of the obscure and shadowy regions of the lower world, a tomb suddenly rises up, with this inscription, "I am the tomb of Pope Anastasius the Sixth:"—and half the personages whom he has crowded into the Inferno are his own acquaintance. All this tends to heighten the effect by the bold intermixture of realities, and the appeal, as it were, to the individual knowledge and experience of the reader. There are occasional striking images in Dante—but these are exceptions; and besides, they are striking only from the weight of consequences attached to them. The imagination of the poet retains and associates the objects

of nature, not according to their external forms, but their inward qualities or powers; as when Satan is compared to a cormorant. It is not true, then, that Dante's excellence consists in natural description or dramatic invention. His characters are indeed 'instinct with life' and sentiment; but it is with the life and sentiment of the poet. In themselves they have little or no dramatic variety, except what arises immediately from the historical facts mentioned; and they afford, in our opinion, very few subjects for picture. There is indeed one gigantic one, that of Count Ugolino, of which Michael Angelo made a bas-relief, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds ought not to have painted. Michael Angelo was naturally an admirer of Dante, and has left a sonnet to his memory.

The Purgatory and Paradise are justly characterized by our author as 'a falling off' from the Inferno. He however points out a number of beautiful passages in both these divisions of the poem. That in which the poet describes his ascent into heaven, completely marks the character of his mind. He employs no machinery, or supernatural agency, for this purpose; but mounts aloft 'by the sole strength of his desires—fixing an intense regard on the orbit of the sun!' This great poet was born at Florence in 1265, of the noble family of the Alighieri —and died at Ravenna, September 14th, 1321. Like Milton, he was unfortunate in his political connexions, and, what is worse, in those of his private life. He had a few imitators after his death, but none of any eminence.

M. Sismondi professes to have a prejudice against Petrarch. In this he is not, as he supposes, singular; but we suspect that he is wrong. He seems to have reasoned on a very common, but very false hypothesis, that because there is a great deal of false wit and affectation in Petrarch's style, he is therefore without sentiment. The sentiment certainly does not consist in the conceits;—but is it not there in spite of them? The fanciful allusions, and the quaintnesses of style lie on the surface; and it is sometimes found convenient to make these an excuse for not seeking after that which lies deeper and is of more value. * It has been well observed, by a contemporary critic, that notwithstanding the adventitious ornaments with which their style is encumbered, there is more truth and feeling in Cowley and Sir Philip Sidney, than in a host of insipid and merely natural

* The late Mr Burke was a writer of a very splendid imagination, and great command of words. This was, with many persons, a sufficient ground for concluding that he was a mere rhetorician, without depth of thought or solidity of judgment.

writers. It is not improbable, that if Shakespeare had written nothing but his sonnets and smaller poems, he would, for the same reason, have been assigned to the class of cold, artificial writers, who had no genuine sense of nature or passion. Yet, taking his plays for a guide to our decision, it requires no very great sagacity or boldness to discover that his other poems contain a rich vein of thought and sentiment. We apprehend it is the same with Petrarch. The sentiments themselves are often of the most pure and natural kind, even where the expression is the most laboured and far-fetched. Nor does it follow, that this artificial and scholastic style was the result of affectation in the author. All pedantry is not affectation. Inveterate habit is not affectation. The technical jargon of professional men is not affectation in them: for it is the language with which their ideas have the strongest associations. Milton's Classical Pedantry was perfectly involuntary: it was the style in which he was accustomed to think and feel; and it would have required an effort to have expressed himself otherwise. The scholastic style is not indeed the natural style of the passion or sentiment of love; but it is quite false to argue, that an author did not feel this passion because he expressed himself in the usual language in which this and all other passions were expressed, in the particular age and country in which he lived. On the contrary, the more true and profound the feeling itself was, the more it might be supposed to be identified with his other habits and pursuits—to tinge all his thoughts, and to put in requisition every faculty of his soul—to give additional perversity to his wit, subtlety to his understanding, and extravagance to his expressions. Like all other strong passions, it seeks to express itself in exaggerations, and its characteristic is less to be simple than emphatic. The language of love was never more finely expressed than in the play of Romeo and Juliet; and yet assuredly the force or beauty of that language does not arise from its simplicity. It is the fine rapturous enthusiasm of youthful sensibility, which tries all ways to express its emotions, and finds none of them half tender or extravagant enough. The sonnet of Petrarch lamenting the death of Laura,*

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* ' Gli occhi di ch' io parlai si caldamente
E le braccia, e le mani, e i piedi, e 'l viso
Che m' havean si da me stesso diviso,
E fatto singular fra l' altra gente;
Le crispe chiome d' or puro lucente,
E 'l lampeggiar de l' angelico riso,
Che solean far in terra un paradiso,

which is quoted by M. Sismondi, and of which he complains as having 'too much wit,' would be a justification of these remarks; not to mention numberless others.

M. Sismondi wishes that the connexion between Petrarch and Laura had been more intimate, and his passion accompanied with more interesting circumstances. The whole is in better keeping as it is. The love of a man like Petrarch would have been less in character, if it had been less ideal. For the purposes of inspiration, a single interview was quite sufficient. The smile which sank into his heart the first time he ever beheld her, played round her lips ever after: the look with which her eyes first met his, never passed away. The image of his mistress still haunted his mind, and was recalled by every object in nature. Even death could not dissolve the fine illusion: for that which exists in the imagination is alone imperishable. As our feelings become more ideal, the impression of the moment indeed becomes less violent; but the effect is more general and permanent. The blow is felt only by reflection; it is the rebound that is fatal. We are not here standing up for this kind of Platonic attachment; but only endeavouring to explain the way in which the passions very commonly operate in minds accustomed to draw their strongest interests from constant contemplation.

Petrarch is at present chiefly remembered for his sonnets, and the passion which they celebrate: he was equally distinguished in his lifetime by his Latin poems, and as one of the great restorers of learning. The following account of him is in many respects interesting.

Poco pulvere son che nulla sente!
Ed io pur vivo! onde mi doglio e sdegno.
Rimaso senza 'l lume, ch' amai tanto,
In gran fortuna, e 'n disarmato legno:
Or sia qui fine al mio amoroso canto.
Secca e la vena de l' usato ingegno
E la cetera mia rivolta in pianto.'

Literally as follows. 'Those eyes of which I spoke so warmly, and the arms, and the hands, and the feet, and the face, which have robbed me of myself, and made me different from others; those crisped locks of pure shining gold, and the lightning of that angelical smile, which used to make a heaven upon earth, are now a little dust which feels nothing!—And I still remain! whence I lament and disdain myself, left without the light which I loved so much, in a troubled sea, and with dismantled bark. Here then must end all my amorous songs. Dry is the vein of my exhausted genius, and my lyre answers only in lamentations!'

'Petrarch, the son of a Florentine who had been exiled as well as Dante, was born at Arezzo, in the night of the 19th of July 1304, and died at Arqua, near Padua, the 18th July 1374. He had been, during the century of which his life occupied three-fourths, the centre of all the Italian literature. Passionately fond of letters, history, and poetry, and an enthusiastic admirer of antiquity, he communicated by his discourse, his writings, and his example, to all his cotemporaries, that impulse towards research and the study of the Latin manuscripts, which so particularly distinguished the fourteenth century; which preserved the *chef-d'œuvres* of the classic writers, at the moment when, perhaps, they were about to be lost for ever; and which changed, by means of these admirable models, the whole march of the human mind. Petrarch, tormented by the passion which has contributed so much to his celebrity, wishing to fly from himself, or to vary his thoughts by the distraction of different objects, travelled during almost the whole course of his life. He explored France, Germany, all the states of Italy: he visited Spain: and, in a continual activity directed to the discovery of the monuments of antiquity, he associated himself with all the learned, with all the poets and philosophers of his time. From one end of Europe to the other, he made them concur in this great object; he directed their pursuits; and his correspondence became the magic chain which for the first time united the whole literary republic of Europe. The age in which he lived was that of small states. No sovereign had as yet established any of those colossal empires, the authority of which makes itself dreaded by nations of different languages. On the contrary, each country was divided into a great number of sovereignties; and the monarch of a small city was without power at the distance of thirty leagues, and unknown at the distance of a hundred. But the more political power was circumscribed, the more the glory of letters was extended: and Petrarch, the friend of Azzo of Correggio, prince of Parma, of Luchin and of Galeazzi Visconti, princes of Milan, and of Francis of Carrara, prince of Padua, was better known and more respected by Europe at large than all these sovereigns. The universal glory which his great knowledge had procured him, and which he directed to the service of letters, also frequently called him into the political career. No man of learning, or poet, has ever been charged with so great a number of embassies to so many great potentates,—the emperor, the Pope, the king of France, the senate of Venice, and all the princes of Italy: and, what is remarkable, is, that Petrarch did not fulfil those missions as belonging to the state with whose interests he was charged, but as belonging to all Europe. He received his title from his glory; and when he treated between different powers, it was almost as an arbiter whose suffrage each was desirous to secure with posterity. In fine, he gave to his age that enthusiasm for the beauties of antiquity, that veneration for learning, which renovated its character, and determined that of all succeeding times.

It was in some sort in the name of grateful Europe, that Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol by the senator of Rome, the 8th of April 1341; and this triumph, the most glorious which has ever been decreed to any one, was not disproportioned to the influence which this great man has exerted over the ages which succeeded him.'

Boccacio was also one of the most indefatigable and successful of the restorers of ancient learning; and is classed by M. Sismondi as one of the three inventors of modern letters,—having done for Italian prose what Dante and Petrarch had done for Italian poetry. He was born at Paris in 1313, the son of a Florentine merchant; and died at Certaldo, in Tuscany, in the house of his forefathers, 21st December 1375, at the age of sixty-two years. He wrote epic poems and theology: But his Tales are his great work.

'The Decameron,' says our author, 'the work to which, in the present day, Boccacio owes his highest celebrity, is a collection of a hundred novels, which he has arranged in an ingenious manner, by supposing, that in the dreadful plague in 1348, a society of men and women, who had retired into the country to avoid the contagion, had imposed on themselves an obligation, for ten days together, to recite each a novel a day. The company consisted of ten persons; and the number of novels is, of course, a hundred. The description of the delicious country round Florence, where these joyous hermits took up their abode,—that of their walks—their festivals—their repasts, has given Boccacio an opportunity to display all the riches of a style the most flexible and graceful. The novels themselves, which are varied with infinite art, both as to the subject and manner, from the most touching and tender to the most playful, and unfortunately also to the most licentious, demonstrate his talent for recounting in every style and tone. His description of the plague of Florence, which serves as the introduction, ranks as one of the finest historical portraits which any age has left us. Finally, that which constitutes the glory of Boccacio, is the perfect purity of the language, the elegance, the grace, and above all, the *naïveté* of the style, which is the highest merit of this class of writing, and the peculiar charm of the Italian language.'

All this is true; though it might be said of many other authors: But what ought to have been said of him is, that there is in Boccacio's serious pieces a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment, which is not to be met with in any other prose writer whatever. We think M. Sismondi has missed a fine opportunity of doing the author of the Decameron that justice which has not been done him by the world. He has in general passed for a mere narrator of lascivious tales or idle jests. This character probably originated in the early popularity of his attacks on the monks, and has been kept up by the grossness of mankind, who revenged their own want of refinement on Boc-

cacio, and only saw in his writings what suited the coarseness of their own tastes. But the truth is, that he has carried sentiment of every kind to its very highest purity and perfection. By sentiment we would here understand the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling, where the heart reposes almost entirely upon itself, without the violent excitement of opposing duties or untoward circumstances. In this way, nothing ever came up to the story of Frederigo Alberigi and his falcon. The perseverance in attachment, the spirit of gallantry and generosity displayed in it, has no parallel in the history of heroical sacrifices. The feeling is so unconscious too, and involuntary, is brought out in such small, unlooked-for, and unostentatious circumstances, as to show it to have been woven into the very nature and soul of the author. The story of Isabella is scarcely less fine, and is more affecting in the circumstances and the catastrophe. Dryden has done justice to the impassioned eloquence of the Tancred and Sigismunda; but has not given an adequate idea of the wild preternatural interest of the story of Honoria. Cimon and Iphigene is by no means one of the best, notwithstanding the popularity of the subject. The proof of unalterable affection given in the story of Jeronymo, and the simple touches of nature and picturesque beauty in the story of the two holiday lovers, who were poisoned by tasting of a leaf in the garden at Florence, are perfect masterpieces. The epithet of Divine was well bestowed on this great painter of the human heart. The invention implied in his different tales is immense: but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were floating in his time, and which he was the first to appropriate. Homer appears the most original of all authors—probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no farther. Several of Shakespeare's plots are taken from Boccacio; and indeed he has furnished subjects to numberless writers since his time, both dramatic and narrative. The story of Guselda is borrowed from the Decameron by Chaucer; as is the Knight's Tale (Palamon and Arcite) from his poem of the Theseid.

M. Sismondi follows the progress of Italian literature with great accuracy and judgment, from this period to that of their epic and romantic writers. Pulci and Boyardo preceded Ariosto and Tasso. It has been observed that there is a great resemblance between the style of Pulci's Morganti Maggiore and that of Voltaire. Thus, one of the personages in his poem being questioned as to the articles of his faith, says, that 'he believes in a fat capon and a bottle of wine.' His hero Rolando arriving at the gate of a monastery, on which some giants

showered down fragments of rocks from the neighbouring mountain every night and morning, is advised by the Abbot to make haste in, 'for that the manna is going to fall!' This kind of levity of allusion, was characteristic of the literature of the age. One of these giants, to wit, Morganti, is converted by Orlando; but makes a very indifferent christian after all. This writer has a certain familiar sarcastic gaiety in common with Ariosto, but none of his enthusiasm or elevation. The Orlando Amoroso of Boyardo, who was governor of Reggio, and one of the courtiers of Duke Hercules of Ferrara, was the foundation of Ariosto's poem.

'This poem,' says our author, 'which is at present known only from the more modern edition of Berni, who revised it sixty years after, is superior to that of Pulci, in the variety and novelty of the adventures, the richness of the colouring, and in the interest it excites. The women here appear, what they ought to be in a romance, the soul of the work; Angelica here shows herself in all her charms, and with all her power over the bravest knights. All those warriors, whether Moors or Christians, whose names have become almost historical, received from Boyardo their existence, and the characters which they have preserved ever since. We are told that he took the names of several, as Gradasso, Sacripant, Agramant, Mandiscardo, from those of his vassals at his estate of Scandiano, where these families still remain: but it seems he wished for a still more sounding name for the most redoubtable of his Moorish chiefs. While on a hunting party, that of Rodomont came into his mind: On the instant he returned full gallop to his chateau, and had the bells rung and the cannon fired in sign of a fete, to the great astonishment of the peasants, to whom this new saint was quite unknown. The style of Boyardo did not correspond with the vivacity of his imagination: It is little laboured; the verse is harsh and tedious; and it was not without reason that in the following age it was judged proper to give a new form to his work.'

The account given of Ariosto and Tasso is in general correct as to the classification of their different styles, and the enumeration of their particular excellences or defects; but we should be inclined to give the preference the contrary way. Ariosto's excellence is (what it is here described) infinite grace and gaiety. He has fine animal spirits, an heroic disposition, sensibility mixed with vivacity, an eye for nature, great rapidity of narration and facility of style, and, above all, a genius buoyant, and with wings like the Griffin-horse of Rogero, which he turns and winds at pleasure. He never labours under his subject; never pauses; but is always setting out on fresh exploits. Indeed, his excessive desire not to overdo any thing, has led him to resort to the unnecessary expedient of constantly break-

ing off in the middle of his story, and going on to something else. His work is in this respect worse than Tristram Shandy; for there the progress of the narrative is interrupted by some incident, in a dramatic or humorous shape; but here the whole fault lies with the author. The Orlando Furioso is a tissue of these separate stories, crossing and jostling one another; and is therefore very inferior, in the general construction of the plot, to the Jerusalem Delivered. But the incidents in Ariosto are more lively, the characters more real, the language purer, the colouring more natural: even the sentiments show at least as much feeling, with less appearance of affectation. There is less effort, less display, a less imposing use made of the common ornaments of style and artifices of composition. Tasso was the more accomplished writer, Ariosto the greater genius. There is nothing in Tasso which is not to be found, in the same or a higher degree, in others: Ariosto's merits were his own. The perusal of the one leaves a peculiar and very high relish behind it; there is a vapidness in the other, which palls at the time, and goes off sooner afterwards. Tasso indeed sets before us a dessert of melons, mingled with roses:—but it is not the first time of its being served up:—the flowers are rather faded, and the fruit has lost its freshness. Ariosto writes on as it happens, from the interest of his subject, or the impulse of his own mind. He is intent only on the adventure he has in hand,—the circumstances which might be supposed to attend it, the feelings which would naturally arise out of it. He attaches himself to his characters for their own sakes; and relates their achievments for the mere pleasure he has in telling them. This method is certainly liable to great disadvantages; but we on the whole prefer it to the obtrusive artifices of style shown in the Jerusalem,—where the author seems never to introduce any character but as a foil to some other,—makes one situation a contrast to the preceding, and his whole poem a continued antithesis in style, action, sentiment, and imagery. A fierce is opposed to a tender, a blasphemous to a pious character. A lover kills his mistress in disguise, and a husband and wife are represented defending their lives, by a pretty ambiguity of situation and sentiment, warding off the blows which are aimed, not at their own breasts, but at each other's. The same love of violent effect sometimes produces grossness of character, as in Armida, who is tricked out with all the ostentatious trappings of a prostitute. Tasso has more of what is usually called poetry than Ariosto—that is, more tropes and ornaments, and a more splendid and elaborate diction. The latter is deficient in all these:—the figures and comparisons he introduces do not elevate or adorn that which they are brought to illustrate: they

are, for the most part, mere parallel cases; and his direct description, simple and striking as it uniformly is, seems to us of a far higher order of merit than the ingenious allusions of his rival. We cannot, however, agree with M. Sismondi, that there is a want of sentiment in Ariosto, or that he excels only as a painter of objects, or a narrator of events. The instance which he gives from the story of Isabella, is an exception to his general power. The episodes of Herminia, and of Tancred and Clorinda, in Tasso, are exquisitely beautiful; but they do not come up, in romantic interest or real passion, to the loves of Angelica and Medoro. We might instance, to the same purpose, the character of Bradamante;—the spirited apostrophe to knighthood, "Oh ancient knights of true and noble heart;"—that to Orlando, Sacripant, and the other lovers of Angelica—or the triumph of Medoro—the whole progress of Orlando's passion, and the still more impressive description of his sudden recovery from his fatal infatuation, after the restoration of his senses. Perhaps the finest thing in Tasso is the famous description of Carthage, as the warriors pass by it in the enchanted bark. "Giace l' alta Cartago," &c. This passage, however, belongs properly to the class of lofty philosophical eloquence; it owes its impressiveness to the grandeur of the general ideas, and not to the force of individual feeling, or immediate passion. The speech of Satan to his companions is said to have suggested the tone of Milton's character of the Devil. But we see nothing in common in the fiend of the two poets. Tasso describes his as a mere deformed monster. Milton was the first poet who had the magnanimity to paint the devil without horns and a tail; to give him personal beauty and intellectual grandeur, with only moral deformity.

The life of Tasso is one of the most interesting in the world. Its last unfortunate events are related thus by our author.—

'Tasso, admitted into the society of the great, thought himself sufficiently their equal, to fall in love with women of rank; and found himself sufficiently their inferior, to suffer from the consequences of his passion. His writings inform us, that he was attached to a lady of the name of Leonora: but it would seem that he was alternately in love with Leonora of Este, sister to the Duke Alphonso; with Leonora of San Vitale, wife of Julius of Tiena; and with Lucretia Bendidio, one of the maids of honour to the princess..... It is said, that one day being at court with the Duke and the Princess Leonora, he was so struck with the beauty of the lady, that, in a transport of love, he approached her suddenly, and embraced her in the eyes of the whole assembly. The Duke, turning coldly to his courtiers, said to them—"What a pity that so great a man should have gone mad!" and on this pretence, had him confined in the hos-

pital of St Anne, a receptacle for lunatics at Ferrara. His confinement disordered his imagination. His body was enfeebled by the agitation of his mind; he believed himself by turns poisoned, or tormented by witchcraft; he fancied that he saw dreadful apparitions, and passed whole nights in painful watchfulness. He addressed letters of complaint to all his friends, to all the princes of Italy, to the city of Bergamo his native place, to the emperor, to the holy office at Rome, imploring their pity and his liberty. To add to his misfortunes, his poem was published without his permission, from an imperfect copy. He remained confined in the hospital seven years; during which, the numerous writings that proceeded from his pen, could not convince Alphonso II. that he was in his senses. The princes of Italy in vain interposed for his release, which the Duke refused to grant, chiefly to mortify his rivals, the Medici. At length, he was released from his captivity at the instance of Vincent de Gonzago, Prince of Mantua, on the occasion of the marriage of the sister of this nobleman with the unrelenting Alphonso.'

It was during this melancholy interval, that he was seen by Montaigne in his confinement, who, after some striking reflections on the vicissitudes of genius, says,—'I rather envied than pitied him, when I saw him at Ferrara in so piteous a plight, that he survived himself; misacknowledging both himself and his labours, which, unwitting to him, and even to his face, have been published both uncorrected and maimed!'—Tasso died at Rome in 1599, when he was fifty-one years old. After the Jerusalem, the most celebrated of his works, is his pastoral poem of Aminta, on which the Pastor Fido of Guarani is considered by M. Sismondi as an improvement. He published both comedies and tragedies. He composed a tragedy, called *Il Torrismondo*, while in prison, and dedicated it to his liberator, the Prince of Mantua. The concluding chorus of this tragedy possesses the most profound pathos; and the poet, in writing it, had evidently an eye to his own misfortunes and his glory, which he saw, or thought he saw, vanishing from him—'Like the swift Alpine torrent, like the sudden lightning in the calm night, like the passing wind, the melting vapour, or the winged arrow, so vanishes our fame; and all our glory is but a fading flower. What then can we hope, or what expect more? After triumphs and palms, all that remains for the soul, is strife and lamentation, and regret; neither love nor friendship can avail us aught, but only tears and grief!'

We have thus gone through M. Sismondi's account of the great Italian poets; and should now proceed to the consideration of their more modern brethren of the drama, and of the Spanish and Portuguese writers in general: But we cannot go on with this splendid catalogue of foreigners, without feeling

ourselves drawn to the native glories of two of our own writers, who were certainly indebted in a great degree to the early poets of Italy, and must be considered as belonging to the same school.—We mean Chaucer and Spenser—who are now, we are afraid, as little known to the ordinary run of English readers as their tuneful contemporaries in the South. To those among our own countrymen who agree with M. Sismondi in considering the reign of Queen Anne as the golden period of English poetry, it may afford some amusement at least to accompany us for a little in these antiquarian researches.

Though Spenser was much later than Chaucer, his obligations to preceding poets were less. He has in some measure borrowed the plan of his poem from Ariosto; but he has engrafted upon it an exuberance of fancy, and an endless voluptuousness of sentiment, which are not to be found in the Italian writer. —Farther, Spenser is even more of an inventor in the subject-matter. There is a richness and variety in his allegorical personages and fictions, which almost vies with the splendour of the ancient mythology. If Ariosto transports us into the regions of romance, Spenser's poetry is all fairy-land. In Ariosto, we walk upon the ground, in a company, gay, fantastic, and adventurous enough; in Spenser, we wander in another world among ideal beings. The poet takes and lays us in the lap of a lovelier nature, by the sound of softer streams, among greener hills, and fairer valleys. He paints nature, not as we find it, but as we expected to find it; and fulfils the deluding promise of our youth. He waves his wand of enchantment,—and at once embodies airy beings, and throws a delicious veil over all actual objects. The two worlds of reality and of fiction, seem poised on the wings of his imagination. His ideas indeed seem always more distinct than his perceptions. He is the painter of abstractions, and describes them with dazzling minuteness. In the Mask of Cupid, the god of love 'claps on high his coloured winges *twain;*' and it is said of Gluttony in the procession of the Passions,—

'In green vine-leaves he was right fitly clad.'

At times he becomes picturesque from his intense love of beauty; as, where he compares Prince Arthur's crest to the appearance of the almond-tree. The love of beauty, however, and not of truth, is the moving principle of his mind; and his delineations are guided by no principle but the impulse of an inexhaustible imagination. He luxuriates equally in scenes of Eastern magnificence, or the still solitude of a hermit's cell—in the extremes of sensuality or refinement. With all this, he neither makes us laugh nor weep. The only jest in his poem is an allegory. But

he has been falsely charged with a want of passion and of strength. He has both in an immense degree. He has not indeed the pathos of immediate action or suffering, which is the dramatic; but he has all the pathos of sentiment and romance,—all that belongs to distant objects of terror, and uncertain, imaginary distress. His strength, in like manner, is not coarse and palpable,—but it assumes the character of vastness and sublimity, seen through the same visionary medium, and blended with all the appalling associations of preternatural agency. We will only refer to the Cave of Mammon, and to the description of Celleno in the Cave of Despair. The three first books of the Faery Queen are very superior to the other. It is not fair to compare Spenser with Shakespeare, in point of interest. A fairer comparison would be with Comus. There is only one book of this allegorical kind which has more interest than Spenser (with scarcely less imagination); and that is the Pilgrim's Progress.

It is not possible for any two writers to be more opposite than Spenser and Chaucer. Spenser delighted in luxurious enjoyment;—Chaucer in severe activity of mind. Spenser was, perhaps, the most visionary of all the poets;—Chaucer the most a man of observation and of the world. He appealed directly to the bosoms and business of men. He dealt only in realities; and, relying throughout on facts or common tradition, could always produce his vouchers in nature. His sentiment is not the voluntary indulgence of the poet's fancy, but is founded on the habitual prejudices and passions of the very characters he introduces. His poetry, therefore, is essentially picturesque and dramatic: In this he chiefly differs from Boccacio, whose power was that of sentiment. The picturesque and the dramatic in Chaucer, are in a great measure the same thing; for he only describes external objects as connected with character,—as the symbols of internal passion. The costume and dress of the Canterbury pilgrims,—of the knight,—the 'squire,—the gap-toothed wife of Bath, speak for themselves. Again, the description of the equipage and accoutrements of the two Kings of Thrace and Inde, in the Knight's Tale, are as striking and grand, as the others are lively and natural. His descriptions of natural scenery are in the same style of excellence;—their beauty consists in their truth and characteristic propriety. They have a local freshness about them, which renders them almost tangible; which gives the very feeling of the air, the coldness or moisture of the ground. In other words, he describes inanimate objects from the effect which they have on the mind of the spectator, and as they have a reference to the interest of the story. One of the finest parts of Chaucer is of this mixed kind. It is in the beginning of the

Flower and the Leaf, where he describes the delight of that young beauty, shrowded in her bower, and listening in the morning of the year to the singing of the nightingale, while her joy rises with the rising song, and gushes out afresh at every pause, and is borne along with the full tide of pleasure, and still increases, and repeats, and prolongs itself, and knows no ebb. The coolness of the arbour,—its retirement,—the early time of the day,—the sudden starting up of the birds in the neighbouring bushes—the eager delight with which they devour and rend the opening buds and flowers, are expressed with a truth and feeling, which make the whole seem like the recollection of an actual scene. Whoever compares this beautiful and simple passage with Rousseau's description of the Elisée in the New Eloise, will be able to see the difference between good writing and fine writing, or between the actual appearances of nature, and the progress of the feelings they excite in us, and a parcel of words, images and sentiments thrown together without meaning or coherence. We do not say this from any feeling of disrespect to Rousseau, for whom we have a great affection; but his imagination was not that of the poet or the painter. Severity and boldness are the characteristics of the natural style: the artificial is equally servile and ostentatious. Nature, after all, is the soul of art:—and there is a strength in the imagination which reposes immediately on nature, which nothing else can supply. It was this trust in nature, and reliance on his subject, which enabled Chaucer to describe the grief and patience of Griselda,—the faith of Constance,—and the heroic perseverance of the little child, who, going to school through the streets of Jewry,

'Oh, *Alma redemptoris mater*, loudly sung,'

and who, after his death, still triumphed in his song. Chaucer has more of this deep, internal, sustained sentiment than any other writer, except Boccacio, to whom Chaucer owed much, though he did not owe all to him: for he writes just as well where he did not borrow from that quarter, as where he did; as in the characters of the Pilgrims,—the Wife of Bath's Prologue,—the 'Squire's Tale, and in innumerable others. The poetry of Chaucer has a religious sanctity about it, connected with the manners of the age. It has all the spirit of martyrdom!

In looking back to the *chef-d'œuvres* of former times, we are sometimes disposed to wonder at the little progress which has been made since in poetry, and the arts of imitation in general. But this, perhaps, is a foolish wonder. Nothing is more contrary to fact, than the supposition, that in what we understand by the fine arts, as painting and poetry, relative perfection is the result of repeated success; and that, what has been once

well done, constantly leads to something better. What is mechanical, reducible to rule, or capable of demonstration, is indeed progressive, and admits of gradual improvement: but that which is not mechanical or definite, but depends on taste, genius, and feeling, very soon becomes stationary or retrograde, after a certain period, and loses more than it gains by transfusion. The contrary opinion is indeed a common error, which has grown up, like many others, from transferring an analogy of one kind to something quite different, without thinking of the difference in the nature of the things, or attending to the difference of the results. For most persons, finding what wonderful advances have been made in biblical criticism, in chemistry, in mechanics, in geometry, astronomy, &c. *i. e.* in things depending on inquiry and experiment, or on absolute demonstration, have been led hastily to conclude, that there was a general tendency in the efforts of the human intellect to improve by repetition, and, in all arts and institutions, to grow perfect and mature by time. We look back upon the theological creed of our ancestors, and their discoveries in natural philosophy, with a smile of pity: Science, and the arts connected with it, have all had their infancy, their youth and manhood, and seem to have in them no principle of limitation or decay; and, inquiring no farther, we infer, in the intoxication of our pride, and the height of our self-congratulation, that the same progress has been made, and will continue to be made, in all other things which are the work of man. The fact, however, stares us so plainly in the face, that one would think the smallest reflection must suggest the truth, and overturn our sanguine theories. The greatest poets, the ablest orators, the best painters, and the finest sculptors that the world ever saw, appeared soon after the first birth of these arts, and lived in a state of society which was in other respects rude and barbarous. Those arts which depend on individual genius and incommunicable power, have almost always leaped at once from infancy to manhood—from the first rude dawn of invention to their meridian height and dazzling lustre, and have, in general, declined ever after. This is the peculiar distinction and privilege of science and of art;—of the one, never to arrive at the summit of perfection at all; and of the other, to arrive at it almost at once. Homer, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Dante and Ariosto, (Milton alone was of a later period, and not the worse for it), —Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Cervantes and Boccacio—all lived near the beginning of their arts—perfected, and all but created them. These giant sons of genius stand indeed upon the earth; but they tower above their fellows; and

the long line of their successors does not interpose any object to obstruct their view, or lessen their brightness. In strength and stature, they are unrivalled; in grace and beauty, they have never been surpassed. In after-ages and more refined periods (as they are called), great men have arisen one by one, as it were by throes and at intervals; though, in general, the best of these cultivated and artificial minds were of an inferior order; as Tasso and Pope among poets, Guido and Poussin among painters. But in the earlier stages of the arts, when the first mechanical difficulties had been got over, and the language acquired, they rose by clusters and in constellations—never so to rise again.

The arts of poetry and painting are conversant with the world of thought within us, and with the world of sense without us—with what we know and see and feel intimately. They flow from the living shrine of our own breasts, and are kindled at the living lamp of Nature: But the pulse of the passions assuredly beat as high—the depths and soundings of the human heart were as well understood, three thousand or three hundred years ago, as they are at present. The face of nature, and 'the human face divine,' shone as bright then, as they have ever done since. But it is their light, reflected by true genius on art, which marks out the path before it, and sheds a glory round the Muses' feet, like that which

——'circled Una's angel face,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.'

ART. III. *Memoirs of the War of the French in Spain.* By M. DE ROCCA, Officer of Hussars, and Knight of the Order of the Legion of Honour. Murray, London. 1815.

THE greater part of those who are habitually occupied in the discussion of public affairs, unfortunately regard the most important events merely as topics of transitory interest, which attract notice only as long as they excite passion; and are afterwards consigned to oblivion, with an apathy little suited to the zeal with which they were formerly agitated. Hence it is, that men so rarely form a sober and dispassionate judgment on the business of their own times, on which alone it is of importance that they should judge rightly. On these most momentous subjects, their minds are predisposed for deception by the violence of their passions; and they can hardly ever look at the transactions before them but through a deceiving medium, by which facts are distorted and principles disguised, and the fountain

of knowledge thus poisoned at its source. The future historian, from the eminence which he has attained, may, indeed, see partially through the mists of prejudice and passion, which overhang the history of past ages. But those who are contemporary with the events, are generally deep sunk in the delusion; at the same time that they are compelled to act upon the impressions they have received, and are only made sensible of their error by the fatal experience of its effects. The diligent study of history seems the best antidote to those deceptions,—as we may there see, unfolded for our instruction, a regular series of events, which we may examine at leisure, and without passion; and by thus reasoning on matters on which there is less scope for prejudice, the mind naturally acquires habits of more accurate investigation, and a store of general knowledge, which may be applied with the happiest effect, to illustrate the events of its own times.

For the purpose of bringing under the consideration of our readers, an interesting portion of recent history, we have selected the present performance, which contains an account of the invasion of Spain by the French armies, and a general view of the causes which, notwithstanding a continued series of reverses, still gave energy to the Spanish cause. The author, M. de Rocca, had a command in a regiment of French hussars, and a place in the Legion of Honour. He entered Spain in the year 1808, along with the troops sent to reinforce the French armies, which were at that time encamped on the Ebro, under the command of Joseph; and, except during a short interval in the year 1809, when he was sent against the English at Walcheren, he continued in Spain until the summer of 1810, when he was severely wounded, in an encounter with a party of Spanish guerillas. He relates chiefly what came under his own personal notice; and as he seems to be an acute and discriminating observer, his remarks, which are always lively, are frequently judicious and striking. In his account of the campaign, he certainly maintains a tone of great impartiality; praising or blaming indifferently the plans and movements of the two contending armies; while his narrative of military events is enlivened with some interesting sketches of Spanish manners, and with an amusing account of his own personal adventures. We shall proceed to give our readers an abstract of the information contained in his performance, after we have made one general observation on the nature and object of the war to which it relates.

The objects of war are frequently of very little importance to the body of the people—and, after a certain time, they generally

discover this, and begin to grudge the sacrifices it requires. Where it originates manifestly in the personal prejudice or pride of the sovereign, though they will exult in the triumphs of their countrymen, they will not voluntarily incur any serious inconvenience to promote its success. They will generally remain neuter in the contest, which will consequently be decided exclusively by that small proportion of the population who are soldiers by profession.

Such was the nature of several of the contests carried on between Austria and France. The pride of the Austrian monarch was piqued at his loss of territory; and he seized the first opportunity of taking arms, that he might retrieve his honour, and recover his dominions. But these considerations had no weight with the great body of the people; and the contest was accordingly decided by the first great battle between the Austrian and French armies. When victory declared for the latter, no effort was made by the population of Austria to avert the impending invasion of their country, nor even to harass the enemy by irregular hostilities. But if the projects of a foreign power are directed against the happiness of the people at large, the result is of a very different description. It then becomes their interest to sacrifice all private considerations; and where their exertions are called forth by an energetic government, it is seldom that they are found wanting to the public cause. The war waged by Great Britain against her American colonies, was a project of pure and undisguised tyranny, and obviously at variance with the happiness of that great population. It was an attempt to govern by the mere terror of the bayonet; and the resistance of the American people corresponded to the importance of the objects for which they fought, to their hatred of tyranny, and to their love of liberty. The war waged in 1793 by the combined Kings of Europe against the people of France, was, in like manner, adverse to all their views of social happiness. The old government of France had just been overthrown, with a long train of corruptions and abuses, which time and the powerful patronage of authority had rendered inveterate. The people, long oppressed by the odious privileges, and illiberal distinctions of a corrupt aristocracy, which were interwoven with all their institutions and even with their domestic manners, were rejoicing in their emancipation from bondage, when they were alarmed by the threats of the allied powers to reimpose upon them the yoke which they had just shaken off. They flew to arms; and their zeal in the cause of their country

corresponded entirely with their dread of the evils with which they were menaced.

In process of time, however, France, triumphant over all her enemies, became oppressor in her turn. Her victorious armies were made subservient to a system of policy incompatible with the freedom and happiness of other states. Oppression produced irritation; and, in process of time, gave rise to successful resistance. Russia rather chose to sacrifice her capital, than to submit to the yoke of France; and by this determined policy, she for ever crushed the hopes of her invaders. In Spain, too, the tyranny of France provoked a suitable spirit of resistance. The projects of Bonaparte, in regard to that country, were utterly at variance with the feelings and habits of the community at large. His attempt to impose upon them a French sovereign, was opposed by every principle of national antipathy and pride; while his internal reforms, which were chiefly directed against monasteries and the dominion of the clergy, gave a still greater shock to the inveterate prejudices of an ignorant and superstitious people. The revolution in the domestic manners and habits of a whole people, which Napoleon was attempting to accomplish at once, and by the sword, could only have taken place in the lapse of centuries, and under the mild sway of a just and enlightened government. His project was therefore equally impolitic and unjust; and was well calculated to call forth an unanimous and determined spirit of resistance.

But although the zeal of the people in the public cause must always be of admirable use in the defence of a country, it is only through the medium of a regular army that it will be found to operate effectually against an invading enemy—because a regular army, where it is successful, repels the invader from the frontier, and prevents him from troubling the repose of the country; and where it is supported by an enthusiastic people, who voluntarily rush into the field to recruit its wasted ranks, must soon overwhelm an army which fights merely for conquest. By the destruction of the regular army, the country is left open to the conqueror, who penetrates at all points, and crushes resistance by the terror of his arms. Where the inhabitants are united, indeed, in their hatred of the invader, and in their determination to assert their independence, he will only possess the ground on which his army stands; and he will be annoyed by the irregular and incessant hostility of an exasperated people. But in these circumstances the ultimate deliverance of the country must always be extremely doubtful; as the invading army, by seizing upon the strongholds, and stationing

garrisons in the fortified towns, may gradually circumscribe the means of resistance, and thus in time overcome the perseverance of the inhabitants. In the invasion of America by Great Britain, the struggle never degenerated on the part of the invaded country into a mere system of irregular annoyance. The American army, though frequently overthrown, was never entirely dispersed. It always remained united in the field, and formed a rallying point for such as were disposed to unite for the common defence; and it was by its exertions, assisted by French troops, that the contest was happily brought to a close. In the invasion of Poland by Russia, on the other hand, the Polish armies were overthrown and dispersed—the capital was captured;—and the wretched inhabitants, left to the fury of a merciless conqueror, had no resource but in submission. In the invasion of France in 1793, the army of the country, though frequently defeated, always maintained itself in the field; and being powerfully recruited by the energy of the government, and the zeal of the people, the enemy was quickly repelled from the frontier. The last invasion of Russia by France presents a case of successful defence against a preponderating military force. But the safety of the country was purchased by the devastation of some of its finest provinces, and by the destruction of its capital, which a more powerful army and a more energetic system of defence might possibly have saved. In the recent invasion of Spain, the armies assembled for its defence were quickly overthrown; but after their complete dispersion, the resistance of the people continued with unabated vigour; and M. de Rocca, in this instructive publication, has explained to us very satisfactorily the reasons of this persevering resistance, and the circumstances which gave them such advantages in the irregular annoyance of their victorious adversaries.

In Germany, M. de Rocca observes, the different sovereigns were accustomed to rely for the defence of the country on the perfection of its military institutions; and with this view, they were in the habit of exacting from their subjects a frivolous and minute obedience, without reflecting, in the mean time, that by thus converting their government into a species of military police, they weakened the energy of the national character, the only sure guarantee of national independence. When a German province was overrun by a French army, the people, never accustomed to exercise their own free will, were quite passive until they received the commands of their seignorial lords, whose authority being necessarily subordinate to that of the conqueror, was extremely useful in securing the subjection of the invaded country. Germany also, from the nature of the country, affords

no facilities for the irregular resistance of an armed people. There are few desert and mountainous districts to which the inhabitants may fly from the pursuits of a conquering enemy; so that a small body of troops may retain a large province in obedience, and may thus always secure the subsistence of the main army.

The state of Spain at the time of its invasion by the French, was essentially different from that of Germany. The government, though absolute in its forms, resembled in no respect the military constitutions of the German states. It was feeble, indeed, and corrupt; but the people enjoyed a great degree of practical freedom:—and the institutions of religion and the influence of the priests, while they were frequently employed in aid of the executive power, formed at the same time a perpetual counterpoise to the arbitrary will of the sovereign. The national character, in short, was in its full vigour. Every Spaniard regarded the public cause as his own private quarrel; and the general zeal was still further heightened by the exhortations of the priests, who hated the French both from patriotism and from interest, being well aware that their success would be ultimately fatal to the power and privileges of the church. In addition to those moral causes which favoured the efforts of the Spaniards, M. de Rocca enumerates the following circumstances connected with the physical state of the country.

'The high and barren mountains which surround and intersect Spain, were peopled by warlike tribes, always armed for the purpose of smuggling, and accustomed to baffle the regular troops of their own country, which were frequently sent in pursuit of them. The untamed character of the inhabitants of the peninsula; the mildness of the climate, which admits of living in the open air almost all the year, and thus to abandon one's dwelling upon occasion; the inaccessible retreats of the inland mountains; the sea, which washes such extensive shores; all the great circumstances arising from the national character, the climate, and local situation, could not fail of procuring for the Spaniards numberless facilities for escaping from the oppression of their conquerors, and for multiplying their own forces, whether by transporting them rapidly to those points on which the French were weak, or in securing their escape from pursuit.' p. 11, 12.

The regular force collected for the defence of Spain, extended in a line across the country, from Tudela nearly to the frontiers of Asturias; and such was the confidence inspired by recent success, that the Spanish generals, never doubting of victory, made all their dispositions with a view to surround the invading army. They formed their troops into extended and proportionally feeble lines, which being assailed by the solid

masses of the enemy, were easily penetrated; and all concert being thus destroyed between the different corps, they were successively attacked and overthrown. The army of the centre and left, under General Blake, fled towards the mountains of Asturias, and the right under Castanos took the direction of Madrid. The French pursued by forced marches; and found both the country and the towns through which they advanced, entirely deserted. Burgos was abandoned to pillage; and, at night, when M. de Rocca entered the town, it resounded on all sides with the confused noise and bustle of the soldiers, who run about in all directions seeking for provisions and utensils of cookery in the deserted dwellings, and carrying with them the enormous torches which they had found in the neighbouring convents. At some distance, in a part of the town less frequented, were heard the stifled and mournful cries of the aged and the sick, who, not being able to fly, had taken refuge in one of the churches, where they were crowded together in great numbers. In ascending the river, many of the townsmen and the peasantry were discovered on its banks, concealed behind the heights, or among the precipices of the opposite shore, raising their heads from time to time above the brushwood, to see if the troops were passed. Some of the flank companies met a company of nuns who had quitted Burgos the evening before the battle. They had wandered as far as their wearied limbs could carry them, and were concealed among the wood in the vicinity of the river. When the French cavalry approached, they were on their knees close to each other, their heads hanging down, and enveloped in their cloaks. One of them, who seemed to have preserved more calmness than the rest, stood before her companions; and, as she touched the beads of her rosary, repeatedly pronounced to the soldiers who passed nearest, as if to implore their protection, 'Bon jour, Messieurs François,'—the only words which she appeared to know of the French language. These poor nuns, M. de Rocca informs us, were left in peace.

A deep impression seems to have been made throughout the French army, by the spectacle of solitude which the country through which they advanced every where presented. The inhabitants invariably left the towns, carrying with them to the mountains all their most valuable effects, so that the desolation which generally follows the track of victorious armies, seemed invariably to have preceded the arrival of the French troops. The following passage, which is in our author's usual style of lively description, conveys a striking picture of the deserted state of the country.

'In approaching the deserted towns and villages of Castile, we no longer saw those clouds of smoke, which, constantly rising through the air, form a second atmosphere over inhabited and populous cities. Instead of living sounds and continual rumours, we heard nothing within the circles of their walls but the passing bells, which our arrival could not suspend; or the croaking of the ravens hovering round the high belfreys. The houses, now empty, served only to re-echo tardily and discordantly the deep sounds of the drum, or the shrill notes of the trumpet.

'Lodgings were quickly distributed; every regiment occupied a ward, every company a street, according to the size of the town; a very short time after our entry, the soldiers were established in their new dwellings, as if they had come to found a colony. This warlike and transitory population gave new names to the places it occupied —they talked of the *Dragoon-ward; Such a company's street; Our general's house; The main-guard square,* or *Parade-place.*—Often on the walls of a convent might be read, written with charcoal, *Barracks of such a battalion.* From the cell of a deserted cloister, hung a sign with a French inscription, bearing the name of one of the first cooks in Paris; he was a victualler, who had hastened to set up his ambulatory tavern in that spot.

'When the army arrived late at night in the place where it was to rest, it was impossible to distribute the quarters with regularity, and we lodged *militarily,* that is to say, promiscuously, and without observing any order, wherever we could find room. As soon as the main guard was posted, at a concerted signal the soldiers left the ranks, and precipitated themselves all together tumultuously, like a torrent, through the city; and, long after the arrival of the army, shrieks were still heard, and the noise of doors broken open with hatchets or great stones. Some of the grenadiers found out a method, as quick as efficacious, to force such doors as obstinately resisted; they fired point blank into the keyholes of the locks, and thus rendered vain the precautions of the inhabitants, who always carefully locked up their houses before they fled, at our approach, to the mountains.' p. 32—34.

The farther the French advanced into the country, they received the stronger proofs of the rooted hatred with which all classes were animated against them. Religion, patriotism, and the desire of revenge, lent their united aid to influence popular zeal, and to arm every hand against the common foe. The Spaniards equally disregarded the rules of discipline and the laws of war. They abandoned their columns on the least reverse, and they seldom kept faith with their enemies: their sole desire was to retaliate upon them, in every possible way, the evils which they had brought upon their native country. Our author relates various facts to show the exasperated state of the public feeling throughout Spain. Among others, he states, that

one of the insurgent peasants of Arragon being taken prisoner by the skirmishers, was liberated by the humanity of the French commanding officer. No sooner was he left to himself than he loaded his musket, and, turning instantly to the French ranks, fired at his deliverer, whom the ball, however, happily missed. Being apprehended, and believing that he was to be instantly shot, he fell upon his knees, praying to God and to the Virgin; and in that posture, with all the proud defiance of a martyr in his country's cause, prepared to meet his fate. The continual interruption of the French communications—the persevering attacks made on their convoys and military posts, afforded another striking proof of the inveterate hostility of the inhabitants. On one occasion, our author was charged to carry despatches from General Lasalle, who was in advance at Talavera, to Marshal Lefevre, who sent him to the imperial quarters near Madrid. Having procured a requisition mule and a guide, he set forward in a dark night, when, after they were a league on the road, the guide fell, and instantly disappeared; his mule, at the same time, returning at a gallop to the village from which it set out. M. de Rocca dismounted, but found no traces of his guide; and his mule having lost its companion, remained immoveable, alike insensible either to blows or curses. He was not aware at that time, that every Spanish mule is provided with a proper name, and that the only way of pushing them on, is by cajoling them in Spanish with such expressions as —'Go on, Mule; get on, Captain; get on, Arragonese;' &c. Having alighted to tighten the girth of his wooden saddle, the irritated mule contrived to give him a kick in the breast, which knocked him down, and immediately galloped off. The unhappy envoy contrived, however, to proceed to the next military station, where he was provided with a horse, with which he arrived at a village in which there was no French garrison. He was admitted by the postmaster, who awoke a post-boy, and directed him to saddle an old horse which could scarcely stand, his fore legs were so crooked. 'I began to threaten the post-master, '(M. de Rocca observes), and, as I raised my voice, pointed to 'the horse I wanted. The old man was not to be alarmed. He 'took me by the hand with a tranquillity which instantly disarm-'ed my rage; and making signs to me to make no noise, he show-'ed me thirty or forty peasants asleep upon the straw at the o-'ther end of the stable. I took his advice, and mounted the 'best horse without saying another word; astonished at the va-'rious sentiments indicated by this simple trait, and full of re-'flections on the innumerable difficulties which the hatred of 'the Spaniards already opposed to us, even in the midst of our 'victories.'

In returning from the imperial quarters, between Aranjuez and Toledo, M. De Rocca was shocked on observing the road strewed at every step with the mutilated bodies of Frenchmen, assassinated during the few previous days, and with bloody fragments of clothing scattered in different parts. The traces, still recent in the dust, indicated the struggle that some of those miserable creatures had made, and the long tortures they had suffered before they expired. They had been attacked by the peasantry who had deserted the villages, and who, from the habits of a wandering and solitary life, had acquired great ferocity of manners.

After the overthrow of the Spanish force, the French armies were hurried forward, in a series of rapid marches, in order to profit by the consternation arising from their first successes, and to prevent any part of the defeated army from concentrating for the defence of the capital Our author advanced with Marshall Ney's corps on Guadalaxara and Madrid; at the former of which places he arrived on the 2d December. His account of the progress of the campaign always contains some amusing anecdotes relative to his own personal adventures. He seems, indeed, to be one of those few judicious persons who have the address not to tire others when they are talking of themselves. The story of his pursuit and capture of the Thoulouse dancing-master—his frequent and profound obeisances in different postures when he saw he could not escape, accompanied with repeated salutations of 'Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous 'saluer; Monsieur, je suis votre tres humble serviteur,'—and the simplicity with which he confessed that he had been put on the pillory for fifteen days, in order to compel him to serve in the regiment of Ferdinand VII., which, he added, was more unsuitable than could be well imagined to his pacific disposition, —is told in an admirable strain of humour and irony. The following passage exhibits a lively picture of the interior economy of a camp, and of the domestic habits (if we may so express ourselves) of the soldier.

'The forced marches of our army often continued till late at night; and in passing the squadrons we frequently heard Italians, Germans or Frenchmen, singing their national airs to lull their fatigue, or, in this distant and hostile land, to recal a lively remembrance of their absent country.

'The army stopped very late at night near deserted towns or villages; and, on our arrival, we generally found ourselves in absolute want of every thing. But the soldiers soon dispersed on all sides to forage; and, in less than an hour, they collected, at the bivouac, all that yet remained in the neighbouring villages.

'Around large fires, lighted at intervals, all the implements of military cookery were seen. Here they were busy constructing in haste, barracks of plank covered with leaves for want of straw; there they were erecting tents, by stretching across four stakes such pieces of stuff as had been found in the deserted houses. The ground was strewed up and down with the skins of the sheep just slain, guitars, pitchers, bladders of wine, the cowls of monks, clothes of every form and colour; here the cavalry under arms were sleeping by the side of their horses; farther on, a few of the infantry, dressed in women's clothes, were dancing grotesquely among piles of arms to the sound of discordant music.

'The moment the army departed, the peasants descended from the neighbouring heights, and started up on every hand, as if out of the bosom of the earth, from their hiding-places. They hastened back to their dwellings. Our soldiers could neither go off the roads, nor lag behind the columns, without exposing themselves to being assassinated by the peasants of the mountains; and we dared not, as in Germany, place detached patroles, or send our sick by themselves to the hospitals. The foot soldiers, who could no longer bear the march, followed their divisions on asses; they held their long muskets in their left hands, and in their right their bayonets, which they used as goads. These pacific animals, like the untamed Numidian steeds of former times, had neither bridles nor saddles.' p. 50—52.

On the 2d December the Emperor Napoleon arrived on the heights of Madrid, when a new and unexpected scene presented itself, which marked, in a striking manner, the peculiar character of this extraordinary war. In place of the order observed in regular fortified places, where events are previously calculated, and in some degree foreseen,—in place of that silence which is only interrupted by the prolonged and watchful calls of the different sentinels,—the bells of 600 churches were heard ringing in Madrid in continued peals, accompanied from time to time by the piercing cries of the assembled multitude, and the deep rolling noise of the drum. The hasty fortifications which had been constructed, were, of course, incapable of protecting so large a place; and the French soon made themselves masters of such positions as would have enabled them to reduce the town to ashes. Anxious, however, to avoid this extremity, Bonaparte had the address to procure a voluntary surrender of the capital; and his troops accordingly entered Madrid amid the execrations of the populace. Here the regiment to which M. de Rocca belonged was reviewed by the Emperor, who came upon their ground at full gallop, accompanied by the Prince de Neufchatel, and by five or six aides-de-camp, who could scarcely follow him in his rapid course. Having demanded a list of the

officers and soldiers who had distinguished themselves, he spoke to them with extreme familiarity. He then, in his usual hurried way, put two or three questions to the general of brigade, who having begun a long answer, he turned his horse, and without waiting the end of it, departed in the same rapid manner in which he arrived.

After the review, M. de Rocca's regiment entered Madrid. A mournful silence had now succeeded to the tumultuous agitations which prevailed the evening before. The streets were deserted; and the shops, which had been shut during the siege, were not reopened. The water-carriers alone, of all the inhabitants, still perambulated the streets, calling out as usual, in the drawling nasal accent which they bring from the mountains of Gallicia, 'Quien quiere agua? Who wants water?' In advancing into the centre of the town, several groups of inhabitants were seen, wrapt up in long mantles, whose downcast and dejected looks sufficiently expressed how deeply they felt the humiliation of their country. Such was their national pride, that they could hardly persuade themselves that Spanish troops could have been vanquished by those who were not Spanish; and observing some of the French hussars mounted upon horses taken in the course of the war, they appeared to be suddenly roused from their reverie, remarking to each other, 'this horse is Spanish;' as if this single circumstance sufficiently accounted for the enemy's success. Our author remained about a month in Madrid, of which he gives the following animated description.

'One is astonished, on entering Madrid by the gate of Toledo and the place of Cevada, where the market is held early in the morning, at the tumultuous concourse of people from the country and the provinces, diversely clothed, going, coming, arriving and departing. Here a Castilian gathers up the ample folds of his cloak with the dignity of a Roman senator wrapped in his toga. There a drover from La Mancha, with a long goad in his hand, and clad in a kelt of hide, which also resembles the ancient form of the tunic worn by the Roman and Gothic warriors. Farther on are seen men whose hair is bound with long silken fillets, and others wearing a sort of short brown vest, chequered with blue and red, which reminds one of the Moresco garb. The men who wear this habit come from Andalusia; they are distinguished by their black lively eyes, their expressive and animated looks, and the rapidity of their utterance. Women sitting in the corners of the streets and in the public places, are occupied preparing food for this passing crowd, whose homes are not in Madrid.

'One sees long strings of mules laden with skins of wine or of oil, or droves of asses led by a single man, who talks to them un-

ceasingly. One also meets carriages drawn by eight or ten mules, ornamented with little bells, driven with surprising address by one coachman, either on the trot, or galloping, without reins, and by means of his voice only, using the wildest cries. One long sharp whistle serves to stop all the mules at the same moment. By their slender legs, their tall stature, their proudly raised heads, one would take them for teams of stags or elks. The vociferations of the drivers and the muleteers, the ringing of the church bells, which is unceasing, the various vesture of the men, the superabundance of southern activity, manifested by expressive gestures or shouts in a sonorous language of which we were ignorant, manners so different from our own, all contributed to make the appearance of the capital of Spain strange to men coming from the north, where all goes on so silently. We were so much the more struck with it, as Madrid was the first great town we had found peopled since our entry into Spain.

'At the hour of the *siesta*, especially in summer, during the heat of the day, all these noises were suspended; the whole city was asleep; and the streets only reechoed to the trampling of the horses of our corps of cavalry, going their rounds, or the drum of a solitary detachment mounting guard. This same French drum had beaten the march and the charge in Alexandria, in Cairo, in Rome, and in almost every town in Europe, from Konigsberg to Madrid, where we then were.' p. 71—75.

The expedition which the British government had been preparing during the summer for the assistance of the Spaniards, consisting of about 13,000 men, under General Sir David Baird, who were disembarked at Corunna, and 21,000 under the orders of General Moore, who advanced from Lisbon, entered Spain about the middle of October. These two corps, after uniting at Salamanca and Valladolid, were to proceed to Burgos, in order to reinforce the centre and left of the Spanish army; but on learning that the campaign was already decided by the defeat and dispersion of that army, and that the French were advancing with a commanding force, Sir John Moore retired, and concentrated his army in the vicinity of Salamanca. In the mean time, it was announced at the Imperial quarters, that the British intended to attack Marshal Soult's corps at Sahagun, consisting of 15,000 men. Bonaparte immediately proceeded with his guards and Marshal Ney's corps, to cut off their retreat, when Sir John Moore, informed of this movement, rapidly retired; and, after a disastrous march, was finally compelled to re-embark at Corunna, after repelling a desperate attack of the enemy.

The remarks of M. de Rocca on this ill-fated expedition, evince a spirit of extreme moderation and candour. He expres-

ses his wonder, that Sir John Moore did not rather retreat upon Lisbon than Corunna, and also that he should have advanced to attack Soult's corps at Sahagun; as that General, if he had deemed it inexpedient to fight, could have instantly retreated, leaving Sir John Moore to be attacked by the immense force which was rapidly accumulating around him. The truth is, that Sir John Moore was placed in an extremely critical and painful situation. He was sent to the peninsula, to perform impossibilities;—for the satisfaction of the people of England. The force which he was directed to assist, was beaten and dispersed before his arrival. The battle with the regular army was over. It had terminated in favour of the enemy; and he saw clearly, that in advancing, he could only participate in the destruction of his allies. On the other hand, he dreaded the effects of a sudden retreat, in discouraging the adherents of the Spanish cause. He was harassed by the British envoy at Madrid, whose directions were issued to him with all the presumption of official authority; and thus perplexed by opposite considerations, his military movements appear to have lost for a time somewhat of that consistency and decision, which forms the grand characteristic of modern war. M. de Rocca suggests, that he should have retreated rather to Lisbon than to Corunna; and such appears accordingly to have been his first intention. But he was betrayed by the incorrrect information of his friends into a series of movements, which rendered his retreat in that direction impracticable; and he was therefore forced to embrace the only method of escape left, by retreating on Corunna.

M. de Rocca's regiment set out on the 3d of January, to rejoin the first corps of the army which was at Cuenca; and the country, through which they marched, presented a dreadful image of misery and slaughter. They afterwards crossed the country of Don Quixote, and in entering Del Toboso, the following singular scene of jocularity took place between the soldiers and the inhabitants. 'As soon as the French soldiers, '(our author observes) saw a woman at a window, they cried 'out laughingly, 'There's Dulcinea!' This gaiety tranquilized the inhabitants. For, from flying as usual at the first sight 'of our advanced posts, they crowded to see us pass; witticisms upon Dulcinea and Don Quixotte became a point of union between our soldiers and the inhabitants of Toboso; and 'the French being well received, treated their hosts in return 'with civility.' M. de Rocca remained with his regiment, for more than a month, in La Mancha; and he gives the following account of the manner of life which he and his companions in arms were accustomed to lead.

'Whether in houses, or bivouacked in the fields, we led the same sort of life; either going from house to house, or from our own fire in the open air to that of a comrade. In either situation, we passed the long nights in drinking, and talking over the present events of the war, or our past campaigns. Sometimes a horse, tormented by the chilliness of the dews, just before day-break, would tear up the picket to which he was fastened, and come gently and put his head close to the fire to warm himself, as if he was conscious of being an old servant, and wished to remind us that he also had been present in the battle.' p. 111, 112.

After observing, that this simple yet agitated life, had its charms as well as its miseries—that detachments were seen departing or returning at every hour of the day from the most distant parts in Spain—that when they received orders to be ready to mount, it might be for France, Germany, or the furthest extremities of Europe, or only for a short ride, M. de Rocca proceeds in the following terms.

'When the cannon roared at a distance, announcing an approaching attack, on any point of the enemy's line; when the different corps were hurrying into action, brothers and friends serving in several divisions recognized each other, and stopped to embrace, and had a hasty farewell; their arms clashed, their plumes crossed each other, and they returned instantly to their ranks.

'The habit of danger made us look upon death as one of the most ordinary circumstances of life; we pitied our comrades when wounded; but when once they had ceased to live, the indifference which was shown them, amounted almost to irony.

'When the soldiers, passing by, recognized one of their companions stretched among the dead, they just said, "He is no longer in want of any thing. He will never abuse his horse again. He has got drunk for the last time," or something similar, which only marked in the speaker a stoical contempt of existence: Such were the only funeral orations pronounced in honour of those who fell in our battles.' p. 113, 114.

The various troops of which the French army was composed, differed extremely, according to M. de Rocca, in their manners and habits. The foot soldiers having only to think of themselves and their muskets, were selfish, great talkers, and great sleepers. They were frequently merciless in battle, inflicting on others the evils which they themselves were liable to suffer. Sometimes they were insolent to their officers; but in the midst of their greatest fatigues, a bon-mot put them in good humour, and brought them over to the laugher's side. The following is the character drawn by de Rocca of the cavalry.

'The hussars and chasseurs were generally accused of being plunderers, and prodigal, loving drink, and fancying every thing fair while in presence of the enemy. Accustomed, one may almost say,

to sleep with an open eye, to have an ear always awake to the sound of the trumpet, to reconnoitre far in advance during a march, to trace the ambuscades of the enemy, to observe the slightest traces of their marches, to examine defiles, and to scan the plains with eagle sight, they could not fail to have acquired superior intelligence and habits of independence. Nevertheless, they were always silent and submissive in presence of their officers, for fear of being dismounted. For ever smoking, to pass away his time, the light-horseman, under his large cloak, braved, in every country, the rigour of the seasons. The rider and his horse, accustomed to live together, contracted a character of resemblance. The rider derived animation from his horse, and the horse from his rider. When a hussar, not quite sober, pressed his horse to speed, in ravines or among precipices, the horse assumed the empire which reason might before have given to the man; he restrained his spirit, redoubled his caution, avoided danger, and always returned, after a few turnings, to take his own and his master's place in the ranks. Sometimes also, during a march, the horse would gently slacken his pace, or lean on one side or the other, to keep his intoxicated and sleeping master in the saddle; and when the involuntary sleep was over, and the hussar saw his horse panting with fatigue, he would weep, and swear never to drink more. For several days he would march on foot, and would go without his own bread to feed his companion.

'When a carabine shot, from the videttes, gave the alarm in a camp of light cavalry, every horse was saddled in an instant, and the French horsemen were seen on every side leaping over the fires of the bivouac, the hedges, the ditches, and, with the rapidity of lightning, flying to the place of rendezvous, to repel the first attack of the enemy. The trumpeter's horse alone remained impassive in the midst of the tumult; but the moment his master had ceased to blow, he pawed the ground with impatience, and hastened to join his comrades.' p. 115—118.

M. de Rocca quitted La Mancha about the middle of February 1810, and joined the army under Marshal Victor, which was encamped on the Tagus, and which was opposed to the Spanish army of Estremadura, under the command of General Cuesta. Having crossed that river, the Spaniards retired towards the Guadiana, which they passed, and awaited the French who were advancing to attack them in the plains of Medellin. Here they were completely overthrown; and our author, who was present, describes with great force and effect the various vicissitudes of this interesting battle.

But, notwithstanding those boasted victories, the general spirit of resistance throughout the country was daily gaining ground; and that portion of the invading force which, under Marshals Soult and Ney, was engaged in the mountainous parts of the country, in Gallicia, in Portugal, and in the As-

turias, was sustaining continual losses, without gaining any corresponding advantage. The French armies, when concentrated on any one point, were powerful and irresistible; but their extension over so vast a space, while it necessarily weakened them, exposed them also to suffer more severely from the effects of irregular war. In Gallicia, Marshal Ney tried in vain to enforce the submission of the inhabitants. Measures of severity only added to the general irritation, and increased the number of his active enemies. The peasantry were all in arms, and frequently annihilated squadrons and entire battalions in the course of a night. The French troops, when they were opposed in regular battle, were always victorious. But their successes never relieved them from the clouds of armed mountaineers who continually hung upon their march, and who always retreated from any close encounter, to rocks and difficult positions among the mountains, from which they never ceased to fire, even in flying. 'It sometimes required (observes our author) entire battalions to 'carry an order from one battalion to another distant one. The 'soldiers, wounded, sick or fatigued, who remained behind the 'French columns, were immediately murdered. Every victory 'produced only a new conflict. Victories had become useless, 'by the persevering and invincible character of the Spaniards; 'and the French armies were consuming themselves, for want 'of repose, in continual fatigues, nightly watchings, and anxieties.'

In Portugal Marshal Soult had made some progress, and had, as usual, beaten the armies of the country, wherever he met them. But he was enveloped by a host of irregular militia that watched his movements, intercepted his convoys, and attacked and destroyed the different garrisons which he had left behind, to secure his communication with Spain. The Portuguese regular army was supposed to amount to 12,000 men; the militia to 70,000, and an English army had landed in Portugal, which, in April 1810, was estimated at 22,000 men. Assailed by these various enemies, the French General was compelled to escape from Portugal, through the defiles of the mountains, with the loss of one third of his force, and all his heavy artillery and baggage.

Such was the state of the contest in the Peninsula, when a combined movement of the whole force of the country, consisting of English, Portuguese and Spaniards, was planned by Lord Wellington, for the purpose of expelling the French from Madrid. With this view, the British army, consisting of about 25,000 combatants, having effected a junction with the Spanish army of General Cuesta, amounting, according to our author's estimate, to 33,000 men, advanced to Talavera; while another

army of about 18,000 Spaniards, under the command of General Venegas, proceeded from La Mancha, by Acuna, to Aranjuez. An advanced guard, composed of Portuguese and Spaniards, under the command of Sir R. Wilson, had also penetrated as far as Escalona, to cooperate with General Venegas, in endeavouring to obtain possession of Madrid, by the aid of the inhabitants.

To counteract these movements, Marshal Victor retired to Toledo, behind the Guadarama, where, being joined by Sebastiani's corps, and the troops which Joseph brought from Madrid, the French army, amounting to 47,000 men, took the road to Talavera. Of the memorable battle fought at this place, M. de Rocca's work contains a most interesting account, distinguished, as usual, for its clearness and impartiality. The French, it is well known, were repulsed in all their attacks, which were repeated and desperate, on the position of the allies, by the valour chiefly of the British troops. M. de Rocca imputes their want of success to bad dispositions, of which he gives apparently a fair and natural account. Both armies remained on the field of battle: But the day after, the French retired; and, on the 3d, the combined English and Spanish armies fell back to Oropesa, from which place they were compelled rapidly to retreat, by the approach of Marshals Ney, Soult, and Mortier, who threatened to cut off their communication with the bridge of Alnaraz. In the course of the month of August, the British army re-entered Portugal, and the other corps were also compelled necessarily to retire from the capital.

Respecting this expedition, M. de Rocca remarks, that it was equally hazardous with the previous one of Sir John Moore, and might have been fatal to the combined armies, if the united corps of Soult, Ney, and Mortier, had arrived one day sooner on the Tagus. The result plainly proved, that no army had yet been formed in Portugal or Spain, fit to contend in regular battle with the invading army; and that their only safe plan of defence was, therefore, still to attack the French armies, when they were dispersed and weakened, by every method of irregular annoyance; and thus gradually to rear an armed population, from which an effective regular army might in time be drawn. It may be added, indeed, that even after the memorable battle of Salamanca, when the national defence was in a much more organized state, the combined armies, assembled for the defence of Spain, were still compelled to retire precipitately from Burgos, by the rapid concentration of the enemy's force; nor was it until the French armies in the Peninsula were weakened by the drain of the Russian campaign, that they were finally beaten by the allied forces in the great game of regular war.

The concentration of the French force which took place in consequence of the continued advance of the British and Spaniards upon Madrid, gave full scope to the spirit of popular resistance in other parts of the country. The hostility of the people was now organized into a regular system; and the different French armies suffered a most severe blockade from the vigilance of the armed inhabitants. They were everywhere surrounded by corps of partisans and guerillas. The wrecks of the regular armies reassembling under some favourite leader, grew into formidable bands, and were soon joined by the inhabitants both of the mountain and of the plain. Priests, husbandmen, students, shepherds, became active and enterprising chiefs. They possessed indeed no military authority, nor had they any permanent body of troops, but erected each, and without concert, a rallying standard, under which the inhabitants agreed to fight the battle of the country.

The sentiment of hatred which prevailed against the French, had at last given a sort of unity to the scattered efforts of the people; and to the former system of warfare, by regular battles, now succeeded a war in detail—a species of organized disorder admirably suited to the fierce character of the Spanish nation, and to the unhappy circumstances in which it was placed. It was in vain that their invaders fortified posts in different parts for the security of their small detachments, or they organized moveable columns to scour the country. The inhabitants still remained unsubdued: and the account which M. de Rocca gives of two expeditions, the one in pursuit of the corps under the Marquis de Porliere, and the other in pursuit of the partisan Mina, who kept Pampeluna under a continual blockade, shows how fearfully the French regular troops were overmatched in this mode of warfare, by the activity and local knowledge of the native bands. At the first approach of the enemy, the guerillas fled to the mountains; and being pursued thither, the French troops soon lost all traces of them. They were deceived by false information; misled by treacherous guides; and when they at last came within sight of their enemies, they found them encamped on craggy heights, from which they assailed their pursuers with a continued fire of musquetry, accompanied with every species of contumely and abuse. The occurrences which took place in the course of this pursuit, afford to our author ample scope for the exercise of his talents for powerful and romantic description.

The French, advancing through difficult roads and deep snows, arrived about a quarter of a league from the small town of Soto, when they were saluted by a discharge of thirty or forty muskets from peasants who had lain in ambush. The town of Soto is

situated at the bottom of a narrow valley, crossed by a torrent. Beyond the town is a very steep mountain, with a winding road on its side; and it was by this road that the guerillas were now seen retreating by the French troops. 'The magistrates of the 'Junta of Soto' (M. de Rocca observes), 'and a number of 'priests in long black cloaks, marched first. They had nearly 'attained the summit of the mountain. They were followed by 'the treasure and baggage, upon mules tied behind one another 'in files; then came the soldiers in uniform, and a number of 'peasants armed with fowling pieces, marching without any or-'der, and a crowd of inhabitants of all ages and sexes, hasten-'ing out of the town pellmell with the guerillas. The agita-'tion of so great a number of men, pressing by different paths 'towards the tops of the heights, offered the most picturesque 'appearance to the eye.' The Spaniards were alarmed at the first sight of the French; but when they discovered that it was only an outpost, they recovered their presence of mind, and immediately made the whole side of the mountain re-echo with their prolonged and guttural cries. They then dispersed among the rocks, pointing their muskets on every side at their pursuers, and exclaiming, with a thousand curses, 'Come, if you 'dare, and look a little closer at the *brigands*,' the name which they knew the French soldiers gave them, from their disorderly manner of fighting. Night coming on, the French entered Soto; and after wasting the three subsequent days in an unsuccessful pursuit of the flying enemy, they returned to Logronio, from whence they had set out. The pursuit of general Mina, which was undertaken about the same time, turned out equally fruitless.

M. de Rocca soon afterwards proceeded to join his regiment in Andalusia; and gives a very pleasing description of the state of the country, and the manners of the inhabitants. Immediately on crossing the chain of mountains which separates Andalusia from the other provinces of Spain, the difference of climate is sensibly felt; and the magnificence of the country which the traveller discovers before him, forms a complete contrast to the sterility of the mountains through which he has passed. At the time De Rocca crossed the Sierra Morena, the peasantry were engaged in the olive harvest; and the country had, towards the end of winter, that cheerful and animated aspect which more northern districts only assume during the time of harvest or the vintage. The road lay through long plantations of olives, under whose protecting shade vines and corn were alternately growing. The fields are generally surrounded by hedges of aloes, whose leaves are as pointed as lan-

ces, and whose slender stems shoot up to the height of trees. Behind the dwelling-houses, thick orchards of orange trees were generally planted; and on the uncultivated ground on the banks of the rivulets, the white laurel and the oleander were in flower. A few old palm trees are still seen in the gardens of the curates, who preserve them for the sake of distributing their branches on palm Sunday. The bread of Andalusia is considered to be the whitest and most exquisite in the world; and the olives grow to a most extraordinary size. The sky is so serene and pure, that the inhabitants, during the summer, and even during the winter, frequently pass the whole night under the virandas. In every part of the country the traces of Moorish manners still remain; and it is this singular mixture of the usages and customs of the East with those of Christianity, that particularly distinguishes the inhabitants of this part of Spain from those of other European countries. The town houses are almost all built after the Moorish fashion, having in the middle a large court paved with flag-stones, in the centre of which is a basin, shaded by the cypress and lemon tree, from which fountains continually arise to refresh the air. Orange trees, bearing leaves, flowers and fruit, during the whole year, are spread over the walls. 'The different apartments' (M. de Rocca observes) 'communicate with each other by the 'court; and there is commonly an interior gate on the same 'side, with the door opening to the street. In the ancient 'palaces of the Moorish kings and nobles, such as the Al-'hambra of Grenada, the courts are ornamented with colon-'nades or porticoes, whose narrow and numerous arches are 'supported by very tall slender columns. Ordinary houses 'have a single and very plain interior court, with a cistern, 'shaded by a large citron tree in one corner. A sort of pitcher 'or jar in which water is put to cool, usually hangs near the 'door, or wherever there is a current of air. These pitch-'ers are called *alcarazas*; and their name, which is Arabic, 'indicates that they were introduced into Spain by the Moors.'

M. de Rocca mentions various other points of resemblance between the manners of Andalusia and those of Arabia. The Andalusians, like the Arabians, rear numerous flocks, which, during the winter, they feed on the plains, and, in summer, send to graze on the tops of the mountains. Their horses are of Arabian origin; and the distinctions paid in Arabia to pure and noble blood, prevail also in Spain. The Andalusian horse is of a generous nature. He is spirited and gentle—pleased and animated by the sound of the trumpet—sensible of caresses, and extremely docile; so that though he is overcome with fatigue,

he seems to recover new strength from encouragement and flattery, and makes exertions from emulation which blows could never have extorted from him. Travelling throughout Spain is mostly performed on horseback; and, in many provinces, goods are still transported on the backs of mules. The streets of the old towns are of Moorish building, and are not made for carriages, being narrow and winding, and the successive storeys jutting out the farther the higher they rise. The inns in Andalusia, and generally throughout Spain, are mere caravanseras, which afford no other accommodation but lodging, and room for horses and mules. Travellers carry along with them their own provisions; and they generally sleep upon their horse-cloths. The country women sit, after the Moorish fashion, upon circular mats of reeds; and in some convents, where ancient customs are transmitted without any alteration, the nuns sit after the manner of the Turks, without knowing that they derive this fashion from the enemies of their faith. The *mantilla*, a sort of large woollen veil worn by the lower class of people in Andalusia, and which conceals their whole figure except their eyes, seems to have originated in the large scarf in which the Eastern women wrap themselves when they go out. The Spanish dances, particularly the different kinds of fandango, resemble those of the East. The custom of playing the castanets while dancing, and of singing sequedillas, still exists among the Arabs of Egypt; and the scorching wind which comes from the east, is called in Andalusia the *Medina* wind. The Andalusians have a singular custom of eating salt pork every day at their meals, of which M. de Rocca suggests the following ingenious explanation.

'This meat, unwholesome in hot countries, is prohibited by the sacred laws of all the nations of the East, and is an abomination to them. At the time when Spain was conquered by the Christians, and before the entire expulsion of the Moors, there were in Andalusia, a great number of Mussulmans and Jews, who had become converts in appearance only, in order to obtain permission to remain in the country. The Christian Spaniards then eat pork, as a test among themselves; and it was, so to speak, a kind of profession of faith.' p. 224.

M. de Rocca concludes his parallel between the manners of Andalusia and those of the East, by pointing out the striking similarity between the mode of warfare adopted in many parts of Spain, and that of various tribes whom the French had to fight on the banks of the Nile.

After remaining some time at Seville, M. de Rocca was ordered, with the reinforcements which he brought from France, to proceed to Ronda, a small town about thirty miles from Gib-

raltar. During the march, they were harassed as usual by the hostility of the inhabitants; and at Olbera, in place of a young cow which was demanded for the supply of the troops, they sent an ass cut up into four quarters. The hussars, M. de Rocca observes, thought that the veal, as they called it, *avoit le goût un peu fade;* but they soon learned the deception which had been practised upon them from the mountaineers themselves, who cried out while they were firing on them, 'You have eaten asses' flesh at Olbera!' At Ronda the French were perpetually annoyed by the attacks of the Spanish irregular force; and in one of those encounters, M. de Rocca received a ball through his body, and another in his thigh. He was with difficulty enabled to regain his quarters at Ronda, where he was treated with extreme tenderness and humanity by his Spanish hosts. While they considered him the enemy of their country, and in a capacity to assist in destroying its independence, they were cold and reserved in their demeanour; but after he was brought home wounded, they took the most lively interest in his fate, and, for nearly two months, waited upon him with unremitting attention. When his regiment left the place, their care of him redoubled; they passed several hours each day in his room; and, after he began to recover, they invited some of their neighbours every evening to come and converse, or to perform a little concert by his bedside. In these concerts they generally sung their national airs, which they accompanied with the guitar. M. de Rocca left Ronda on the 22d June; and, on parting with his hosts, experienced, as he assures us, the same painful feeling as if he had been leaving, for the first time, his paternal roof; while they, on their part, were equally afflicted, having naturally become attached to the object of their benevolence. It is delightful, we think, to contemplate the heavenly light of humanity, thus, as it were, breaking athwart the gloomy path of cruelty and of blood.

M. de Rocca returned to France with a numerous caravan of reduced officers, escorted by only 75 foot soldiers. Not a single traveller met them on the long and solitary road over which they had to travel. They saw occasionally convoys of ammunition, or they were joined by escorts of troops, who lodged along with them in the ruins of deserted villages. 'Instead of the 'crowd of children' (M. de Rocca remarks) 'and idle specta-'tors, which usually in time of peace meet strangers at the en-'trance of a country village, we now saw only a small French 'outpost, which, from behind its palisade, would cry Halt, in 'order to reconnoitre us. Sometimes also, in a deserted vil-'lage, a sentry would suddenly appear placed in an old tower, 'like a solitary owl among ruins.'

The work concludes with a very brief and perspicuous account of the campaign in Portugal, which took place after our author quitted Spain, and which he justly terms 'the *chef-d'œuvre* of a defence at once national and military.' In this part of his work, however, he is merely a historian; and his narrative wants, of course, that vivacity and interest which he has communicated to his account of those scenes of which he was an eyewitness. His great merit as a writer, appears to be, that he contrives to embody and preserve, in his descriptions, all his own passing emotions; and when he writes, therefore, from his own observation, he must, of course, be more interesting than when he merely puts together the observations of others.

ART. IV. *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent during the Years* 1799—1804. *By* ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT *and* AIMÉ BONPLAND. Written in French by ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT, and translated into English by HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. London, 1814.

WE return again, with much satisfaction, to a work of the same accomplished and interesting traveller, whose *Researches* we so lately analyzed. The title of a Personal Narrative of Travels, may not, perhaps, convey to every one a very precise notion of the work to which it is prefixed. On the present occasion, it is to be understood as denoting a history of travels, arranged in the order of time, and relatively to the traveller himself, rather than to the objects described. This work, therefore, more nearly resembles an ordinary book of travels, than any of the seven distinct treatises for which the observations of MM. HUMBOLDT and BONPLAND have furnished such valuable and abundant materials. * It was altogether impossible that

* These works are enumerated in the Introduction.

1. Astronomical Observations, 2 volumes in 4to.

2. Equinoctial Plants, collected in Mexico, the isle of Cuba, &c. 2 vol. folio, with more than 120 plates.

3. Monography of the Melastomas, with coloured plates. 2 vol. folio.

4. Essay on the Geography of Plants.

5. Collection of Observations in Zoology and Comparative Anatomy. 2 vol. 4to.

6. Political Essay on the History of New Spain. 2 vol. 4to, with an Atlas of twenty charts in folio.

7. Views of the Cordilleras. 1 vol. folio, with 60 plates. It was

so extensive a collection of facts, reasonings and opinions, as those treatises contain, could be embraced in one work. If this had been attempted, neither the interest of the author or of the reader could have been sufficiently consulted: The former would have been induced to abridge or leave out much that might be of importance, in order to reduce the whole within a smaller compass; and the latter would have been often under the necessity of buying a voluminous work, of which he only wanted to possess a part. We have heard M. HUMBOLDT inconsiderately censured for dividing into so many distinct treatises the observations to which his travels had given rise. This is, in fact, equivalent to a censure for having observed too much and too well; a fault which all will acknowledge to be so rarely committed, that it may be easily forgiven. Whoever will look at the titles in the annexed note, and, much more, whoever will look into the books themselves, will be convinced, that the measure of making several publications instead of one, has not been more for the convenience of the author, than for the benefit of the reader.

The work before us brings us closer to the author, and much more intimately acquainted with his character, than any thing which he has yet published. A man may give an account of his astronomical observations, of his discoveries in physical geography, in botany, or in comparative anatomy, without telling you any thing of himself but what concerns the variety and extent of his knowledge, or his industry and skill as an observer. Here, on the other hand, you accompany him in his journey, you partake in his dangers;—you share his hopes, his fears, his success and his disappointment. You see him as a moral agent, —as a man feeling, suffering, and enjoying like yourself; and the pleasure of these sympathetic emotions is a new charm added to the information you receive.

The interest which is so well known to be thus produced by a narrative of occurrences, appears to have induced our author to depart from the resolution he had originally formed, of digesting all that he meant to lay before the public into treatises on the different subjects which had occupied his attention, without any thing in the shape of an Itinerary or a Narrative. The descriptive works that have been already published, did not, however, exhaust the whole of his materials. During the course

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the English translation of this work, published under the title of 'Researches,' that we reviewed in the last Number but one of this Journal.

The 2d and 3d by M. BONPLAND.

of his navigations and his long land journeys, he had written a brief Itinerary, as he tells us, in which he had described, almost always on the spot, the objects of peculiar interest.

'When I employed myself,' says he, 'in this, I had no other motive than the preservation of some of those fugitive ideas which present themselves to the naturalist, the whole of whose life is spent in the open air; to make a temporary collection of such facts as I had not then leisure to class; and to trace the first impressions, whether agreeable or painful, which I received from nature or from man. Far from thinking that pages thus precipitately composed would form the basis of an extensive work to be offered to the public, I conceived that my journey, though it might furnish certain data useful to science, would present very few of those incidents, the recital of which give the principal charm to an Itinerary.'

The difficulties he had experienced in the composition of some of the former works, and the advice of several of his friends, induced him to adopt this form for the communications he had yet to make. The Journey of Saussure in the Alps, in the account of which, personal narrative and philosophical observation are so very happily blended, served as an example of the manner in which such a work might be most advantageously conducted.

The view which here, and indeed everywhere else, presents itself of the author, is that of a man feeling with enthusiasm the beauty and magnificence of nature; having his mind inspired by that sentiment, and his character formed by it from his early youth. The addition of scientific acquirements only attached him more to these objects, by enabling him to discover a thousand reflected beauties, arising out of their relation to one another.

'Devoted from my earliest youth to the study of nature,' says he, 'feeling with enthusiasm the savage beauties of a country guarded by mountains, and shaded by antient forests, I experienced in my travels such enjoyments as have amply compensated for the privations inseparable from a laborious and often agitated life.'

It is this enthusiasm which can alone support a traveller in the midst of such hardships as, in the greatest part of his journey, he was necessarily exposed to. No consideration of remote consequences, of the honour, the emolument, the distinction that may afterwards accrue to him from his labours, could produce the constant exertion of patience, fortitude, and activity, which a life of observation and inquiry, in the midst of new and difficult circumstances, necessarily demands.

M. DE HUMBOLDT and his friend sailed from Corunna, at that time blockaded by the English, in a sloop, the Pizarro, and in company with the regular packet bound for South America,

in June 1799. They were provided with a great number of the best instruments for philosophical and astronomical observation: the list of them is given, and will be read with interest by all travellers who have the improvement of science for an object, though very few can be supposed to have either the means, or the occasion to provide so complete an apparatus.

A voyage from Corunna to the Canary Islands is not likely to be productive of much incident. But the remarks which our author makes on the currents in the Atlantic, deserve attention from the just and extensive views which they present. In the parallel of 39° 50′ N. and long. 16° 10′ west of the meridian of Paris, that is, 13° 50′ west of Greenwich, they began to feel the effects of the current which, from about the Azores to the Canary Islands, sets continually toward the Straits of Gibraltar. M. HUMBOLDT was able, by means of the time-keeper, compared with the pilot's reckoning, to discover the smallest variations in the direction and velocity of the currents; and the power of doing so, is indeed one of the many advantages which arises from the facility of ascertaining the longitude by means of the Chronometer. From about 37° to 30° of N. latitude, that is, while they were passing the Gut, though they were more than 8° to the west of it, they found themselves drawn toward the east from 18 to 26 miles in 24 hours. The direction of the current was E. by S.; but, nearer the Straits, it became due east. This current is generally considered as a tendency eastward, impressed on the waters of the Atlantic by those of the Mediterranean. It has been supposed, that the latter losing by evaporation more water than the rivers supply, causes a movement in the former, in order to supply the deficiency; which movement is felt to the distance of six hundred leagues from the Straits. M. HUMBOLDT dissents, with good reason, as we think, from this theory. He considers the cause as inadequate to so great an effect; and regards the current as part of a great and complicated system which may be traced over all the northern part of the Atlantic.

Between the tropics, especially from the mouth of the Senegal and the adjacent coast, across to the Caribbean Sea, a general current has been long known and distinguished by the name of the Equinoctial Current, which sets continually from east to west, or in the direction of the trade wind. It is common to the tropical seas, both south and north of the line, and to the Southern as well as to the Atlantic Ocean. It appears to vary from 5 to 18 miles in 24 hours, or from 0.3 to 1.2 feet per second. This is the mean collected from the voyages of all the circumnavigators since the use of time-keepers was introduced. The mean of these means is 0.75 of a foot per second;

so that in all the tropical regions, the waters of the ocean are found to flow continually to the west, with a velocity equal to a sixth part of that of most of the great rivers in Europe. It is to the general impulsion which the trade winds give to the surface of the seas, that this great equinoctial current must be attributed.

The equinoctial current drives the waters of the Atlantic towards the New Continent, which, extending from north to south, is opposed to it like a dike. The stream is then forced to take a new direction; and part of it being carried to the north-west, passes into the Gulph of Mexico, and follows the windings of the coast, from Vera Cruz to the Rio del Norte, and thence to the mouth of the Mississippi, and the southern extremity of Florida. At the end of the Gulph of Florida, in the parallel of Cape Cannaveral, the current, which has now the name of the Gulph Stream, runs to the N. E. with the rapidity of a torrent, sometimes not less than five miles an hour. The elevated temperature of the waters, their great saltness, their indigo blue colour, the shoals of sea-weed which they carry, the heat of the surrounding atmosphere, sensible even in winter, all indicate the existence of this extraordinary stream. It becomes broader and slower as it advances to the north: the breadth, opposite the bank of Bahama, is only 15 leagues; farther to the north it is 45 leagues; and the velocity has diminished from between three and five miles an hour, to a little more than one mile. The high temperature continues. In the parallel of 40 or 41 degrees, M. HUMBOLDT observed the water taken from some depth to be 22°.5 of the centesimal thermometer, or 72°.7 of Fahrenheit's; when, at the surface, the temperature was 17°.5 of the former, or 63°.5 of the latter. Thus, in the parallel of New York and Oporto, the temperature of the Gulph Stream is equal to that of the Tropical seas in the 18th degree of latitude; that of Porto Rico, for instance, and the Islands of Cape Verd.

From the bank of Newfoundland, which Volney calls very well the bar of the mouth of this enormous sea river, the stream takes an eastern direction. The cold water on the bank, of the temperature of 47 or 50 degrees, makes a striking contrast with the water which the stream has brought from the Torrid Zone, which still remains at 71 or 72 degrees. From thence the stream sets eastward to the Old Continent, and takes a little of a southern direction. Every motion in the great basin of the ocean is the cause of another in the opposite direction; and so the original equinoctial current to the west is at length changed into a current to the east, and partly to the S. E., along the coast of Africa. It is in this way, in the opinion of M. HUM-

BOLDT, that the current from the Atlantic toward the Straits of Gibraltar is produced. It may be accelerated, or its direction partly influenced by the opening which these Straits afford into a sea, which, by the force of evaporation, is maintained at a lower level than the Atlantic; but its primary cause is in the great vortex by which the Equinoctial Current is changed into the Gulph Stream, and this last gradually into a stream directed along the coast of Africa toward the south, so as to return into the Equinoctial Current, and to restore the impulse which it had originally received. A great intermediate mass of waters partakes of none of the motion of the stream that encompasses it. In some places the distance of the opposite currents is inconsiderable. HUMBOLDT remarks, that in the 33d degree of latitude, the Equinoctial Current and the Gulph Stream are so near to one another, that a ship may pass in a single day from the waters that flow toward the west into those which run south-east, or east-south-east. To his own observations on the Gulph Stream, our author has added a great deal of information from the different authors who have treated of the same or similar subjects. He appears, however, not to be acquainted with M. Rennel's elucidations, given in so clear and comprehensive a manner, in his Geography of Herodotus.

In the course of the voyage, we meet with some interesting meteorological observations, which mark the difference between the climates into which they were now advancing, and those which they had left.

'Between Madeira and the coast of Africa, we were never wearied of admiring the beauty of the nights; nothing can be compared to the transparency and serenity of an African sky. We were struck with the innumerable multitude of falling stars, which appeared at every instant. The farther progress we made towards the South, the more frequent was this phenomenon, especially near the Canaries. I have observed, that these igneous meteors are more common and more luminous in some regions of the globe than in others; I have never beheld them so multiplied as in the vicinity of the volcanoes of the province of Quito, and in the part of the Pacific Ocean which bathes the volcanic coasts of Guatimala. Place and climate appeared to have an influence on these meteors, contrary to what appears to happen with respect to the stones which fall from the sky, and which probably exist beyond the bounds of our atmosphere. According to some observations, many of the falling stars seen in Europe were not more than thirty thousand toises high, or about thirty-four miles; and the height of one was measured, which did not quite amount to half that quantity. In warm climates, especially under the tropics, the falling stars leave a tail behind them,

which remains luminous twelve or fifteen seconds; at other times, they burst into sparks, and they are generally lower than in the north of Europe. These, observed only in a serene and azure sky, perhaps never have been seen below a cloud. They often follow the same direction, that of the wind, for many hours together.'

The travellers landed on Graciosa, one of the Canaries, a small uninhabited island.

'No language,' says HUMBOLDT, 'can express the emotion which a naturalist feels when he touches for the first time a land that is not European. The attention is fixed on so great a number of objects, that he can scarcely define the impression he receives. At every step he thinks he discovers some new production; and in this tumultuous state of mind he does not recollect those which are most common in our botanical gardens, and collections of natural history.'

He has elsewhere remarked, on a similar occasion, the pleasure with which, when surrounded with the new animal and vegetable productions of an unknown region, the naturalist turns to the mineral kingdom, where he is almost sure to recognize friends with whom he has been long acquainted.

The basalts in Graciosa are not in columns, but in strata, ten or fifteen inches thick, and inclined under an angle of 80° to the north-west. The compact basalt alternates with strata of porous basalt and marl. The porous basalt passes into Mandelstein, and has oblong cavities, from two to eight lines in diameter, lined with chalcedony, enclosing fragments of compact basalt. The marl, which alternates more than a hundred times with the basalt, is yellowish, friable by decomposition, very coherent in the inside, and often divided into irregular prisms, analogous to the basaltic prisms. This marl contains a great quantity of chalk; and strongly effervesces with nitrous acid, even on points where it is found in contact with the basalt. This fact is so much more remarkable, as the marl does not fill the fissures of the rock, but its strata are parallel to those of the basalt; whence we may conclude, that both rocks are of the same formation, and have a common origin. The phenomenon of a basaltick rock, containing masses of indurated marl split into small columns, is also found in the Mittelgebirge in Bohemia. 'Visiting those countries in 1792, in company with 'Mr Freiesleben, we even recognized in the marl of the Stiefle-'berg the imprint of a plant nearly resembling the cerastium, 'or the alsine. Are these strata contained in the Trappean 'mountains owing to muddy irruptions? or, must we consider 'them as sediments of water, which alternate with volcanic de-'positions? This last hypothesis seems so much the less ad-'missible, since, from the researches of Sir James Hall on the

'influence of pressure in fusions, the existence of carbonic acid 'in substances contained in basalt offers nothing surprising. 'Several lavas of Vesuvius present similar phenomena. In 'Lombardy, between Vicenza and Abano, where the calcare-'ous stone of the Jura contains great masses of basalt, I have 'seen this latter enter into effervescence with the acids, wherever 'it touches the calcareous rock.'

The same thing is remarked of basalts that come in contact with limestone, or sandstone containing calcareous matter, both in Scotland and Ireland. On such occasions, the basalt or greenstone often acquires a perfectly white colour, its other characters remaining nearly the same.

When they had re-embarked, and were standing for Teneriffe, they were becalmed in the night on the coast of the small island of Clara, and very near a huge basaltic rock, that rises quite naked and insulated out of the sea, known by the name of the West Rock. They soon began to feel the effects of a current which sets towards the rock with considerable force. They had no wind; the sloop no longer obeyed the helm; and they dreaded every instant striking against some of the smaller insular rocks which surround the great one. They were in imminent danger during the night; but the wind freshening in the morning, they were able to extricate themselves from their perilous situation. M. HUMBOLDT remarks how difficult it is to account for such currents, which are not unfrequent; and he recommends the consideration of them to naturalists. He takes notice, too, in a note, how much he had been surprised to read, in a very useful book which is in the hands of every seaman, viz. the ninth edition of Hamilton Moore's Practical Navigator, that it is by the effect of the attraction of the masses, or of universal gravitation, that a vessel leaves the coast with difficulty, and that the boat of a frigate is attracted to the frigate itself. The same philosophy would no doubt account very readily for the current above described. It is, however, disgraceful to the science of English navigators, that the above should be the practical and elementary work most generally in use; a work of little merit, and full of such vulgar and unsound speculations as the preceding. A book of practical navigation has been long expected from the pen of a learned foreigner now naturalized in England, whose works || have already done so much honour to himself, and so much service to his adopted country.

The haziness of the horizon prevented the navigators, during

|| *Complete Collection of Tables for Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, by* DON JOSEPH MENDOZA RIOS.

the whole of their passage from Lanzerota to Teneriffe, from discovering the summit of the Peak of Teyde. § If the height of this volcano is 1905 toises, (12181 feet English) as the last trigonometrical measure of BORDA indicates, its summit ought to be visible at a distance of 43 leagues, supposing the eye on a level with the ocean, and the refraction equal to 0.079 of the distance. It has been doubted whether the Peak has ever been seen from the channel which separates Lanzerota from Fortaventura, and is distant from the volcano about 50 leagues. This fact appears nevertheless to have been verified by several officers of the Spanish royal marine. M. DE HUMBOLDT saw a journal, in which it was noted, that the Peak had been seen at 135 miles distance, near the southern Cape of Lanzerota. Its summit was discovered under an angle considerable enough to lead the observer, DON MANUEL BARUTI, to think that the volcano might have been visible at nine miles farther. This was in September, towards the evening, and in very damp weather.

It seems certain, that the Peak of Teneriffe is seldom seen at a great distance, in the warm and dry months of July and August, and that, on the contrary, it is seen at very extraordinary distances in the months of January and February, when the sky is slightly covered, and immediately after a heavy rain, or a few hours before it falls. It appears that the transparency of the air is prodigiously increased, when a certain quantity of water is uniformly diffused through the atmosphere.

The Andes themselves, though much higher than the Peak, and having their tops covered with snow, are not known with certainty to have been seen at a greater distance than 47 leagues, or 141 geographical miles; and it is not astonishing that the Peak of Teyde should be seldomer visible, at a very remote distance, than the summits of the Andes.

There is, however, an instance of a mountain being seen at a still greater distance, viz. that of Mowna Roa, in the Sandwich Isles; at a time, too, when it was without snow. It was observed by MARCHAND on the horizon, at the distance of 53 leagues. Its height, as given by KING, is 16477 feet; and MARCHAND makes it about 140 feet higher. This, we believe, is the greatest distance at which any terrestrial object is known to have been seen from the level of the sea.

The travellers made some stay at Teneriffe, and employed themselves in examining the island, and particularly the Peak.

Laguna, the capital of the island, is situate in a small plain,

§ The word Echeyde, or Hell, by which the Guanches distinguished the Peak, has been corrupted by the Europeans into Teyde,

surrounded by gardens; protected by a hill, which is crowned by a wood of laurels, myrtle, and arbutus; and by its perpetual coolness, is rendered a most delightful abode. It cannot be said, as some travellers represent, to be seated on the borders of a lake, though the rain sometimes forms a sheet of water of some extent; and the geologist, who beholds in every thing the past rather than the present, can have no doubt that the whole plain is a great basin now dried up. The town has fallen from its opulence, since the lateral eruptions of the volcano have destroyed the port of Garachico; but still contains about 9000 inhabitants, of which 200 are monks. The plain of Laguna is 350 toises above the level of the sea, that is, 2226 feet English; yet wheat is produced in this high country, and the town is surrounded with windmills.

'I shall observe' (says M. HUMBOLDT) 'on this occasion, that different kinds of grain were known to the *Guanches*, the ancient inhabitants of these islands. Their names for wheat and barley are still preserved; and it is said that the flour of roasted barley, and goats milk, constituted their principal food. This is a proof that the race of Guanches belonged to the nations of the Old Continent, and not, like the rest of the Atlantides, to those of the New. The Atlantides, according to Diodorus Siculus, were ignorant of corn.

'Mr Anderson, in the third voyage of Captain Cook, advises the European physicians to send their sick to Teneriffe, on account of the mild temperature and the steadiness of the climate. As the ground in this and the other Canary Islands rises in an amphitheatre, it presents simultaneously, as in Mexico and Peru, the temperature of every climate, from the heats of Africa to the cold of the high Alps. Teneriffe, situate as it were on the threshold of the Tropics, though but a few day's sail from Spain, shares in the beauties which nature has lavished on the equinoxial regions. Vegetation here displays some of its fairest and most majestic forms in the banana and the palm tree. He who is awake to the beauties of nature, finds in this delicious island remedies still more potent than the climate. No abode appeared to me more fitted to dissipate melancholy, and restore peace to the perturbed mind, than that of Teneriffe or Madeira. These advantages are the effect not of the beauty of the site, and the purity of the air alone; the moral feeling is no longer harrowed up by the view of slavery, the appearance of which is so revolting in the West Indies, and in every place to which the European planters have conveyed what they call their industry and civilization.'

The Peak of Teneriffe has been often ascended, so we shall content ourselves with a short abstract of the observations made by the present travellers.

On leaving the town of Orotava, a narrow and stony path led across a beautiful forest of chesnut trees, to a plain covered

with brambles, some species of laurels and arborescent heaths, the trunks of which last grow to an extraordinary size. Here a solitary fir tree, known in the country by the name of *Pino del Dornajito*, marks a copious spring where the traveller generally supplies himself with water, and which BORDA ascertained to be 522 toises, or 3320 feet English above the level of the sea. The temperature of this spring is 15.4 cent. or 60 Fah., the mean temperature at the level of the sea being about 70.

From Pino del Dornajito to the crater is a continued ascent, without a single valley. To the eyes of the geologist, the whole island of Teneriffe is but one mountain, the base of which is nearly elliptical, and in which may be distinguished systems of volcanic rocks, formed at different epochas. The great volcano, the lateral eruptions of which have given birth to many considerable hills, and to many large promontories, is not precisely in the centre of the island. This is the less wonderful, as there is reason to think that the small crater of the Piton, the present summit, is not what has acted the principal part in the revolutions which the island has undergone.

Above the region of arborescent heaths, is the *Monte Verde*, or the region of arborescent ferns. The root of one species, the *Pteris aquilina*, serves the inhabitants of some of those islands for food, when ground to a powder and mixed with a quantity of barley meal; so little does the finest climate, and most fertile soil defend the lower classes of mankind from the most wretched poverty. The region of ferns is succeeded by one of junipers and pines, from which formerly were cut much wood for ship-building, and particularly for masts. Above this lies a plain, which HUMBOLDT names from the *Spartium Nubigenum*, (a species of broom peculiar to high situations), which grows on it. MANNERON, who accompanied PEYROUSE, determined the elevation of this plain, by levelling, to be 1400 toises (about 9100 feet English) above the level of the sea. He had intended to continue his work to the top, but was prevented by the want of water, and the misconduct of his guides; so that the measurement just mentioned, is imperfect, and is one of the fragments saved from the wreck of that memorable and unfortunate expedition.

It required two hours and a half to cross this plain, which appeared like an immense sea of sand. The thermometer rose in the shade to 13.7 about sunset, which was 3.7 higher than toward noon at Monte Verde, an effect which could arise only from the reverberation from the ground, and the extent of the plain. The *retama* or spartium, which grew in tufts here and there, in this arid plain, rose to the height of nine feet, and was loaded with odoriferous flowers.

As far as the entrance of the plain of the Spartium, the Peak is covered with beautiful vegetation, and there is nothing to remind one of the devastation of volcanic fire: But, on reaching that plain, the scene is changed; the pumice stone abounds; and at every step are seen blocks of obsidian thrown out from the volcano. This barren region is about nine square leagues in extent; and as the lower parts seen from hence appear under a small angle, the island looks like a heap of torrefied matter hemmed round by a scanty border of vegetation.

On leaving the region of the Spartium Nubigenum, some narrow defiles led them first to a more elevated plain, and then to a place where they were to pass the night,—the *Estancia de los Ingleses*, the English Station; a name which it has long borne, no doubt, because the earliest visitors were from that nation. Two inclined rocks form a kind of cavern, which affords a shelter from the winds. The height is 1530 toises, 9790 feet English, above the sea. This great elevation can be reached on mules, and many travellers extend their journey no farther. Though it was the middle of summer, and under the bright sky of Africa, they suffered considerably from the cold during the night. Their thermometer fell as low as 5°, or 41° of Fahrenheit. As it grew colder, the Peak became covered with clouds; but by and by a strong north wind chased them away. 'The 'moon, at intervals, shooting across the vapours, exposed its 'disk on a firmament of the darkest blue; and the view of the 'volcano threw a majestic character over the nocturnal scene-'ry.' Towards three in the morning they resumed their journey by the light of a few fir torches. They ascended on the north-east side of the volcano, where the declivity was very steep; and, after two hours, reached a high plain that has the name of *Alta Vista*, the station of the *Neveros*, or those who gather snow, to sell it in the towns below. Above this begin the *Malpays*; a term employed here, as well as in Mexico and Peru, to denote a ground destitute of vegetable mould, and covered with fragments of lava.

Continuing to ascend at the height of 1728 toises, or 11050 feet, they turned aside to visit a *cavern*, where ice is naturally preserved all the year over. This subterraneous glacier is below the limit of perpetual snow, and in a region where the mean temperature is probably not under 37° Fahrenheit. Neither is it, like the Glaciers of the Alps, fed by snow-water from the summit of the mountain. It appears that the ice is preserved, in consequence of the cave being filled in winter with a great body of ice and snow; while, in summer, the rays of the sun do not penetrate beyond

the mouth of the cave, so that their influence is not sufficient to melt the whole mass. The preservation of the snow in this natural ice-house, is on the same principle as in those which are artificial.

'The dawn appeared as we left the cavern of ice; and while we were climbing over the broken lavas of the Malpays, we perceived a very curious optical phenomenon, which lasted eight minutes. We thought we saw on the east side small rockets thrown into the air. Luminous points, about seven or eight degrees above the horizon, appeared first to move in a vertical direction; but their motion was gradually changed into a real horizontal oscillation. Our fellow travellers, our guides even, were astonished at this phenomenon, without our having made any remark on it to them. We thought, at first, that these luminous points, floating in the air, indicated some new eruption of the great volcano of Lanzerota, toward which our faces were now turned; but this illusion soon ceased; and we found, that the luminous points were the images of several stars, magnified by the vapours. These images remained motionless at intervals. They then seemed to rise perpendicularly, descended sideways, and returned to the point whence they had departed. This motion lasted one or two seconds. Though we had no exact means of measuring the greatness of the lateral shifting, we did not less distinctly observe the path of the luminous point. It did not appear double from an effect of looming (mirage), and left no trace of light behind. Bringing, by means of a small sextant of Troughton's, the stars into contact with the lofty summit of a mountain in Lanzerota, I observed that the oscillation was constantly directed towards the same point, that is to say, towards the part of the horizon where the disk of the sun was to appear; and that, making allowance for the motion of the star in its declination, the image returned always to the same place. These appearances of lateral refraction ceased long before day-light had rendered the stars quite invisible. I have faithfully related what we saw during the twilight, without undertaking to explain this extraordinary phenomenon. On the top of the Andes at *Antisana*, I was present at sunrise, and passed the night at the elevation of 2100 toises (13428 feet English), without noting any appearance of the same kind.'

M. HUMBOLDT deserves great credit for the use here made of the sextant. It was the most likely way of discovering, if not the real cause of the phenomenon, at least the law by which it was governed. It indicates a species of refraction, concerning which, as it seems to occur so rarely, and is perhaps only to be seen from such situations as an observer is but seldom placed in, it may be long before more information is obtained.

Being furnished with a telescope and an exact chronometer, M. DE HUMBOLDT was anxious to observe the instant of the sun's

rising from so great a height. He perceived the upper limb touch the horizon at $4^h\,48'\,55''$ apparent time. Calculation made it for that latitude in the plain at $5^h\,1'\,50''.4$; and on the Peak, (supposing the apparent zenith distance when the sun appeared, to be $91°\,54'$, and the refraction $57'\,7''$), at $4^h\,49'\,59''$. The difference between this last and the time actually observed, viz. $1'\,4''$, must arise from the uncertainty of refraction at or under the horizon. The slowness with which the sun rose was remarkable; it was $8'\,11''$ before his under limb touched the horizon, and it ought to have been only $2'\,41''$. HUMBOLDT imagines that a fog bank had elevated the apparent horizon along with the sun, and that this was the cause of so extraordinary a retardation. Thus $12'\,55''$ is the greatest anticipation of the time of sunrise that the elevation of a mountain has ever been observed to produce: The ancients thought, that on the top of Mount Athos, the sun was seen *three hours* sooner than on the shores of the Egean sea. Mount Athos is not more than 4560 feet above the level of the sea.

After three hours of a very fatiguing march, they reached the extremity of the Malpays, and came to the small plain *la Rambleta*, from the centre of which, the Piton, or Sugar Loaf, rises about 84 toises, or 536 feet higher. The difficulty of the ascent in scaling the Piton was greatly increased; the slope of the cone covered with volcanic ashes, and fragments of pumice, being so steep that they could not make their way without laying hold of the scorified remains of a current of lava, by the side of which they scrambled up. It required near half an hour to accomplish this ascent, though the height, as just stated, hardly exceeded 500 feet. When they gained the summit, they were surprised to find that they scarcely had room to seat themselves. It was now about 8 in the morning. The west wind blew with great violence; it felt intensely cold, though the thermometer always kept a little above the freezing point. The crater, or *Caldera* (Caldron) appeared surrounded by a parapet, so high, that it would have been impossible to reach it, but for a breach on the east side, by which they descended to the bottom of the funnel. The figure of the crater is elliptical, the greatest breadth at the mouth being about 300 feet, and the least about 200. At the bottom, the heat was perceptible only at a few crevices, from which the aqueous vapours issued with a peculiar buzzing noise. When thrust into these, the thermometer rose to 68° or 75°, that is, to 122 or 135 degrees of Fahrenheit. It might be thought that the vapours contain muriatic or sulphurous acid; but, when condensed, they have no particular taste; and the experiments of several naturalists have shown, that the chimneys of the Peak,

at this spot at least, exhale only pure water. HUMBOLDT observed the same at the crater of Jorullo; but, in the greater part of volcanoes the exhalations contain muriatic acid. On the west side of the crater, the rock is perforated, and a sort of window looks out, at the height of 12000 feet, on the great expanse of the ocean. The depth of the crater is about 110 or 115 feet; and its appearance seems to indicate, that, for thousands of years, the explosions of the volcano have not issued through this opening; so that it is at present an object rather of curious investigation than of formidable aspect. The majesty of the site consists in its elevation above the sea, in the profound solitude of these lofty regions, and the immense space over which the eye ranges.

'The wall of compact lava which encloses the *caldera*, is snow-white at its surface. This arises no doubt from the action of sulphurous acid gas, as at Puzzoli and other volcanoes. In some places, sulphurous vapours rise in abundance, but seem to have no communication with the apertures which emit aqueous exhalations.

'The summit of this mountain, however, is less interesting even from the numerous objects of scientific research, than from the magnificence and novelty of the situation to which the spectator now sees himself elevated. In this, the Peak of Teneriffe is, in some respects, quite singular. Colossal mountains, as HUMBOLDT remarks, such as Chimborazo, Antisana, &c. compose so large a mass, that the plains are seen at a great distance, where a blue and vapoury tint is spread over the landscape. The Peak, from its slender form and insulated position, unites the advantages of less lofty summits to those which belong to very great elevations. You discover from its top, not only a vast expanse of sea all round, with nearly the whole archipelago of the Canaries, but you see the forests of Teneriffe, and the inhabited parts of the coasts, in a proximity fitted to produce the most beautiful contrasts of form and colour. This effect is increased by the prodigious transparency of the atmosphere. 'Notwithstanding the great distance, we distinguished not only the houses but the sails of the vessels, and the trunks of trees, and our eyes dwelt on the rich vegetation of the plains, enamelled with the most vivid colouring.' The Peak has not the advantage of being in the equinoctial region; but the dryness of the columns of air which rise perpetually above the neighbouring plains of Africa, and are brought rapidly by the east wind, gives the atmosphere of the Canary islands, a purity which surpasses not only that of Naples and Sicily, but even that of the sky of Quito and Peru.

The question has been often agitated, whether it be possible to perceive the coast of Africa from the summit of this colossal pyramid. The radius of the visible horizon from Teneriffe may be estimated at 1° 57′; the nearest part of Africa, Cape Bojador, is distant more than 2° 49′, and therefore could not be seen unless its height were 200 toises, or 1270 feet, above the level of the sea. It is uncertain whether there are, near the coast, any grounds of such elevation; but, as the height is so moderate, it is certainly not impossible that the coast of Africa may, in favourable circumstances, be seen from the summit of the Peak.

The temperature on the summit was about 2°.7 of the centigrade, 37° of Fahrenheit, a considerable degree of cold, considering that it was now the middle of June. At Orotava it was observed, at the same time, to be 22°.8. This gives 94 toises for the height, which diminishes the temperature by one centesimal degree, or 331 English feet for a degree of Fahrenheit, and is more than in the north part of the temperate zone, where the average appears to be 270.

The deep azure of the sky was one of the objects which strongly drew their attention on the summit. The intensity of the zenith appeared to correspond to 41 of the cyanometer of Saussure, according to which, the sky seen from the top of Mont-Blanc was 40, and that of Chamouny at the bottom, 20. Mont-Blanc is 540 toises higher than the Peak, yet we should have expected that, considering the latitude of the latter, its superiority to the former mountain would have been more considerable.

Their descent was not without some difficulty; the footing afforded by the loose blocks of lava of the Malpays is almost equally bad in descending and in ascending. About the station of the rocks the surface is slippery, on account of the short-swarded turf, and makes the descent painful. The entire descent occupied about nine hours. M. DE HUMBOLDT states that the whole time of going from Orotava and returning, may be estimated at twenty-one hours, using mules as far as the station of the English, viz. three from Orotava to the Pino del Dornajito, thence to the station of the English, six, and from this to the Caldera three and a half. Nine hours nearly are allowed for the descent.

'His observations on the rocks which compose this island, are highly interesting. He begins with remarking the necessity of distinguishing between the rocks of trap formation, and the lavas ejected from the volcano. Every thing, says he, shows that these two classes of substances, though they owe their origin to similar phenomena, date from very different periods. It is important to geology

not to confound the currents of modern lavas, the heaps of basalt, greenstone and phonolite, dispersed over the secondary formations, with those porphyroid masses, with bases of compact feldspar, which perhaps have never been perfectly liquified, but which do not less belong to the domain of volcanoes.'

In the Peak of Teneriffe, there is a certain regularity in the distribution of these rocks. The great elevated plain of the Spartium separates the black basaltic and earthlike lava from the vitreous lava, the basis of which is Obsidian, Pitchstone and Phonolite. These last, destitute of hornblende and mica, are of a blackish brown, often varying to a deep olive green. Obsidian is in great abundance in the Peak, which, next to Lepari, is the volcano that affords it in the greatest plenty.

On this latter mineral some remarks are made, highly deserving the attention of geologists.

'I was formerly of opinion, that obsidian, far from being a vitrified lava, belonged to rocks which are not volcanic. The deprivation of colour, and the swelling which the greater part of obsidians undergo in a forge fire, their transition into pechstein, and their position in regions very distant from burning volcanoes, appear to be phenomena difficult to reconcile, when we consider the obsidians as volcanic glass. A more profound study of nature, new journeys and observations made on the productions of burning volcanoes, have led me to renounce these ideas. The objections against the volcanic origin of obsidian, drawn from their speedy loss of colour, and their swelling by a slow fire, are deprived of force by the ingenious experiments of Sir James Hall. These experiments prove, that a stone which is fusible only at 38° of Wedgewood's pyrometer, yields a glass that softens at 14°; and that this glass, melted again and unvitrified, is fusible only at 35° of the same pyrometer.'

He proceeds to consider the question, whether pumice stone owes its origin to the swelling of obsidian or not; and he concludes that, though all the production of volcanic fire, obsidians are derived from very different bases.

We shall only add one more geological remark, that it does not appear that any other rocks than trap and lava have been found in Teneriffe; but that this is not the case with the other Canary Islands.

'The Island of Gomera contains mountains of granite and mica slate; and it is undoubtedly in these ancient rocks that we must here seek, as well as in all other places of the world, for the centre of volcanic action. I have observed, in another place, that the whole of the mountainous part of Quito may be considered as an immense volcano, occupying more than 700 square leagues of surface, and throwing out flames by the different cones of Cotopaxi, Tungurahua and Pichincha. In like manner, the whole group of the Canary Islands is placed as it were on the same submarine volcano. The

fire makes its way sometimes by one and sometimes by another of these islands. Teneriffe contains in its centre an immense pyramid, terminated by a crater, and throwing out lava by its flanks from one age to another. The basaltic crust formed by antient volcanoes seems everywhere undermined; and the currents of lava seen at Lanzerota and Palma, remind us, by every geological affinity, of the eruption which took place in 1301, at the Isle of Ischia, amid the Tufas of Epomeo.'

On the 25th of June they sailed from Santa Cruz, deeply impressed with admiration of the beauty, variety and majesty of the Canary Islands, and taking leave of them with much regret though their stay had been so short. Their course was toward South America; on the 27th they crossed the Tropic of Cancer; the tropical regions now opened on them, and the description of the emotions produced by the new objects which then presented themselves, is given with so much feeling and good taste, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the entire passage.

'From the time we entered the Torrid Zone, we were never wearied with admiring, every night, the beauty of the southern sky, which, as we advanced, opened new constellations to our view. We feel an indescribable sensation, when, on approaching the Equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to the other, we see those stars, which we have contemplated from our infancy, progressively sink, and finally disappear. Nothing awakens, in the traveller, a livelier remembrance of the immense distance by which he is separated from his country, than the aspect of an unknown firmament. The grouping of the stars of the first magnitude; some scattered nebulæ, rivalling in splendour the milky way; and tracts of space, remarkable for their extreme blackness, give a particular physiognomy to the southern sky. This sight fills with admiration even those who, uninstructed in the branches of accurate science, feel the same emotion of delight in the contemplation of the heavenly vault, as in the view of a beautiful landscape, or a majestic site. A traveller has no need of being a botanist, to recognize the Torrid Zone, on the mere aspect of its vegetation: and, without having acquired any notions of astronomy, without any acquaintance with the celestial charts of FLAMSTEAD and DE LA CAILLE, he feels he is not in Europe, when he sees the immense constellation of the Ship, or the phosphorescent clouds of Magellan, arise on the horizon. The heaven and the earth, every thing in the Equinoctial regions assumes an exotic character.

'The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapours for some days. We saw distinctly, for the first time, the Cross of the South, only in the night of the 4th and 5th July, in the 16th degree of latitude; it was strongly inclined, and appeared, from time to time, between the clouds; the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed

lightnings, reflected a silver light. If a traveller may be permitted to speak of his personal emotions, I shall add, that on this night I saw one of the reveries of my earliest youth accomplished.

'At a period when I studied the heavens, not with the intention of devoting myself to astronomy, but only to acquire a knowledge of the stars, I was agitated by a fear unknown to those who love a sedentary life. It seemed painful to me to renounce the hope of beholding those beautiful constellations which border the South Pole. Impatient to rove in the Equinoctial regions, I could not raise my eyes towards the starry vault, without thinking of the Cross of the South, and without recalling the sublime passage of Dante, which the most celebrated commentators have applied to this constellation.

'Io me volsi a man destra e posi mente
All' altro polo e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente.
Goden parea lo ciel di lor fiamelle;
O settentrional vedovo sito
Poi che privato se' di mirar quelle!

'The pleasure felt on discovering the Southern Cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend, from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recals the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World.

'The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows that the constellation is almost vertical at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the Tropics, or in the Southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Southern Cross is erect, or inclined. It is a time-piece, that advances very regularly near four minutes a-day; and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the Savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is 'past, the Cross begins to bend!' How often those words reminded us of that affecting scene, where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time; and when the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate!'

Reflections of a very different kind are suggested by the following singular occurrence. The germ of a malignant fever discovered itself as they drew near the Antilles. The ship was excessively hot between decks; and very much incumbered. From the time they had passed the Tropics, the thermometer stood between 93° and 96°. Several on board, both sailors and

passengers, were attacked by the fever. The captain paid little regard to any thing but the working of the vessel: No fumigation was used; there was not an ounce of bark on board; and a Gallician surgeon, ignorant and phlegmatic, ordered bleedings, because he attributed the fever to what he called the heat and corruption of the blood. An experiment, that shows the benefit of free air in this disorder, was made by a singular accident.

'The 8th July, a sailor, who was near expiring, recovered his health, from a circumstance that is worthy of being mentioned. His hammock was so hung, that there was not ten inches between his face and the deck. It was impossible to administer the sacraments in this situation; for, agreeably to the custom aboard Spanish vessels, the viaticum ought to be carried by the light of tapers, and followed by the whole crew. The patient was removed into an airy place, near the hatchway, where a small square birth had been formed with sailcloth. Here he was to remain till he died, which was an event expected every moment; but passing from an air extremely heated, stagnant, and filled with miasms, into fresher and purer air, which was renewed every instant, he gradually revived from his lethargic state. His recovery dated from the day when he quitted the middle deck: but as in medicine the same facts are often cited in support of systems diametrically opposite, this recovery confirmed our doctor in his ideas of the inflammation of the blood, and the necessity of bleeding, evacuating, and all the asthenic remedies. We soon found the fatal effects of this treatment; and wished more than ever to reach the coasts of America.

The first land they saw, was the island of Tobago, which presented itself under a very picturesque aspect.

'It is a heap of rocks carefully cultivated. The dazzling whiteness of the stone forms an agreeable contrast with the verdure of some scattered tufts of trees. Cylandria and very lofty Opuntia crown the top of the mountains, and give a peculiar physiognomy to this tropical landscape. Their sight is sufficient to remind the navigator, that he has arrived on the American coast; for Cactuses belong exclusively to the new world, as heaths do to the old.'

They were yet at some distance from the place where they were to land; the malignant fever still increased, and the treatment of the Galician Doctor was by no means calculated to diminish the danger. The death of one young Spaniard, the son of a widow in the Asturias, who fell a victim to it after three days illness, is very affecting, and told with great feeling. The scene, when his body was committed to the waves, is well described.

'We were assembled on the deck, absorbed in melancholy reflections; it was no longer doubtful, that the fever which raged on

board, had assumed a fatal aspect. Our eyes were fixed on a hilly and desert coast, on which the moon from time to time shed its light athwart the clouds. The sea, gently agitated, shone with a feeble phosphoric glittering. Nothing was heard but the monotonous cry of a few sea-birds flying towards the shore. About 8, the dead man's knell was slowly tolled. At the sound, the sailors ceased from their work, and threw themselves on their knees, to offer a momentary prayer. The corpse of the Asturian was brought on deck, and the priest entreated that it might not be committed to the waves till after sunrise, in order to pay it the last rites, according to the usage of the Romish Church. There was not an individual on board, who did not sympathize with the fate of this young man, whom we had beheld, but a few days before, full of cheerfulness and health.'

The prevalence of the fever determined HUMBOLDT and his friends to land on the coast of Cumana, along which they were now ranging, and where they were put ashore on the 16th of July, 1799; and with this the 3d Chapter of the Narrative ends; —having, however, subjoined to it an account of all the observations made on the temperature of the seas, and of the air in climates through which they had passed, as well as of the observations on the magnetic needle, &c. in different latitudes, all fully deserving of attention, but hardly admitting of being brought within our limits.

Cumana is the part of the American Continent, that stretches westward from the mouth of the Orinoco; and the town of the same name is situated on the shore at the mouth of the river Menzanares. On landing, they immediately experienced the kindness of the Spanish inhabitants, who are remarkable for their hospitality. The whole of the passengers of the Pizarro had also landed, and were received with the same kindness. This great attention to the wants and necessities of their poorer countrymen, who arrive among them, is a feature in the character of these colonists, which appears to have made great impression on our travellers; and is the more to be remembered, that it belongs to men in whom the finer feelings are not supposed to be extremely prevalent.

Nothing can be imagined more different than the aspect which this country presents from all that a European has been accustomed to observe. The vegetable world is almost entirely different; and a number of striking pictures of this difference perpetually occur. A hill of calcareous breccia near the town, which is considered by HUMBOLDT as having been an island in an antient gulf of the sea, is covered with a thick forest of columnar cactus and opuntia. Some of these 30 or 40 feet high, covered with lichens, and divided into several branches in the form of *candelabras*, have a very singular appearance. They measured

a cactus, which was four feet nine inches in circumference. The wood of these plants is often so hard from age, that it resists both air and moisture for centuries, and is employed in preference for oars and door-posts. A place where the strong cactus are collected in groups is considered as almost impenetrable; such thickets are called *tunales*, and are not only impervious to the native who goes naked to the waist, but are formidable to those who go fully clothed. The tunal is considered at Cumana, and every where in the Spanish colonies, as an important means of military defence; and when earthen works are raised, the engineers are as eager to propagate the thorny opuntia as they are careful to keep crocodiles in the ditches of fortified places. 'In a climate where organized nature is so powerful and active, man summons as auxiliaries the carniverous reptile, and the plant with its armour of thorns.'

The Indians of this coast are called Guayquerias; and, next to the Caribs of Guyana, are the finest race of men in Terra Firma They have exchanged the love of independence for the less noble but more convenient virtue of loyalty; and from the earliest times of the conquest, they remained faithful friends to the Castilians. They enjoy several peculiar privileges on that account, and the King of Spain names them in his public acts, his dear, noble and loyal Guayquerias. This name they received from the Spaniards who accompanied Columbus, and who mistook it for the name which they gave themselves in their own language. They show with pride the point of the Galera, so called on account of the vessel of Columbus which anchored there in 1498, the event from which they ought to date the subjugation and ruin of their race. They are in their present condition an intelligent people, and very considerably civilized.

A curious fact is mentioned with respect to the soil or vegetable mould of this country, strongly expressive of the exuberance of organization.

'The arid plain of Cumana exhibits, after violent showers, an extraordinary phenomenon. The earth, drenched with rain, and heated again by the rays of the sun, emits that musky odour, which, under the torrid zone, is common to animals of very different classes; to the saguar, the small species of tiger cat, the thick-nosed tapir, the galinazo vulture, the crocodile, vipers and rattlesnakes. The gaseous emanations, which are the vehicles of this aroma, seem to be evolved in proportion only as the mould, containing the spoils of an innumerable quantity of reptiles, worms and insects, begins to be impregnated with water. Whenever the soil is turned up, we are struck with the mass of organic substances, which, by turns, are developed, transformed and decomposed. Nature, in these climates, appears more active, more fruitful, we might even say more prodigal of life.'

The waters of the Menzanares are limpid and cool, and seem to form the principal luxury of the inhabitants. The banks are shaded by mimosas, erythemas, ceibas, and other trees of gigantic growth. A river, where the temperature, in the time of floods, descends as low as 70°, when that of the air is 90° Fahrenheit, is an inestimable benefit. The children, accordingly, pass, as it were, a part of their lives in the water. The whole of the inhabitants, even the women of the best families, know how to swim; and in a country where man is so near the state of nature, one of the first questions asked, on meeting in the morning, is, whether the water is cooler than the preceding evening. The mode of bathing is singular enough.

'We every night visited a very respectable society in the suburb of Guayquerias. In a fine moonshine night, chairs were placed in the water. The men and women were lightly clothed, as in some baths of the north of Europe; and the family and strangers assembled in the river, passed some time in smoking segars, and in talking, according to the custom of the country, of the extreme dryness of the season, of the abundant rains in the neighbouring districts, and, particularly, of the luxuries of which the ladies of Cumana accuse those of the Caraccas and the Havannah.'

Cumana, like all the countries in this quarter of the world, is more or less subject to the ravages of earthquakes. About their history in past times, little information can be obtained, as no record exists at Cumana; and its archives, on account of the perpetual devastations of the white ants, contain no document that goes back farther than 150 years. The memory of some catastrophes, however, is strongly impressed on the minds of the people, and will live long in the traditions of the country. On the 21st of October 1766, the city of Cumana was entirely destroyed; and the remembrance of that day is every year renewed by a religious festival. The whole of the houses were overturned in a few minutes; and the shocks were hourly repeated during fourteen months.

Tradition states that, in this earthquake, the shocks were mere horizontal oscillations. It was only on the disastrous day of the 14th of December 1797, that, for the first time at Cumana, the motion of the rising or heaving up of the ground was perceived. More than four-fifths of the town were entirely destroyed; and the shock, attended with a loud subterraneous noise, resembled the explosion of a mine at a great depth. Happily the most violent shock was preceded by a slight undulatory motion, so that the greater part of the inhabitants had time to escape into the streets.

The earthquakes of Cumana are connected with those of the West India Islands; and it has even been suspected, that they

have some connexion with the volcanic phenomena of the Cordilleras of the Andes. On the 4th of November of the same year, the soil of the province of Quito underwent such a destructive commotion, that notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of the population of that country, near 40,000 natives perished, buried under the ruins of their houses, swallowed up in the crevices, or drowned in lakes that were suddenly formed. At the same period, the inhabitants of the eastern Antilles were alarmed by shocks, which continued during eight months, when the volcano of Guadaloupe threw out pumice stones, ashes, and gusts of sulphurous vapours. This eruption of the 27th of September, during which, very long continued subterraneous noises were heard, was followed on the 14th of December by the great earthquake of Cumana. Another volcano of the West India islands, that of St Vincents, has lately given a fresh instance of these extraordinary connexions. This volcano had not emitted flames since 1718, when they burst forth anew in 1812. The total ruin of the city of Caracas preceded this explosion thirty-five days; and violent oscillations of the ground were felt, both in the islands and on the coasts of Terra Firma.

We have a very lively account, in the beginning of the 5th chapter, of the kind of embarrassment to which travellers with scientific objects in view, and a scientific apparatus in their possession, must be often subjected by the half informed curiosity of the people they visit. In the first week of their abode at Cumana, they were distracted by frequent visits of persons who were highly gratified to see the spots of the moon through a telescope, the absorption of two gases in a eudiometric tube, or the effects of galvanism on the nerves of a frog: They were obliged to answer innumerable questions, and to repeat the same experiments for hours together.

'These scenes were renewed for the space of five years, every time that we took up a new abode in a place where it was understood that we were in possession of microscopes, telescopes, and electrical apparatus. The half scientific looked on us with a sort of disdain, when they learnt that we had not brought in our collection of books, the *Spectacle de la Nature* of the ABBE PLUCHE, the *Cours de Physique* of SIGAUD DE LA FOND, or the Dictionary of VALMONT DE BOMARE. These three, and the *Traité d'Economie Politique* of BARON BIELFELD, are the foreign works most esteemed in Spanish America, from Caracas and Chili, to Guatimala and the north of Mexico. No one is thought learned, who cannot quote these authors; and it is only at the great capitals of Lima, Santa Fé De Bogota, and Mexico, that the names of HALLER, CAVENDISH, and LAVOISIER begin to take place of those which have enjoyed popular celebrity for fifty years past.'

In an excursion to the country of Araya, they met with an example of the nobility of a Castilian combined with the blood of a mulatto, and the profession of a shoemaker.

'Among the mulattoes, whose huts surround the salt lake, we found a shoemaker of Castilian descent. He received us with the air of gravity and self-sufficiency, which in those climates characterise almost every one who is conscious of possessing some peculiar talent. He was employed in stretching the string of a bow, and sharpening his arrows to kill birds. His trade of a shoemaker could not be very lucrative, in a country where the greater part of the inhabitants go bare-foot; and he only complained that, on account of the dearness of gunpowder, a man of his quality was reduced to employ the same weapons as the Indians. He was the sage of the place; he understood the formation of the salt by the influence of the sun and moon; the symptoms of earthquakes; the marks by which mines of gold and silver are discovered; and the medicinal plants, which he divided like all the other colonists from Chili to California, into *hot* and *cold*. * After a long discourse on the emptiness of human grandeur, he drew from a leathern pouch a few small pearls, which he forced us to accept, enjoining us at the same time to note in our tablets, that a poor shoemaker of Araya, but a white man, and of noble Castilian race, had been enabled to give us what on the other side of the sea was sought for as so precious. I acquit myself rather late of the promise I made this honest man; and I am happy to add, that his disinterestedness did not permit him to accept of the slightest retribution.'

In concluding these remarks, we must advert to a defect which we have observed in the composition both of this and some other works of the same author, and growing out of an excellence by which these same works are particularly distinguished.

M. DE HUMBOLDT is not only a traveller, the most extensive and varied in his observations, and the most directed in them by philosophic views; but he is withal the most learned, and has more of the knowledge derived from books, than we believe has ever fallen to the share of one who had looked so much at nature with his own eyes. In general it is not found easy to combine these two things together in the same individual, so that both shall exist in an eminent degree. The man who has employed much of his time in learning the opinions of others, loses the talent and the relish for those means of acquiring know-

* The exciting and debilitating, sthenic and asthenic remedies; so that, to his other accomplishments, the Castilian shoemaker added that of being an adept in the *Brunonian* system.

ledge, which imply much bodily as well as mental exertion, and which infer the use of travel, observation, or experiment. The converse of this also takes place; and it is not unusual to see men so entirely occupied by their own observations, that they pay very little attention to the opinions of those who have gone before them. Both the propensities thus acquired, lead very obviously to error; and the division of labour, which is so conducive to the improvement of art, becomes here a great obstruction to the progress of science. The most useful observer is he who is most learned, providing the habits belonging to the one character are not suffered to impair the exertions belonging to the other. Of this kind precisely is the traveller before us, distinguished at the same time for science and for erudition, for the knowledge acquired by the examination of nature, and for that which is obtained from the study of books. Hence, in his mind, every object recals so many others with which it is connected, that the exuberance of illustration sometimes overpowers the reader, and withdraws his attention from the main object. Examples and comparisons, each in itself just and apposite, do, now and then, by their number and variety, impair the unity, perhaps in some instances the perspicuity, of the descriptions, and present the collateral objects without a sufficient subordination to the principal. The consequence is, that the effect and interest are not so great as if the materials were less valuable, and the workmanship less rich and expensive.

This imperfection might be corrected, we are persuaded, without losing any thing of the number or variety of the comparisons, the general views, the contrasts or the analogies in which the work abounds. A small alteration in the distribution, such as the taste and *tact* of the author might readily suggest to him, would be quite sufficient. However that be, we shall rejoice to see the sequel of the Personal Narrative, of which the two volumes now before us can only constitute a small part.

The translation bears the marks of good execution, and is the work of a lady well acquainted both with the language *from* which, and the language *into* which, her translation is made,—and who is, besides, intelligent and interested in the subjects about which she writes. The work has the air of an original; and, though we have not seen it in the French, we may judge of the translation as one pronounces a portrait to be good, and even to be like, though he has never seen the person whom it is intended to represent.

ART. V. *De la Responsabilité des Ministres.* Par M. BENJAMIN DE CONSTANT. A Paris, 1815.

Adresse à l'Empereur. Par JOSEPH REY, de Grenoble, President du Tribunal Civil de Rumilly. Seconde Edition. A Paris, 1815.

WE hope it is not merely because we belong ourselves to the fraternity of public writers, that we regard the press as the *palladium* of civilized society. It is not only the grand source of hope for its advancement, but the only effectual security against its return to pristine wretchedness and barbarity. Whenever, therefore, the state of society becomes unsettled; when the old tackle and machinery seem at any time worn out, and new instruments of connexion and operation are required, it is of peculiar importance to trace the tendency of this extraordinary agent, and to point out the results to which it may be expected to lead.

From the titles of the publications which we have placed at the head of this article, the reader will readily infer, that it is our intention to occupy him with the consideration of what is likely to be the influence of the press, during the earlier part of the succeeding age, rather on the Continent of Europe, than in our own country; as to which indeed there is much less scope for speculation. The more fixed and stationary condition of this country, and the advances we have already made in liberal opinions, give us a kind of assurance, that for some years to come we shall go on much as we have done lately. It is on the Continent chiefly that the new circumstances in which the press is about to operate become interesting, and make us anxious to anticipate the results; although the circumstances by which its influence has been found to be obstructed or promoted in this country, afford the chief fund of experience from which our conclusions as to other countries can safely be founded.

It is very evident, that all the good which can be expected must depend upon the degree of liberty which the press is permitted to enjoy. Could a press exist perfectly enslaved, it would be an instrument of pure, and unbounded mischief. It would be employed to mould the minds of men into absolute submission to the will of arbitrary rulers, and their instruments; and as this could only be effected through the medium of falsehood and deception, a press perfectly enslaved would be solely employed to corrupt and debase the human mind.

Most happily, however, for human nature, the press cannot exist at all in a state of absolute slavery. It appears, by a pret-

ty full experience, that if the press does but operate, under whatever restrictions, it will occasionally give vent to thoughts which tend to enlighten the mind, and to deliver it from ignorance and deception. There is no country in Europe, which does not bear testimony to this truth. Even in Spain and Austria, where the influences of a bad government and a bad religion have been united to prevent and exclude its salutary operation, books, not altogether destitute of good sentiments, have occasionally appeared. No vigilance, it seems, however keen and malignant, can exclude every thing instructive; and the difficulty appears, fortunately, to increase with the intelligence and civilization of the people. The laws were the same, and the interests of the rulers the same, in Italy as in Austria and Spain; but a much greater proportion of useful publications issued from the press in the first country than in the other two—exactly because it was the most enlightened. The case was not very different under the old monarchy in France: but there, for the same reason, it was still less practicable totally to prevent the publication of salutary truths. By *the laws*, even of Britain, every thing is forbidden to the press which the most perfect state of slavery requires, and the British rulers have interests of the same kind as other rulers; but, in Great Britain, beyond any other country, it is impossible to prevent the publication of liberal sentiments—exactly because there is no country in which such sentiments have already made so great a progress.

The press, then, lays a foundation for human improvement that cannot fail, because it ensures a state of progression in every country in which it can operate at all; and increases its power in proportion to the progress which it has made. It may accordingly be observed, that, from the grand era of the invention of printing, the human mind, in every country in Europe, even the most besotted, has been gradually improved; that its improvement has been more rapid in every succeeding age; and is, at this moment, most rapid in the countries which have made the greatest advancement.

We may, therefore, conclude, and that with a pretty full assurance, that whether the form into which Europe is about to be cast, shall be as highly favourable, or as unfavourable as possible to the interests of humanity, the press will enjoy, either by law, or in spite of law, a considerable degree of liberty; and books, tending to clear away deception, and to instruct the people in what manner their interests may be best consulted, will abound in some countries, and find their way into all.

In endeavouring to estimate what, during the next age, may

be the influence of the press in improving the condition of the European world, it is natural to turn our first attention to France. This country has long enjoyed the distinction of serving as a kind of model to her continental neighbours; and many powerful circumstances ensure to her a leading influence in their conduct and character. Her language is, in some measure, the universal language;—her position is central;—she is, on the whole, the most powerful, and the most accomplished nation; and the character of her people is active and imposing. What is enjoyed and admired in France will not easily fail of being desired in other countries where it is wanting. Celebrated books, published in France, can never be altogether excluded from any country in Europe; and we may, therefore, pretty safely conclude, that the degree of liberty enjoyed by the French press, will go far to determine the rapidity with which salutary truths are likely to be disseminated in the rest of the Continent. In no single event, therefore, were the interests of humanity ever more deeply concerned, than in the species of government which may, in this respect, be established in that country.

In trying to conjecture what degree of liberty the press is likely to enjoy in France, the melancholy experience of human affairs seems to require that we should anticipate the worst, rather than the best state of things, of which its present civilization will admit. Suppose the Bourbons again restored; and suppose them as able as they were before, to set aside every stipulation in favour of good government, and, among the rest, the liberty of the press—how adverse soever the laws may then be to a free discussion, the laws, to a certain extent, will prove impotent. Where the discordance between them and the public opinion has risen to a certain height, they cannot be executed—and their very forms become the means of evasion. The grand question therefore is, What extent of free discussion may the state of public opinion in France be expected to ensure, in spite of all which bad laws and a bad government can effect to repress it?—for this, in truth, is all the liberty to which, with any assurance, we are entitled to look forward.

Our hopes, we lament to say, are not very sanguine. The apathy with which the French looked on, when Louis the Eighteenth expunged from their constitution the article which provided for the liberty of the press, was of ill omen. In the debates which took place on that occasion, the members who showed any great warmth in favour of the liberty of printing, were wonderfully few; and many, who themselves possessed the most cultivated minds, betrayed no slight jealousy of that blessing—conjuring up to themselves the frightful image of many dangerous consequences. Not one man,—at least not more

than one man, in France, appeared to have any thing like a sound and comprehensive view of the natural effects of an unrestricted press. A few vague and puerile conceptions about its vast advantages, on the one hand, and its monstrous evils on the other, seemed to make up the whole stock of French thinking upon the subject. Their minds seemed to be in a great degree subdued by the remembrance of the excesses of the times of terror;—as if a period of popular frenzy could fail to be prolific of excesses, with or without a press,—as if the excesses in which popular frenzy uses the press as an instrument, were produced by *the liberty*, and not by the slavery, of the press—slavery more complete than under any other circumstances it can possibly be made to endure. So far from being agreeable to fact, is the frightful association of the ideas of a free press, and the excesses of a people excited to fury, that it is only where a press has been previously enslaved, that the authors of mischief can ever make use of it for the accomplishment of their designs. Where a press has been previously free, there are means for making the people hear both sides. But where they have had no experience of fair discussion, every faction that is uppermost silences all opposition, and uses the press for its own purposes. In that case, no doubt, it is superlatively mischievous: But against that mischief, whether in a state of calm or commotion, the only effectual security is its freedom. A people who have been habituated to hear both sides, cannot see that privilege destroyed, without suspecting the views of those by whom so questionable an act has been performed. And, finally, where a press has really been free, it is so difficult suddenly to destroy it, that the designs of the wicked may generally be exposed; and that deception, on which the excesses of a season of frenzy chiefly depend, may always be more or less completely prevented. Could Robespierre have perpetrated the atrocities of which he was guilty, had it been free to the press to expose his villany, and fully to instruct the people? No!—But that tyrant used the press for his purposes, just as it is used by every other master of an enslaved press. He prevented every one by terror from using it against him; and then employed it to praise himself, and to blacken all those whom he wished to destroy. After all, the press was by no means the most efficient of his instruments; and it has got the credit, or discredit, of innumerable effects which were produced by other causes.

But though the imperfect knowledge which the French appear to possess of the benefits of free printing, their exaggerated conception of its dangers, and the apathy towards public good which belongs to them in common with other nations, are all

unfavourable symptoms, there are other circumstances from which we may infer, with some confidence, that a considerable degree of freedom in printing will in fact be enjoyed, and that on the most important of all topics, namely, that which touches their political rights, the people will from time to time receive important information.

Of the truth of this, the tract, which we have placed at the head of this article, affords considerable proof. It was written during the short reign of Louis XVIII., when both law and government were opposed to the liberty of the press. It was even printed under the curb of a licenser; and yet it abounds with observations tending to show the people what they ought to expect at the hands of their rulers, and what they have it in their power to compel their rulers to perform.

The object of the performance is to lay down a plan, according to which, ministers, and other instruments of government, may be rendered subject to punishment, in case of ill desert. To this whole design, however, it was obvious to object,—that if the instruments of government may be punished for their obedience, they must be entitled to judge of the orders they receive; and that the whole business of government would, in this way, be obstructed and disturbed.

This objection M. Constant meets, in the following manner.

'Je réponds d'abord: si vous prescrivez aux agens de l'autorité le devoir absolu d'une obéissance implicite et passive, vous lancez sur la société humaine des instrumens d'arbitraire et d'oppression, que le pouvoir aveugle ou furieux peut déchaîner à volonté. Lequel des deux maux est le plus grand?

'Mais je crois devoir remonter ici à quelques principes plus généraux sur la nature et la possibilité, de l'obéissance passive. Depuis la révolution, l'on s'extasie plus que jamais sur les avantages de ce genre d'obéissance. S'il n'y a pas obéissance passive dans l'armée, dit-on, il n'y aura plus d'armée; s'il n'y a pas dans l'administration obéissance passive, il n'y aura plus d'administration. Je ne serois pas étonné que ces raisonneurs, que les fureurs de la démagogie ont d'autant mieux façonnés au despotisme, ne blâmassent les commandans et les gouverneurs de provinces, que l'histoire loue, depuis près de trois siècles, de n'avoir pas obéi à Charles IX, lors du massacre de la Saint-Barthélemy.

'Il est bizarre que les faits dont nous avons été témoins et victimes n'aient pas découragé les partisans d'un pareil système. Ce n'est pas faute d'obéissance, dans les agens inférieurs de nos diverses tyrannies, que la France a tant souffert de ces tyrannies. Tout le monde au contraire n'a que trop obéi; et si quelques malheureux ont échappé, si quelques injustices ont été adoucies, si le gouvernement de Robespierre a été renversé, si celui de Buonaparte ne pèse plus sur la France, c'est qu'on s'est quelquefois écarté de la doctrine de l'obéissance.

'Mais les dépositaires du pouvoir, convaincus, malgré les exemples, de l'éternelle durée de leur autorité, ne cherchent que des instrumens dociles, qui servent sans examen: ils ne voient dans l'intelligence humaine qu'une cause de résistance qui les importune.

'Plus les soldats, en leur qualité d'instrumens aveugles, ont fusillé leurs concitoyens, plus on a répété que l'armée devoit être purement et passivement obéissante. Plus les agens de l'administration ont déployé de zèle sans examen, pour faire incarcérer, détenir et traduire devant des tribunaux de sang leurs administrés, plus on a prétendu que l'examen étoit le fléau, et le zèle implicite le ressort nécessaire de toute administration. On ne réfléchit pas que les instrumens trop passifs peuvent être saisis par toutes les mains, et retournés contre leurs premiers maîtres, et que l'intelligence qui porte l'homme à l'examen, lui sert aussi à distinguer le droit d'avec la force, et celui à qui appartient le commandement de celui qui l'usurpe.

'L'obéissance passive, telle qu'on nous la vante et qu'on nous la recommande, est grâce au ciel complétement impossible. Même dans la discipline militaire, cette obéissance passive a des bornes, que la nature des choses lui trace, en dépit de tous les sophismes. On a beau dire que les armées doivent être des machines, et que l'intelligence du soldat est dans l'ordre de son caporal. Un soldat devroit-il, sur l'ordre de son caporal ivre, tirer un coup de fusil à son capitaine? Il doit donc distinguer si son caporal est ivre ou non. Il doit réfléchir que le capitaine est une autorité supérieure au caporal. Voilà de l'intelligence et de l'examen requis dans le soldat. Un capitaine devroit-il, sur l'ordre de son colonel, aller, avec sa compagnie, aussi obéissante que lui, arrêter le Ministre de la guerre? Voilà donc de l'intelligence et de l'examen requis dans le capitaine. Un colonel devroit-il, sur l'ordre du Ministre de la guerre, porter une main attentatoire sur la personne sacrée du Roi? Voilà donc de l'intelligence et de l'examen requis dans le colonel. N'a-t-on pas, naguères, comblé d'éloges, avec beaucoup de justice, l'officier qui, recevant l'ordre de faire sauter un magasin à poudre au centre de Paris, s'est servi de son jugement et de sa conscience, pour se démontrer que la désobéissance étoit son devoir?

'Il y a donc des circonstances ou l'examen reprend ses droits, où il devient une obligation et une nécessité, et où l'instrument passif et aveugle peut-être punissable et doit être puni.' p. 16–19.

Now, this is not only excellent in itself; but it is free and popular to a degree that has not often been hazarded even in this country. We allude not so much to the boldness with which M. Constant explodes the doctrine of passive obedience, not only in the people, but also in the immediate agents of government, and even in the military themselves, as to his general doctrine, that the great danger to the interests of humanity arises, not from too little, but from too much, obedience,—from a tenden-

cy rather to venerate foolishly, than to complain without reason. The opposite opinion is no doubt very sedulously inculcated by those whose interest it is to represent the continuance of their own unquestioned authority, as the only security for the preservation of social order. But it is not only contradicted by that sound knowledge of human nature, on which the art and science of government fundamentally rest, but by the unvarying testimony of history itself. So great is the disposition of mankind, not only to obey, but to admire, and almost to worship, their rulers, that Adam Smith has described it as a propensity, controuling some of the strongest and most important principles of our nature,—as the most powerful, in short, of all the causes which pervert the moral judgments of mankind. And if we accurately consult history, we shall have no hesitation in deciding, that for one evil which disobedience has brought upon mankind, there are tens of thousands to be traced to their slavish submission and acquiescence. What else is it that renders all the dreadful effects of misgovernment so permanent, in Turkey for example, and over all Asia? What renders them so permanent in Europe itself—but the passive disposition of mankind—a readiness, a willingness to obey, far too great for the good of the human race, and which it will be one of the happiest effects of advancing civilization to diminish? When disobedience produces evil; how transient, for the most part, and how insignificant are its effects? But when we contemplate the extent of misery which is spread over the earth, by the gross and disgusting abuses which are propagated from age to age, through the servile and passive obedience of mankind, the heart sickens at the view. In one word, the evils of disobedience are the errors of talent, courage, and activity;—those of submission, the natural fruits of stupidity, cowardice, and neglect.

We shall produce another passage from the work we have just quoted, because it comes upon the very ground of the present discussion,—that which belongs to the liberty of the press. In the scheme of expedients which M. Constant proposes for bringing culpable ministers to judgment, *publicity of discussion* is included.

'On allègue,' he says, 'contre cette publicité, trois objections spécieuses. Les secrets de l'Etat, dit-on, seront mis à la merci d'un orateur imprudent. L'honneur des Ministres sera compromis par des accusations hasardées. Enfin, ces accusations, lors même qu'elles seront prouvées fausses, n'en auront pas moins donné à l'opinion un ébranlement dangereux.

'Les secrets de l'Etat ne sont pas en aussi grand nombre, qu'aime à l'affirmer le charlatanisme, ou que l'ignorance aime à le croire,

Le secret n'est guère indispensable que dans quelques circonstances rares et momentanées, pour quelque expédition militaire, par exemple, ou pour quelque alliance décisive, à une époque de crise. Dans tous les autres cas, l'autorité ne veut le secret que pour agir sans contradiction, et la plupart du temps, après avoir agi, elle regrette la contradiction qui l'auroit éclairée.

' Mais dans les cas où le secret est vraiment nécessaire, les questions qui sont du ressort de la responsabilité ne tendent point à le divulguer. Car elles ne sont débattues, qu'apres que l'objet qui les a fait naitre est devenu public.

' Le droit de paix et de guerre, la conduite des opérations militaires, celle des négociations, la conclusion des traités, appartiennent au pouvoir exécutif. Ce n'est qu'après qu'une guerre a été entreprise, qu'on peut rendre les Ministres responsables de la légitimité de cette guerre. * Ce n'est qu'après qu'une expédition a réussi ou manqué, qu'on peut en demander compte au Ministre. Ce n'est qu'après qu'un traité a été conclu, qu'on peut examiner le contenu de ce traité.

' Les discussions ne s'établissent donc que sur des questions déjà connues. Elles ne divulguent aucun fait. Elles placent seulement des faits publics sous un nouveau point de vue.

' L'honneur des Ministres, loin d'exiger que les accusations intentées contre eux soient enveloppées de mystère, exige plutôt impérieusement que l'examen se fasse au grand jour. Un Ministre, justifié dans le secret, n'est jamais complétement justifié. Les accusations ne sauroient être ignorées. Le mouvement qui les dicte porte inévitablement ceux qui les intentent à les révéler. Mais, révélées ainsi dans des conversations vagues, elles prennent toute la gravité que la passion cherche à leur donner. La vérité n'est pas admise à les réfuter. Vous n'empêchez pas l'accusateur de parler, vous empechez seulement qu'on ne lui réponde. Les ennemis du Ministre profitent du voile qui couvre ce qui est, pour accrediter ce qui n'est pas. Une explication publique et complète, où les organes de la nation auroient éclairé la nation entière, sur la conduite du Ministre dénonce, eut prouvé peut être à la fois leur modération et son innocence. Une discussion secrete laisse planer sur lui l'accusation qui n'est repoussée que par une enquête mystérieuse, et peser sur eux l'apparence de la connivence, de la foiblesse ou de la complicité.

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* Je m'attends que parmi nous, qui avions perdu, depuis l'assemblée constituante, jusqu'à la restauration, toute idée d'une discussion libre, et qui considérions une minorité indépendante, comme une réunion de révoltés, l'examen de la légitimité ou de la conduite d'une guerre, tandis qu'elle continue, paroîtra fort alarmant. L'ardeur de la nation sera découragée, diront des hommes timides, et certes il eût été heureux pour la France que ses Représentans eussent pu examiner la légitimité de l'entreprise d'Espagne ou de celle de Russie, lorsque nos troupes étoient encore à Madrid et à Moscou.

' C'est faute de bien apprecier notre situation actuelle que nous nous épouvantons en France des déclamations inconsidérées, et des accusations sans fondement. Ces choses s'usent d'elles-mêmes, se décréditent, et cessent enfin, par le seul effet de l'opinion qui les juge et les flétrit. Elles ne sont dangereuses que sous le despotisme, ou dans les démagogies, sans contre-poids constitutionnel : sous le despotisme, parce qu'en circulant malgré lui, elles participent de la faveur de tout ce qui lui est opposé ; dans les démagogies, parce que tous les pouvoirs étant réunis et confondus comme sous le despotisme, quiconque s'en empare, en subjuguant la foule par la parole, est maître absolu. C'est le despotisme sous un autre nom. Mais quand les pouvoirs sont balancés, et qu'ils se contiennent l'un par l'autre, la parole n'a point cette influence rapide et immodérée.

' Il y a aussi en Angleterre, dans la Chambre des Communes, des déclamateurs et des hommes turbulens. Qu'arrive-t-il ? Ils parlent; on ne les écoute pas, et ils se taisent. L'intérêt qu'attache une assemblée à sa propre dignité, lui apprend à réprimer ses membres, sans qu'il soit besoin d'étouffer leur voix. Le public se forme de même à l'appréciation des harangues violentes et des accusations mal fondées. Laissez-lui faire son éducation. Il faut qu'elle se fasse. L'interrompre, ce n'est que la retarder. Veillez, si vous le croyez indispensable, sur les résultats immediats. Que la loi prévienne les troubles: mais dites-vous bien que la publicité est le moyen le plus infaillible de les prévenir. Elle met de votre parti la majorité nationale, qu'autrement vous auriez à réprimer, peut-être à combattre. Cette majorité vous seconde. Vous avez la raison pour auxiliaire. Mais pour obtenir ce puissant auxiliaire, il ne faut pas le tenir dans l'ignorance, il faut au contraire l'éclairer.

' Voulez-vous être sûr qu'un peuple sera paisible ? Dites lui sur ses intérêts tout ce que vous pouvez lui dire. Plus il en saura, plus il jugera sainement et avec calme. Il s'effraie de ce qu'on lui cache, et il s'irrite de son effroi. ' p. 50—55.

This is too well said, and too exactly applicable to the subject we are now discussing, to admit of any commentary of ours. Upon one remarkable topic, however, it is worth while to consider, how much the doctrine of M. Constant is at variance with that of our English legal authorities.—A due regard to the honour or reputation of ministers is one of the principal sources of objection to the liberty of the press. ' As the ma-' gistrate, ' says one of our most recent writers on the law of libel, * ' is the servant of the law, it peculiarly becomes the ' law to support itself, in the safety and due honour of the per-' sons of its ministers. Every system of law, therefore, has al-' ways regarded slander or libel against magistrates as more

* Francis Holt Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law, p. 155.

'immediately directed against its own authority. The law of 'England adopts both the reason and the practice.'

The reasonings of M. Constant, however, take, as we have seen, a very different view of the matter. To restrain the publicity of discussion, in favour of a minister, is not, according to him, to assert, but to impeach his honour. It is, in effect, to declare that his conduct cannot bear a scrutiny. What though a minister may thus be unjustly accused? The accusation may be shown to be groundless; and then the attention of the public is more strongly fixed upon his merit. No restrictions upon the publicity of discussion can prevent the generation of discontent; for one minister is beloved, and another hated, in the most despotic and incurious countries upon earth, where the liberty of the press and its abuses are equally unknown.

But what is meant by the honour of ministers, if not the opinions which are entertained of their conduct? Will discussion make those opinions more unfavourable to ministers, taken generally, and upon the whole? The very reverse may be confidently affirmed. Discussion unveils the truth. If it produces opinions more unfavourable to the bad minister, that is, if it detract from *his* honour; it produces opinions more favourable to the good minister; and, by driving bad men from the helm, tends to leave there none but such as may both deserve and receive esteem. Nothing is more clear to reason, than that all restrictions upon the press are useful only to bad ministers. Nothing can be so injurious to good ministers, generally speaking, as to be deprived of the means of being distinguished from the bad; and nothing so effectually deprives them of that inestimable advantage, as doing any thing to prevent the character of bad ministers from being most fully made known.

It is hardly possible that, in any case whatsoever, a minister can sustain any real injury, that is, injustice, by the press. If accused by the press, it is open for his defence. No man has naturally the power of commanding its services to so great an extent. A poor man who has not the means of circulating, and giving publicity to his defence, may sustain very cruel injuries by the press, unless the law makes due provision for his case. The man of wealth and power is in no such danger. A minister, in particular, is in general very sure of receiving by the press a much greater portion of praise than of blame. For one accuser, he may count upon having at least two defenders. This will not, indeed, enable him to overthrow the evidence of his own misconduct; and happy it is, that it cannot. But it will enable him to disseminate just opinions of that conduct; for 'Truth,' where it has equal treatment, 'is great, and will prevail.'

Such are M. Constant's opinions—and such also are ours.—Mr Holt's, indeed, are different—and it may be worth while to look a little closer at the reasoning by which he defends them. It is a little alarming at first sight to find, that it is all founded on a metaphor. He is pleased to represent Law as a person; and talks of law doing this, and doing that, when law is essentially passive, and can do nothing. He then says, 'the magistrate is the servant of the law;'—which is not true; for the magistrate is the servant of the people; and the law is only the system of rules by which they have appointed him to act. He says, 'it peculiarly becomes the law to support itself.' This we do not pretend to understand:—but it is to support itself, it seems, 'in the safety and due honour of the persons of its ministers.' That is, if we must guess at a meaning, that the men who make, and the men who administer law, should pay 'due honour' to *themselves*;—by strictly prohibiting and punishing all censure of their conduct! Even with the help of the metaphor, we cannot think this reasoning absolutely conclusive. If magistrates were literally the servants of the law, we cannot help thinking that it might be proper to point out their faults;—because a very good master may have a very bad servant, whom it may be the greatest benefit to the master to expose, to bring to shame and punishment. It may happen, we believe it very often does happen, that the law has servants, if such we must call its ministers, of this description; and that nothing can be of greater service to its cause, than to allow criticism, in the full exercise of all its powers, to find them out, and make them perfectly known.

The same arguments which expose the unsoundness of the pleas against freedom of discussion, drawn from the honour due to magistrates, are equally demonstrative of the unsoundness of those which are drawn from the supposed agitation of the public mind. It is only to the abuse of the powers of government, that the utmost freedom and publicity of discussion are formidable. The beneficent exercise of those powers has every thing to hope, and nothing to apprehend from discussion. But the great difficulty on all this question is, not to silence objections, which are all abundantly weak and frivolous, but to mitigate fears. Many people continue to be afraid of ghosts, long after their reason has been satisfied by the proofs of their nonexistence—and there are other phantoms in a similar predicament.

Nothing can be much weaker than to suppose that the open and unreserved discussion of public measures, is the chief or most dangerous cause of the agitations to which the minds of a people are occasionally liable. The truth is, that such agitations,

when carried to any considerable extent, are of very rare occurrence; and all history bears testimony to the remark which M. Constant draws from the principles of human nature, that these agitations are most dangerous, where the people have the least chance of being correctly informed. 'On ne conjure point les dangers, en les derobant aux regards. Ils s'augmentent, au contraire, de la nuit dont on les entoure. Les objets se grossissent au sein des tenebres. Tout paroit dans l'ombre hostile et gigantesque.'

From history we learn: First, that the countries in which the liberty of the press has, in any tolerable degree been ever enjoyed, are solely and exclusively some of the *protestant* countries of modern Europe, with the remarkable addition of the protestant United States of America: And, secondly, that in the whole world these are the countries in which the evils of agitation have been least felt, and least apprehended.—Reason, and experience are, in his case, therefore, obviously and undeniably combined.

The whole doctrine of alarm indeed is founded upon this most palpably absurd and extravagant assumption, that discussion has a tendency to mislead; that when people hear both sides of a question, fairly and fully, they are most likely to form erroneous conclusions; and that when they are best informed, they will act the most absurdly. Unless this can be maintained, however, it seems obvious to us, that it is ridiculous to talk *now* of the dangers of popular discussion. For many ages, indeed, the champions of authority maintained boldly, that the people had no business to form conclusions at all about the mode in which they were governed: that if they were permitted to form conclusions upon such subjects, the business of government would become impracticable, and the world would be lost in confusion. There was consistency, at all events, in this plea; but, unfortunately, the actual progress of civilization makes it no longer tenable. It is admitted on all hands, that unless the people have liberty to form conclusions respecting their government, the government will certainly convert itself into an instrument of oppression, and will degrade and corrupt its subjects. But if it be good that the people should form conclusions respecting their government, how extravagant is the task undertaken by the advocates of restriction! How absurd the attempt to show, that if the people ought to form conclusions, they ought to be deprived of the means of forming correct ones!

That the people should have wrong, rather than right notions of their government, will scarcely be openly stated as a thing to be desired by any class of persons. In reality, however, we be-

lieve it to be the desire of all who, having an interest in the abuses of a bad government, wish to see those abuses perpetual. There are two ways in which a whole people may form erroneous opinions of their government. They may either reckon a bad government better than it is, or they may reckon a good government worse. Of the former error there is so much danger, that it may be regarded as the habitual state of the human mind. Of the latter there is so little danger, that we question whether a single instance of it can be pointed out in the history of mankind.

As all governments have hitherto been very imperfect, there has been a perpetual anxiety in those who were vested with power, to make the people think them better than they really were: to deceive them, in short, in this way, to the greatest possible extent. The motives for this kind of misrepresentation are as obvious as the fact itself is undeniable: But it is not easy to imagine what manner of persons they must be, whose interest it is to make a good government appear worse than it is. That they cannot be numerous, therefore, is obvious. They must either consist of those who expect to be entrusted with undue powers of government, if they can persuade the people to a distaste of the principles of freedom; or of plunderers, who hope to enrich themselves during a period of confusion. In the former class alone, can there be a shadow of danger. The latter, essentially impotent in almost every state of society, must, under a good government, have neither numbers nor power. It is a great truth, therefore, which can never be sufficiently pressed upon the attention of mankind, that almost the only persons who can have any interest in filling the minds of the people with false notions of their government, are the persons actually entrusted with its powers: and consequently it is against *their* representations, that an enlightened care for the interests of human nature will dictate the strongest precautions.

But if it be desirable that the people should hold sound opinions on the subject of their government, it follows, by undeniable consequence, that they should enjoy free discussion—in other words, the unlimited use of the press. Whatever is taken from that unlimited use, is just so much added to the means of deception. Whatever is taken from this liberty, is all taken from one side:—it is all taken from the power of expressing blame. The other side, of course, obtains a false and unfair preponderance. Those who have an interest in deceiving the people into the mischievous belief that their government is better than it is, have the most unbounded liberty; those who would expose the delusion, and make known the vices and defects of the government, are alone

restricted. What is this, but securing to the depositaries of power an instrument of imposture—admitting, at once, that there is an intention to deceive, and that deception is necessary?

This short and conclusive reasoning can be apparently evaded only in one way; by the assumption which we have already mentioned, that discussion is calculated to produce, not correct, but erroneous notions of government. It is really not a little singular, that an assumption so contrary to all reason and all experience, should be supposed to admit of discussion in such an age as the present.

Two other assumptions are made for its support. In the first place, the people are very malignant to their rulers, and always disposed to resist them: In the next place, they are very ignorant. We answer, that the first of these is directly contrary to the fact; the fault of the people being to repose far too easy and too implicit a confidence in those who assume authority over them:—And to the second we reply, that if the people are ignorant, we have only to give them the inestimable advantage of discussion, equally free on both sides, and they will be ignorant no longer. This, however, leads to the solution of the whole mystery. So long as rulers can prohibit free discussion, it is their interest to retain the people in ignorance and stupidity; because the purpose is, to deceive them. When free discussion has place, it is the interest of rulers that the people should see clearly, and be incapable of being deceived. This advantage is unspeakable. Because, then, the powers of government will be employed, not in resisting the instruction of the people, but in promoting it, with their irresistible efficacy. The people will receive the best possible education; the best possible books will be provided for them; erroneous opinions will meet with their best antidote and check—a prompt and skilful reply, effectually circulated and made known. In this manner, it is undeniably certain, that the freedom of the press affords a complete remedy for its own diseases; or, to speak more truly, it thus appears, that what have been called the diseases of the press, are but fictions in the mouths of those who have an interest in defaming it.

There is another view in which the very practice of free discussion obviates the dangers which have been ascribed to it. Stimulants lose their efficacy by familiar use. When a people, long held in chains and darkness first hear the language of censure on their government or governors, they may be surprised and agitated. Let them become familiar with it, and they will hear it with the indifference of a daily event. At first they may be disposed to believe, that every censure on government is true; as children at first believe the truth of every thing which

they are told. Afford them but a short experience of the chances of falsehood or error in the censures bestowed upon government, and they will meet every censure with scepticism, till probable grounds of belief are presented to their minds.

It is an impressive fact, that wherever there is least experience of free discussion, there the greatest readiness is found to expect from it evil effects. The French, it seems, tremble at the thoughts of free discussion, even in a judicial or legislative assembly; and M. Constant finds it necessary to adduce the example of England to encourage them. There is violent and even turbulent declamation, he assures us, in the two English houses of Parliament.

'Qu'arrive-t-il? Ils parlent; on ne les ecoute pas; et ils se tairent. Le public se forme à l'appreciation des harangues violentes, et des accusations mal fondées. Laissez lui faire son education. Il faut qu'elle se tasse. L'interrompre, ce n'est que la retarder. Veillez, si vous le croyez indispensable, sur les resultats immediats. Que la loi previenne les troubles: mais dites-vous bien, que la publicité est le moyen le plus infaillible de les prevenir. Elle met de votre parti la majorité nationale, qu'autrement vous auriez à reprimer, peut être à combattre. Cette majorité vous seconde. Vous avez la raison pour auxiliaire. Mais pour obtenir ce puissant auxiliaire, il ne faut pas le tenir dans l'ignorance, il faut au contraire l'eclairer. Voulez vous etre sur qu'un peuple sera paisible? Dites lui sur ses interêts tout ce que vous pouvez lui dire. Plus il en saura, plus il jugera sainement et avec calme. Il s'effraie de ce qu'on lui tache, et il s'irrite de son effroi.'

These observations are so just, that they recommend themselves to the conviction of every man who hears them; and so comprehensive, that they leave no room for any farther explanation. Suppose that the expression of blame by the press is allowed, in its greatest latitude, both with respect to persons and things, and suppose that it is abused to the frequent expression of undue blame, it is a most indubitable fact, *que le public se forme à l'appreciation des accusations mal fondées;* that as soon as false accusations become common, they immediately cease to be of any importance; and the chief mischief which they occasion is the very reverse of that which the enemies of the press hold up to dread. They render it of little consequence to be accused; and lessen the first impressions which are made, by the best founded imputations of guilt.

When doctrines which lay as solid, and as broad a foundation for the liberty of the press, as those which we have quoted from the work of M. Constant, are published in the most popular works of the time; and when the people have fairly had the experience of so considerable a degree of that liberty, as has in fact existed in France during several months, we do trust, and with

some confidence, that the impulse towards it in the public mind is too powerful to be subdued; and that even the return of the Bourbons, with augmented powers to spread the reign of darkness, will not be altogether able to prevent the multiplication and circulation of useful books.

If it should happen, that a family, claiming to hold its sovereign powers, not by the will of the people, but hereditary and indefeasible right; a family regarding every thing which it permits the people to enjoy as the effect of its grace and bounty, not part of that which the people ought to claim—and, if it is withheld, to take—be again seated on the throne of that great country by the bayonets of a confederacy of sovereigns, there will certainly be great reason to fear, that almost every restriction which law and government can maintain, will be imposed upon the freedom of the press in France. Our hopes, therefore, are placed in what the state of the public mind may produce, in spite of law and of government. It formerly produced considerable results, in opposition to both; and we have reason to conclude that it is still more strengthened and enlightened at the present, than at any preceding period.

In other respects, however, the situation of Europe, we fear, is less favourable to this, or any other species of freedom. In former times, Holland was a republic; and enjoyed a press that was eminently free. From the press of Holland issued books, composed in France and other countries in which they durst not have appeared, and thence made their way into every quarter of Europe. This was an advantage of unspeakable importance. Holland, by the power of the confederated sovereigns, who seem so eager to help all the world to kings, has been constrained to receive a king; and, under him, it is scarcely to be expected that the same liberty will be indulged. Germany, too, was formerly divided into a great number of little states. A book, which could not be printed in one of them, might often be printed in another. The free cities allowed great liberties to the press; and, upon the whole, the circulation of useful truth was considerably favoured in all that mighty empire. There is no chance whatever that any such facilities will be granted under the arrangements which may be ultimately made by the Sovereigns of the Congress of Vienna. Of all the ancient resources for the free expression of thought, on the Continent of Europe, Geneva alone appears to be reserved. But what powers of aiding this great cause, even she may be allowed to exercise, yet remains to be seen.

Under all the circumstances of the case, we cannot find reason to hope that the progress of the human mind will be very

rapid during the years that are first to ensue. It will not, however, it may be easily foreseen, be either stationary or quiet; and never again will it wear its shackles with contentment. Arrangements, almost all unfavourable to human nature, may, in the present state of affairs, be expected to be made. But they will produce dissatisfaction, and, in the end, an irresistible desire of change. Henceforth, too, changes will be more easily effected. The superstitious reverence for princes and men of authority, is prodigiously weakened over all the civilized world. What is bad in governments will not much longer have any thing but the bayonet for its support; and, under the state of preparation, which, in the more cultivated parts of Europe, the human mind has attained, it seems not much to be dreaded, that any set of arrangements which shall deprive it of the liberty of the press, will be of long duration. It is hard to tell how soon events may open a way for its triumphant establishment.

In our preceding reflections, we have sometimes expressed ourselves concerning the unlimited use of the press, in language which appears to ourselves to require restriction. We are far from meaning to say, that the press can never be employed for a bad purpose, or that such employments of it should not be repressed.

The press is merely an instrument of speech; and, as speech may be employed for the perpetration of almost every species of crime, so may the press. It may be used to effect a murder or a theft, or any other atrocity; and it is unquestionably necessary to repress these crimes, whatever instrument is used in their commission. Yet it would be something worse than affected, to call any of these crimes by the name of an abuse of the press. It would be just as proper to call a murder, perpetrated with a knife, an abuse of the knife; and to make a law, accordingly, to punish abuses of the knife. The rational course is, to define all crimes correctly, according to their nature and object, and to provide for their punishment, without regard to the manner of their perpetration. When this is done, there will be a law to restrain the abuses of the press, without so much as articulating its name. On the other hand, a law to restrain the abuses of the press, must obviously include a repetition of the whole criminal code.

Nevertheless, there are a few species of acts generally, in modern Europe, treated as crimes, of which the press may be considered as the natural or peculiar instrument. These may all be classed under the general description of unfavourable representation. The objects in respect to which unfavourable representation, whether true or false, whether deserved or undeserved,

has been treated as a crime, are, 1. The religion of the country; 2. Its political institutions; 3. Its political functionaries; 4. The character of individuals.

1. With respect to religion;—its most zealous, able, and successful defenders, have condemned the law which makes it a crime to speak or to write in opposition to it. Dr Campbell, in particular, the acute and admired antagonist of Mr Hume, deprecates the interference of the magistrate, which, he says, casts a greater slur upon religion, than all the efforts of its enemies; and implies, as strongly as acts can imply, that, in the field of argument, it despairs of victory. 'No,' says that liberal-minded man, in the genuine language of sincerity and conviction; 'if I thought that Christianity had any occasion for the 'chains and stripes of the magistrate, to make it maintain itself 'in the minds of men, it should be no religion of mine.' To the same purpose speaks a man, not distinguished for mildness towards his controversial opponents—Bishop Warburton, who makes but one exception, relative to the weapons of ridicule. He was not afraid of argument against Christianity—he was only afraid of laughter; but surely without a cause. If any opinions are sure of victory on the side of argument, they are sure of victory with all the rational part of mankind, whom, sooner or later, if they have no interest to the contrary, the rest always follow. Besides, if ridicule would be strong against Christianity, it would be still stronger against its antagonists; because false reasoning is naturally ridiculous—sound reasoning the reverse.

It is surely unnecessary to remark upon the scandal which must ever rest on that species of justice which lets Hume and Gibbon pass with impunity, and brings ruin upon a man like the author of *Ecce Homo*. A law which cannot be executed impartially, is radically unfit to be executed at all. We pass slightly the offences of the press against public morals, by which, in this instance, sexual delicacy is almost exclusively meant, because we think it comparatively of little importance whether they are punished by the magistrate or not. It is proper, however, to observe, that the books in this respect the most dangerous, that is, the most seductive, are not susceptible of punishment. And it is undeniably true, that, against indecent publications, the sanction of popular sentiment is the best, and, in the long-run, the only restraint. It is not because the law punishes the printing of such works, but because it is disreputable to be found with them, that they are so little seen in this country.

2. On representations unfavourable to the political institutions of the country, the language of English lawyers, and even of English judges, does not seem to us to be perfectly consistent with itself. The right of free discussion, they say, is the birthright of Englishmen; it is the most valuable, perhaps, of all his privileges; for on this they allow that every security for good government depends. But the right of free discussion implies that of unfavourable representation,—an exhibition of the arguments on both sides, and as little restrained on the one side as on the other.

It is, therefore, the language of lawyers, that unfavourable representation with regard to the institutions of government, ought to be free. But it is also their language, that it ought to be altogether prohibited, and subject to some of the severest penalties of the law.

We quote Mr Holt, both because his work is one of the latest, and because it has been applauded by Lord Ellenborough on the bench, as a transcript of his own sentiments, on this most important topic of law. Observe what he says in praise of the right of unfavourable representation.

'Our constitution, in fact, as it at present exists, is almost entirely, under Providence, the fruit of a free press. It was this 'which awakened the minds of men from that apathy, in which 'ignorance of their rights, and of the duties of their rulers, left 'them. It was by these means, that moral and religious knowledge, the foundation of all liberty, was refracted, multiplied, 'and circulated; and, instead of existing in masses, and in the 'single points of schools and universities, was rendered the common atmosphere in which we all live and breathe. It was from 'the press that originated, what is, in fact, the main distinction 'of the ancient and modern world,—public opinion. A single 'question will be sufficient to put the importance of this subject 'in the strongest point of view. In the present state of knowledge and manners, is it possible that a Nero or Tiberius should 'be suffered to live or reign?' *

Here, such unfavourable representations, as produced the greatest changes both in Church and State,—the reformation of religion, and the glorious Revolution of 1688, are highly applauded; nay, such unfavourable representations, as would tumble a bad king from his throne, or even deprive him of life.

Consider next, however, the words in which he informs us, that, according to the law of England, all such representations are prohibited, and exposed to the severest punishment.

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* Holt on the Law of Libel, p. 40.

'It is a maxim of the law of England, to consider as libels 'and misdemeanours, every species of attack, by speaking or 'writing, the object of which is wantonly to defame, or inde- 'corously to calumniate, that economy, order, and constitution 'of things, which make up the general system of the law and 'government of the country.'†

That which is the system of the country, be it what it may, bad as well as good, is of course the object of this restriction. It is qualified, to be sure, by the epithets *wanton* defamation—*indecorous* calumny. But what do these words mean? Do they mean false and undeserved?—Far from it. According to English law,—the greater the truth, the greater the libel. 'Wantonly to defame,' and 'indecorously to calumniate,' therefore, are mere rhetorical flourishes; and the meaning, and the fact is, that the political institutions of the country, to what pitch soever corrupt and mischievous, must not be spoken of with truth, where the truth is calculated 'to despoil them of their best support—the veneration, esteem, and affection of the people.'

On this topic, the language of Mr Holt is very unequivocal. 'If' a writer, 'forgetting the wholesome respect which is due 'to *authority*, and to the maintenance of *every system*, proposes 'to reform the evils of the state, by lessening the reverence for 'the laws; the law, under such circumstances, considers him as 'abusing, to the purposes of anarchy, what it has given him for 'the purposes of defence.'

Thus, it is not a *good* system, merely, that is entitled to respect; but *every system*, be it the most atrocious that ever oppressed and degraded mankind. 'To reform the evils of the 'state, the reverence for the laws must not be lessened.' But of all the evils of a state, bad laws are themselves the greatest. Must the reverence for bad laws not be lessened? Then how can they ever be removed?

We cannot agree then with Mr Holt—nor with the reasons of the law of England, as he has expounded them; nor have we left ourselves room to indicate more than the most general principles upon which we think a just code might be founded.

It is a principle which now may be regarded as established, that free discussion on subjects of government, is of the highest possible utility. In this it is incontrovertibly implied, that the truth may be spoken. But who is to judge what is truth? The magistrate will not entrust the function to any but himself; or, which is the same thing, those over whom he has influence. But to the magistrate, of all the men in the state, it can with

† Ib. p. 74.

least safety be entrusted, because he, of all men, has the greatest interest to discharge his trust unfaithfully. Allow *him* to decide what, in political discussion is truth, and to punish what he denominates falsehood;—and nothing will be truth, except doctrines favourable to the increase of his power, till it is absolute,—and its stability, when that fatal end is attained.

No; in this part of the field of legislation, there is no middle path. There is no possible means of obtaining truth, but through permission of error. That method is infallible; because it is a fact, confirmed by the experience of all ages, that when truth combats with error on even ground, it is sure of victory.

Nor is there any great danger in permitting the most unreserved discussion on the institutions of government. No apprehension is more ungrounded, than that of inconsiderate changes, as the consequence. Every thing which is established, every thing to which the people have been accustomed, commands, for that reason, an attachment too strong, rather than too weak. On all occasions where there is not a strong interest in propagating the contrary belief, we recognize the universality of this fact, in some of the strongest terms of language. We talk of the people, as *wedded* to their customs; and men of all descriptions who have occasion to employ them in new modes of operation, invariably complain of their attachment to ancient usages, as one of the greatest difficulties which they have to overcome. This attachment, as we might naturally anticipate, is not less strongly manifested in the case of their laws, than of any other customs whatsoever. Whence comes it, that it is such an act of cruelty in a conqueror to despoil a people of their laws? Whence the applause which has been bestowed upon the Roman policy, of leaving unchanged the laws of the nations whom they subdued? Whence—but that a people's laws, though inferior to those with which they might be furnished in their stead, are almost always among the dearest objects of their partiality and affection? In fact, it is upon their attachment to the laws—to that system, in short, of social order, to which they have been habituated—that their love of their country in a great measure depends.

At present we can pursue this important subject no farther. In what we have stated, we have furnished hints, at least, towards the formation of sounder notions than those which we lament to think are the most common in the minds of our countrymen. The result is, that discussion ought to be as little restricted in treating of the instruments and modes of government, as in treating of the instruments and modes of agriculture; that in the former case, the advantage is infinitely greater if it pos-

sess liberty—the mischief infinitely greater if it is deprived of it; and that there is no danger in either case.

3. Political functionaries act in two capacities. They act as instruments of government: and they act as private individuals. Acting in their capacity of private individuals, they come under the next head of discourse. In their character of instruments of government, the same reasonings apply to them, which apply to the institutions of government. You cannot have the benefits of free discussion, you cannot have the benefits of truth in regard to the affairs of government by any other means than by permitting the utmost latitude o. unfavourable representation with regard to the public conduct of public men. As to any public danger arising from this liberty, the same reasonings which showed the apprehension of it to be utterly unfounded in the case of the institutions, apply equally to that of the living instruments of government. To these reasonings we must be contented here to refer. With regard to the pain of the individual, it is, in the first place, to be observed, that he has compensation in the pleasures and other advantages of his high situation. In the next place, it is never to be forgotten, that he possesses, in a far greater degree than any other individual, the means of exposing the falsehood of every unjust representation of his conduct; so that he can very rarely suffer any permanent disadvantage from any thing but the truth; from which, as often as it is against him, it is for the interest of the state that he should be the most effectually open to suffer.

If it be asked, why we propose not, in this case, to punish falsehood? our answer is at hand. There is, in the case of the instruments, as in that of the institutions of government, no arbiter of truth and falsehood, except public opinion, to which, with any chance of safety, the decision can be submitted; and to public opinion it may be committed, with a firm assurance that justice, with few aberrations, will be done. One observation on this head may suffice. The crimes, of which, in a free state, a minister or chief magistrate is most likely to be guilty, and against which it is of the greatest importance that the people should be kept in a state of unremitting vigilance, are acts tending to the increase of his power, and the diminution of their securities for good government. But it is evident, that on a subject of this general nature, no defineable boundary between truth and falsehood can beforehand be traced; nor is there any tribunal, except that of public opinion, to which the question can be referred. If any crime is imputed to a minister, or other magistrate, in regard to which the line between truth and falsehood can be accurately drawn, there is no objec-

tion to the punishment of falsehood:—if he is accused, for example, of purloining public money, or of conveying intelligence to the enemy; though, in such cases, the crime may rather be considered as that of the individual than the magistrate. Even, however, in such cases as these, it is often so very difficult to detect the crimes of magistrates, and always of so much importance that the people should be rapidly warned of them, that it ought, perhaps, to be a justification of the author of the warning, if he can show that he had probable grounds for the belief of his accusation, though it may be in the power of the party who is the object of it, to show that it was undeserved.

4. In the case of private individuals, that is, of men entrusted with none of the powers of government, there is no such importance attached to the publicity of their conduct, as to render it necessary that the same degree of liberty should be secured. No instance at this moment presents itself, in which, with regard to them, the obligation of proving the truth of every charge preferred by the press, might not be imposed—and punishment meet for the offence inflicted, in case of falsehood. Instances are not few, in which the publication, even of truth, in regard to private individuals, is calculated to give pain without any direct and immediate advantage,—and in which, of course, it would be desireable to restrain it. At the same time, it ought to be recollected that the general benefit arising from the unlimited power of expressing truth, is an advantage of infinite importance to the cause of morality and good order. Under what a security for good conduct—what an inducement to be on their guard against disreputable behaviour of every kind—would men act, if acting under a perpetual conviction, that all concealment was impossible, and that every part of their conduct was sure of being disclosed to public view? This would be equivalent to that window in the breast, the want of which the ancients considered as the grand defect in the formation of man. The reign of morality will never be very brilliant till something like this is attained. Whether any defalcation from the liberty of publishing truth, in favour of private individuals in particular cases, can be made, without a diminution of those still more important advantages, is one of the problems on this point of legislation which remains to be solved.—From any farther prosecution of the subject, however, we are at present obliged to abstain.

ART VI. 1. *An Essay on the Nature and Advantages of Parish Banks; together with a Corrected Copy of the Rules and Regulations of the Parent Institution in Ruthwell: And Directions for Conducting the Details of Business, Forms showing the Method of Keeping the Accounts, &c. &c. &c.* By the Reverend HENRY DUNCAN, Minister of Ruthwell, Dumfries-shire. Edinburgh, 1815.

2. *A Short Account of the Edinburgh Savings Bank: containing Directions for Establishing similar Banks, with the Mode of keeping the Accounts, and conducting the Details of Business.* Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1815.

3. *Report of the Committee appointed by the Highland Society of Scotland, to consider what is the best Mode of Forming Institutions of the Nature of Savings Banks, for receiving the Deposites of Labourers and others.* Printed by desire of the Society. Edinburgh, 1815.

IT is among the first duties, we think, of all widely-circulated journals, to give publicity to every scheme of practical utility that touches the interests of any considerable class of our fellow-creatures—however insignificant it may appear in the eyes of mere literati or politicians. It is no doubt by the suffrages of these more intellectual beings that the power of giving publicity is conferred; but its best use is in striving to do good to the great mass of the community; and we would, at any time, leave out the most taking article in our Number to make room for the most homely directions for increasing the comforts of the labourers and peasantry of our country.

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we take this early opportunity of laying before our readers some account of the important institutions described in these three pamphlets; and, at the same time, of pointing out certain arrangements, which have been either adopted or proposed by some projectors, but which we conceive to be not only unnecessary, but hurtful. The institution has been already reduced to practice, with very happy effects, in several parts of Scotland; and it is with great pleasure we add, that, in our own city of Edinburgh, it is now flourishing in a form which appears to be as simple and perfect as possible. The particulars are detailed in the second pamphlet, which, we are happy to find, has so far engaged the public attention, that a second edition was called for within the short space of three weeks from its first publication.

The object is, to open to the lower orders a place of deposite

for their small savings, with the allowance of a reasonable monthly interest, and with full liberty of withdrawing their money at any time, either in whole or in part—an accommodation which it is impracticable for the ordinary banks to furnish. Such an establishment has been called a *Savings Bank.* *

The Edinburgh Savings Bank receives any sum which is not less than one shilling. But when the deposites of any person have amounted to 10*l.* (which is the smallest sum received by an ordinary bank), he is presented with an interest note of a great banking-house for that amount, the Savings Bank being still ready to take in his small deposites as before. This we think a most important arrangement, on two accounts:—It simplifies very much the operations of the Savings Bank, restricting within narrow limits the sum for which it is accountable to any one contributor; and it gives to the contributor, for the greater part of his deposites, a security, which he will not be easily induced to exchange for so deliquescent an article as ready money.

It will occur, however, to most persons at first, that the keeping of the necessary books, and, above all, the calculations of interest for these trifling sums, must be insufferably troublesome and tedious. But we shall see immediately, that the judicious Directors of the Edinburgh Bank have reduced the whole system to be very simple, and easy in practice. In fact, three books are sufficient; the Ledger, the Interest-account, and the Cash-book.

The ledger contains the accounts of the bank with the several contributors. It is ruled in three columns. The first for the day of the month; the second for the sum deposited or withdrawn on that day; and the third for interest. When a contributor withdraws any money, his account is balanced by summing up his deposites, and deducting that money from the sum as it then stands; so that there is no need for a debit and credit side, as in the common form. Upon the same occasion, and likewise at the end of every year, the interest is calculated, and marked in the interest column. This calculation is performed very quickly, in consequence of the following arrangement. The contributor is allowed interest only for whole months, but not for any fraction of a month; and only for the sum whose monthly interest

* We are by no means pleased with this innovation in our language. If a bank for savings is to be called, not a Saving Bank, but a Savings Bank, then a warehouse for shoes, and a manufactory of pins, ought to be called a Shoes warehouse, and a Pins manufactory.

is one halfpenny, or for a multiple of that sum, but not for any fraction of it. The rate of interest, for example, in the Edinburgh Savings Bank, being 4 per cent. per annum, and the interest of 12s. 6d. at this rate being one halfpenny per month, the contributor is allowed monthly interest for 12s. 6d., or for 1*l.* 5s., or for 1*l.* 17s. 6d., or for any other multiple, but not for any fraction of 12s. 6d. It is obvious, that the calculation of interest, in this case, may be performed with the utmost ease and expedition. The pamphlet accordingly contains a table, showing the interest of 12s. 6d. and of its multiples, for any number of months not exceeding twelve. But we should think, that the only assistance which the calculator can wish for, is a table, showing merely the successive multiples of 12s. 6d., or of whatever else is the sum whose monthly interest is one halfpenny at the rate allowed by the Savings Bank. We shall see presently, that this rule for the allowance of interest serves another important purpose besides facility of calculation. At the end of the year, every account in the ledger is balanced; the unpaid interest due to each contributor is added to the amount of his deposites at the time; and the sum makes the first article of his account for the ensuing year. Such is the simple form of the ledger; which shows distinctly at any time how much the Bank is indebted to any contributor.

The Interest account consists of two parts; the one stating the interest which has been paid to any contributors, and the other stating the unpaid interest added to the accounts of the contributors at the end of the year. Each part has three columns: the first, containing the name of the person to whom the interest belongs; the second, the amount of his interest; and the third, the page where the account is to be found in the ledger. At the end of the year, the sums of interest in both parts are added together, forming the whole charge of interest which the Savings Bank has incurred; and this charge being deducted from the amount of interest allowed by the great house where the bank lodges the deposites, the remainder is the saving on interest. And as the bank allows no interest for fractions of a month, or for fractions of the sum whose monthly interest is one halfpenny, there will always be a saving, even when the rate of interest allowed to the contributors is the same with the rate allowed to the bank. It is the purpose of the interest account to ascertain the amount of this saving, which is applied to defray the expense of management. This expense has been, and we are persuaded always will be, very small. One hour in the week will in general be sufficient for a single person to receive and pay the money, and to enter the transactions in the books; it can

scarcely be doubted, that in every parish or district, there will be found several persons benevolent enough to perform this office gratuitously by turns; and it will be still easier to procure a room rent-free. Thus the only expense of management will be the purchase of stationary; and for this purpose the saving already described will be amply sufficient, without lowering the rate of interest allowed to the contributors. It may be supposed, indeed, that in particular situations, some expense may be incurred for transmitting occasionally to the Great House the money deposited in the Savings Bank. But we are persuaded, that in every case a safe and free conveyance will be furnished by the principal proprietors or inhabitants of the parish. In fact, much greater sums than such a Bank would have occasion to transmit at any one time, are every day carried to great distances by the mail-coaches, and even by the common carriers, quite safely, and at a very trifling expense.

With regard to the Cash book, we are not perfectly satisfied with the description which is given of it; for we wish it not only to show the amount of cash in the Savings Bank, but also to serve the important purpose of checking the account-current made out by the Great House. Suppose the cash-book to be kept in the following manner. On the debit side are entered the sums deposited by the contributors; and also the sums, if any such there be, which are received from the Great House by draughts, payable to the Savings Bank itself. On the credit side are entered the sums which are either lodged in the Great House, or paid to contributors who withdraw money. But if a contributor receives payment of any sum by a draught on the Great House, or by an interest note of that house, payable to himself, this sum is entered, first on the debit side, as money received from the Great House, and, secondly, on the credit side, as money paid to the contributor. Suppose, for example, that 10*l.* are paid to J. Reed, by giving him a draught on Sir William Forbes & Co., or an interest note of that house, payable to himself; this transaction is entered in the cash-book thus:

On the Debit side.

Received from Sir William Forbes & Co., by draught (or by interest note) payable to J. Reed, - - - L. 10 0 0

And on the Credit side.

Paid to J. Reed, by draught on (or by interest note of) Sir William Forbes & Co. - L. 10 0 0

In this manner every sum paid by the Great House, that is to

say, every article on the credit side of the account-current made out by the Great House, will be found on the debit side of the cash-book; and every sum paid into the Great House, that is to say, every article on the debit side of that account-current, will be found on the credit side of the cash-book. The only articles which will not be found in the cash-book, are the amount of interest allowed by the Great House at the end of the year, and the balance then due to the Savings Bank, and carried to its credit in the account-current for the ensuing year; but when every other article, with its date, is ascertained, we have all that is necessary for examining if the interest and balance are correctly stated. We observe, that the amount of the sums of interest, added to the accounts of the contributors, and also the amount of interest allowed by the Great House, are entered in the Edinburgh cash-book: but, after what has been said of the interest account, we do not think it worth while to make these entries, which would appear puzzling to persons who are little conversant in the art of book-keeping.

The Ledger, the Interest account, and the Cash-book, are the only books necessary to be kept in the Bank. But it is of the utmost importance that every contributor should possess a duplicate of his account in the Ledger; and in this duplicate, every sum which he either deposits or withdraws, is written in words, to prevent vitiation, and also in figures, for the convenience of addition: there is likewise a column for inserting the initials of the person in the Bank who receives or pays the money, and who makes the entry instantly in the duplicate. This duplicate is retained by the contributor himself; it is renewed every year, like the accounts in the Ledger, and is written on one side of a slip of paper, the other side containing a distinct statement of the conditions on which the deposites are received. The following is, with a small variation, the form of the statement used by the Edinburgh Bank, and may be quoted for a pattern.

'THE BANK FOR SAVINGS

'From the earnings of tradesmen, labourers, mechanics, servants, &c. is open every Monday in the Parliament Square, between 9 and 10 o'clock.

'No sum less than 1s. can be received. The money is to bear interest at four per cent. and to be repaid when desired.

'No interest will be allowed on any sum which is less than 12s. 6d. or which has not lain one month. Every additional sum of 12s. 6d. that may be lodged, will bear interest.

'Interest is to be calculated by months, as the calculation by days on such small sums, would be extremely troublesome, without any adequate advantage.'

Such is the excellent institution at Edinburgh, which we cannot help thinking is sufficiently recommended by being simply announced. It is proper, however, to add a few observations.

Before the establishment of any such institution, the lower orders had for many years shown how much they felt the want of it, by the eagerness with which they joined in those schemes of insurance commonly called Friendly Societies, and the strenuous exertions which the members generally made, and sometimes in opposition to great difficulties, for the regular payment of the requisite contributions. But, to the Friendly Societies, there are strong objections, which are well stated in the following passage of the judicious Report of the Committee to the Highland Society, (p. 3.)

'During the last century, a number of Friendly Societies have been established by the labourers in different parts of Great Britain, to enable them to make provision against want. The principle of these societies usually is, that the members pay certain stated sums periodically, from which an allowance is made to them upon sickness or old age, and to their families upon their death. These societies have done much good; but they are attended with some disadvantages. In particular, the frequent meetings of the members, occasion the loss of much time, and frequently of a good deal of money spent in entertainments. The stated payments must be regularly made; otherwise, after a certain time, the member (necessarily from its being in fact an insurance), loses the benefit of all that he has formerly paid. Nothing more than the stated payments can be made, however easily the member might be able at the moment to add a little to his store. Frequently the value of the chances on which the societies are formed, is ill calculated; in which case either the contributors do not receive an equivalent for their payments, or too large an allowance is given at first, which brings on the bankruptcy of the institution. Frequently the sums are embezzled by artful men, who, by imposing on the inexperience of the members, get themselves elected into offices of trust. The benefit is distant and contingent; each member not having benefit from his contributions in every case, but only in the case of his falling into the situations of distress provided for by the society. And the whole concern is so complicated, that many have hesitation in embarking in it their hard-earned savings.'

From thsse disadvantages, the Edinburgh Savings Bank is entirely free; and the good resulting from such an institution, is more important than may at first be imagined. A weekly saving of 2s. continued for twenty years, will amount, without any interest, to 104*l.* 12s.; and, upon the terms of the Edinburgh Bank, the interest alone would be about 53*l.*; so that at the end of twenty years, the depositor will be possessed of more than 157*l.* Now, there are few families who might not afford

to set apart 2s. from their weekly earnings: and as a workman receives the same wages before marriage as after, it will generally be in his power for several years to save considerably more than 2s. weekly, and yet leave sufficient for those days of festivity, which may be extremely joyous without being too expensive, and which taste the sweeter when they return but seldom. It is true that during the infancy of his children, his rate of saving must, in many cases, be diminished; but, as the children of the poor, at an early age, cease to be an oppression to their parents, it may in a few years be again increased; and he who has begun to save at eighteen, and persevered for thirty or forty years, will find his hoard of shillings and half-crowns rise to an amount (perhaps not less than 400*l.* or 500*l.*) which could scarcely have been expected at the beginning, and which, either by its expenditure, or by the prospect of its destination, will afford much comfort to the evening of life. We must remember too, that a poor man's savings are continually liable, while in his own custody, to be pilfered not only by professional thieves, but also (and it is an incomparably greater danger) by his family, and by himself; that they are not unfrequently lost, by being entrusted to improper hands; that in most instances they are worse than lost at the alehouse and ginshop; that the half of what is spent there in shortening the father's days, would produce in the bank a fortune to his family; and that the high wages of the journeyman manufacturer, which are so often his ruin, would thus furnish him support during the occasional intermissions of employment to which he is exposed, as well as a comfortable provision in sickness and old age.

It is of great importance also to observe, that in general the lower orders might increase their savings considerably, and at the same time live more comfortably, if they would vouchsafe to follow a better system of household economy, particularly with regard to diet, fuel and clothing. In this respect, the poor in the south might learn some good lessons from those in the north of England and in Scotland, though there is every where great room for improvement; and the benevolent persons who take an interest in the welfare of their humble neighbours, would perform a valuable service in making them acquainted with the cheap, but savoury dishes of Count Rumford, and the various maxims of frugality to be found in the papers of that useful writer. Indeed it would be very desireable to publish at a low price, a short and plain treatise of economics for the poor, to show them that their small incomes might go much farther than they generally do, both in present comfort, and in providing for the future.

Unhappily, by early and improvident marriages, the poor too

often plunge themselves into misery from which it is impracticable for the most judicious economy to redeem them. And it is obvious that their situation would be greatly and permanently improved, if they were wise enough to live single till they could afford to feed and clothe their children, and to procure for them an education suitable to their station. Now, when they learn how much may be accumulated, by treasuring the seemingly trifling sums which are squandered in vice or folly, the prospect of this advantage is more likely than any thing else, to produce a proper estimate of money, and along with it, a foresight of remote consequences, and a love of independence,—the only means to check that propensity to premature marriage, which is the principal source of the distresses of the lower orders.

The subject is extremely interesting to both parts of the Island; but it claims more particularly the attention of our Southern neighbours. We have no occasion, at present, to discuss any controverted points, with regard to the English system of Poor Laws; but whatever may be the magnificence and merits of that system, its warmest admirers, and most ingenious advocates, are *now* candid enough to confess, that, by the certainty of its bounties, it increases the natural improvidence and thriftlessness, and corrupts the character of the labouring classes, and thus creates no small portion of the misery which it undertakes to relieve. This baneful tendency, which was little perceptible during the reign of Elizabeth, when the national provision for the poor was first reduced to a steady and permanent institution, was distinctly remarked by the Legislature itself, in the reign of her immediate successor (7. Jac. c. 4.), and has now for more than 200 years, occasioned louder and louder complaints, which many good people, who admire whatever is established, affected to disregard, till by the gradual, but continually accelerating diffusion of the evil, they are compelled in these last days to bear witness to the lamentable facts, that in England, more than one person out of nine, perhaps more than one out of eight, is either entirely or partly supported by the poor rates, and that the poor rates at present exceed the enormous revenue of seven millions a year,—besides all that is bestowed in private charity on those who live by the trade of begging, a trade which, although rendered contraband by the Poor Laws, is still followed by at least as great a proportion of the population, and in a manner at least as annoying in England as in Scotland. It is in England, therefore, that the dissemination of Savings Banks is more particularly desirable, from motives of policy as well as of humanity.

We wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that the

institution now recommended, is the very simple one which has just been described, and which is exemplified at Edinburgh, where the business is planned and conducted by persons different from the contributors, and where the contributors have nothing to do but to pay or withdraw their money at pleasure, as in an ordinary bank. But we regret to find, that in some places, certain plans of a questionable tendency have been, or are proposed to be, most unnecessarily superadded to an institution, which is in itself excellent and complete.

In the Report of the Committee to the Highland Society, we find the following important observation. (p. 8.) 'The Committee understand, from some of its members who attend at the Edinburgh Bank, that one of *its* greatest recommendations, and which has induced many to become contributors, is, that those entering are not bound to go on unless they incline; and that, at the same time, very few of its numerous contributors have discontinued.' The benevolent projector of the Parish Bank at Ruthwell, proceeded on the opposite principle; and inflicts a fine on those contributors who do not deposit a certain sum every year. There is, however, much reason to apprehend, that the idea of such an inquisitorial power will deter many from entering, and it appears unreasonable to expect that a succession of proper persons can be found to execute gratuitously the ungracious task of enforcing such a law, which must expose them to very unpleasant altercations.

But the parental vigilance of the Ruthwell Bank is exerted, not only to punish the disobedient, but also to encourage and reward her meritorious children; and for this purpose, an auxiliary fund is created, by the contributions of the wellwishers to the institution, who thereby become honorary or extraordinary members,—to which is added, any unappropriated money arising from the saving upon interest or otherwise; and all the members, ordinary, extraordinary and honorary, are nicely put together, so as to form the model of a very pretty constitution. The ordinary members are the poor, who deposit their savings; but any person becomes an extraordinary member, by paying to the auxiliary fund an annuity of five shillings, or a single donation of two pounds; and he becomes an honorary member, by paying to that fund an annuity of one pound, or a single donation of five: Moreover, the Lord Lieutenant, Vice-Lieutenant and Sheriff of the county, and the Members of Parliament for the county and the burghs in the neighbourhood, are honorary members *ex officio*. The general business of the Society is transacted, in the first instance, by the Court of Directors, consisting of a Governor, five Directors, a Treasurer,

and one or more Trustees, who are chosen from the honorary and extraordinary members, if a sufficient number of them are willing to accept; but otherwise, the deficiency is supplied from those ordinary members who deposit, on their own account, not less than one pound a-year. This Court acts under the superintendance and controul of the standing Committee, which consists of fifteen persons, chosen from the members who are eligible to the Court of Directors. And the Committee is, in its turn, subordinate to the general meeting, which is composed of the honorary and extraordinary members, together with all the ordinary members of six months standing, whose deposites amount at the time to not less than twenty shillings. In this High Court is lodged the supreme power, both legislative, judicial and executive.

The Bank of England, to be sure, has not so magnificent a constitution; but the Bank of England has not half so much to do. For the Ruthwell Bank inquires into the age, the family affairs, the moral conduct of all its contributors, and treats them accordingly. It lodges its money with the British Linen Company, and draws from their liberality five per cent. interest; but does not impart this benefit to all its contributors. While the others must be content with four per cent. interest, it is only to the contributors of three years standing, and whose deposites amount to *5l.*, that five per cent. interest is in any case allowed; and even such a contributor, when he withdraws his money, is entitled to this indulgence of high interest, only in the case of his marriage; or of his death; or of his having attained the age of fifty-six; or, '*4thly*,' (says the statute in Mr Duncan's Essay, p. 27.), 'in case the possession of the money 'should *appear to the Court of Directors, after due inquiry*, to 'be advantageous to the depositor or his family; or, *5thly*, 'when the depositor shall have become incapable of maintain-'ing himself, from sickness or otherwise; in which case, a week-'ly allowance may be made him, *at the option of the Court of 'Directors, out of the money he has deposited.*' But the auxiliary fund is another supply of rewards for the deserving. From this fund, 'each member' (says the statute in page 28.), 'who 'shall have regularly deposited at the rate of not less than one 'shilling every week, shall for the first year be entitled to a pre-'mium of sixpence; for the second year, to a premium of one 'shilling; for the third year, to a premium of two shillings; 'for the fourth year, to a premium of four shillings; and for 'every subsequent year, to a premium of six shillings.' And if the auxiliary fund should not be exhausted in this manner, 'it shall be employed' (says the same statute) 'in giving re-

'wards to regular depositors, who shall have exhibited proofs 'of *superior industry or virtue.*' But as in the decision of such intricate and delicate matters, some errors of judgment may now and then occur, it is wisely provided by another law, that 'should any member consider himself aggrieved, it shall be '*competent* to appeal from the Court of Directors to the Standing Committee, and from the Standing Committee to the General Meeting, whose determination shall be final.' (p. 24.)

The ingenious author of this institution must, no doubt, feel a fatherly affection for his own offspring; and perhaps (though we doubt it extremely) particular circumstances might render some of these arrangements expedient for his individual parish. But we believe, that our readers will give a decided preference to the simple form of the Edinburgh Savings Bank; and we are happy to observe, that in this opinion we concur with the respectable Committee of the Highland Society. The object is, to afford facility to the poor, for depositing their small savings in safety; and nothing, if possible, should be suffered, which may have any tendency to disgust them.—We, therefore, object strongly to any superintendance by the Bank over the family concerns or conduct of its members;—a superintendance to which it has no right,—which it is very ill qualified to exercise,—which, even when it professes to be seeking for objects of reward, is always irksome in the extreme, and not less so to a poor man than a rich. We must add likewise, that in our opinion the depositors ought all to receive the same rate of interest; and that this rate should be the highest, which will allow enough to defray the trifling expense of management. We must also repeat our earnest recommendation of that important practice in the Edinburgh institution, of paying by the interest-note of a public bank every sum of ten pounds which any contributor has accumulated,—and thus restricting to a small amount the claim of each individual.

It is still proper to mention (though after the experience of what has been already done, it will be sufficient merely to mention), the strange project which has been sometimes suggested, of uniting all the Savings' Banks throughout the kingdom into one National Establishment; in addition to which, some persons have urged the necessity of employing Government agents for the transmission, and Government security for the preservation of the deposited money. Here, indeed, is a mighty whirlwind from a cloud no bigger than 'a man's hand.' Neither from theory, nor from experience, are we able to discover any kind or degree of good as likely to result from so vast a project; though it is easy to see, that it might be productive of infinite confusion,

trouble and expense. In fact, every Savings Bank is perfectly competent in itself to transact the whole of its own affairs; and every town, and every parish, from its knowledge of local circumstances, must be best qualified, and can have no great difficulty, to provide the requisite facilities and securities, without either disturbing its neighbours, or withdrawing the attention of government or the legislature from their proper concerns.

From the last meeting of the Highland Society in Edinburgh, we are happy to understand that Savings Banks are spreading rapidly through Scotland; and we expect soon to hear the like good tidings from England, where such an institution is of still greater importance. It would be difficult, we fear, to convince either the people or their rulers, that such an event is of far more importance, and far more likely to increase the happiness and even the greatness of the nation, than the most brilliant success of its arms, or the most stupendous improvements of its trade or its agriculture.—And yet we are persuaded that it is so.

ART. VII. *Helga: A Poem. In Seven Cantos.* By the Honourable WILLIAM HERBERT. London, 1815.

IN this age of revolutions and restorations, it would not greatly surprise us if an attempt were shortly to be made, for the laudable purpose of reinstating the legitimate authority of Aristotle, or whoever it was who first promulgated the capitulary of critical enactments which now bears his name. The present moment, too, we are inclined to think, would prove auspicious for such an enterprize. Parnassus has been taken by storm, and its old occupiers expelled by a motley host of vigorous but disunited invaders. Far from being in the slightest degree in alliance amongst themselves, they are constantly endeavouring to enlarge their possessions at each other's expense. And if a few chosen sons of Alma Mater could be prevailed upon to surmount any little antipathy which they may feel against dust and cobwebs, and, after unshelving the heavy squadron of Aristotelian commentators, were to give those warriors a little drilling in modern tactics, and to make a well concerted irruption into the territory of the rebels, there is good reason to suppose, that they might bring them back to the wholesome obedience of the golden age of Lewis the Fourteenth; when dread and terrific judgment was passed on all novelties unwarranted by Homer and Virgil; and when the culinary similes of the latter author were defended against the sacrilegious carpings of the witlings, by a judicious application to holy writ.—'On auroit pitié

'maintenant,' says Father Bossu, 'd'un poëte qui seroit assez simple et assez plaisant pour comparer un héros à de la graisse. Homère pourtant s'en est servi dans une comparaison d'Ulysse: et le Saint Esprit même, *qui ne peut avoir de mauvais gout!* commence l'éloge du Roy David par cette idée;'—an observation which seems to have given the worthy Father such satisfaction, that he has repeated it twice over in the course of half a dozen pages.

For ourselves, however, we must observe, that we are far from thinking lightly either of Aristotle, or even of the laborious writers who, in modern times, have fancied themselves to be his faithful disciples. We owe them a grudge indeed, for the pedantic obstinacy with which they refused to allow his precepts to 'work themselves clear,' by giving them a fair and liberal application; but we have no objection whatever to allow them a patient hearing.

There is no point upon which the old school was more unanimous, or upon which the new school is more divided, than the necessity of employing supernatural machinery. And the opinion, that it is essential to the life and vigour of narrative poetry, and that it forms the characteristic distinction between such poetry and historical prose, was always, until these heretical times, deemed to be a most orthodox doctrine.

The insubordination of readers and writers, however, has now attained to such a lamentable height, that we fear it would scarcely be possible to silence their cavils by such an oracular sentence as the following. '* On peut dire *en un mot*, qu'il faut user de machines partout, *puisque* Homère et Virgile n'ont rien fait sans cela.' Yet we had rather rest satisfied with such an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, than listen to the prate of the worthy Father and his crew, when they elaborately attempt to support it, by maintaining that poetry is not capable of sustaining itself without the 'brilliant ornaments' derived from the presence of the deities of the classics; that the workings of the Divinity within us, are beneath the poet's notice, unless each virtue is inspired by the direct intervention of some inhabitant of Olympus; and that even nature herself is too insignificant to be brought into view, without the adventitious sublimity of these 'noble fictions.' The thunderbolt is never to fall till it is hurled by the hand of Jupiter: And if the ocean swells in anger without the express command of Neptune, the shipwreck will be so trivial an event, as to excite no sympathy for the sufferers. It would have been better certainly to have cut the matter short, by repeating the remark of the father of criticism, that what-

* Bossu, Traité du poëme epique, l. 5. c. iv.

ever is marvellous is pleasing—το δε θαυμαστον, ηδυ—a simple aphorism, in which we do not hesitate to affirm, that 'nature and Aristotle are the same.'

If we were to defend the propriety of introducing supernatural agency, we should not think it necessary to enter upon the trite inquiry,—whether the leading actors of the poem honour or disgrace themselves, by relying on the aid and counsel of the gods: But we might venture, perhaps, to observe, that man, let him profess what doctrines he will, is secretly averse to believe that the universe is governed by blind, blundering chance, or inevitable destiny. At the same time he sees, at every moment of his life, that the fortunate become so, by a succession of contingencies which no human wisdom could anticipate, and by escaping from dangers against which no human powers or caution could protect them. On the other hand, he is equally accustomed to the calamities of the good, who seem, he knows not wherefore, to have forfeited the protection of heaven: or of the powerful, foiled and crushed in the plenitude of their strength, by the most inadequate or contemptible instruments. Such changes, indeed, must form the groundwork of every fable; and whether the author attempts to make his favourite command the Fates, by gracing him with more than mortal prescience and valour, or is contented to have him led on to fortune by a succession of lucky hits and hair-breadth escapes, and all sorts of extraordinary events happening in the ordinary course of things; the story, thus conducted, will become infinitely more incredible, than if a deity were to step out of the clouds in every page. Mr Scott furnishes us with many examples upon both sides of the question. When the minstrel assures us that he deals in magic, the good-natured reader takes his word for it, without farther consideration; and then there is no difficulty whatever in admitting, that the glamours of the goblin page can fascinate the bystanders, and prevent them from recognizing the features of the champion. But all the witchery of poetry will fail to convince him, that De Wilton, by the mere help of a cowl, and a slight degree of fortunate emaciation, could remain, for months and months together, at the elbow of his mortal enemy, without detection: And no wonder was ever wrought by the spells of Michael Scott's iron-bound book, which could possibly have amazed us half as much as the happy appearance of Bertram, at the very nick of time when the axe of the headsman was on the point of falling.

This difficulty of assimilating the progress of events in the little mimic creation of the poet, to the march of events in the great world, ever 'safe in the hands of one disposing power,' has been very generally felt. And to this we are inclined to at-

tribute the tacit compact which has induced *inventors* of every age and race, whether *poets*, *trouveurs*, or *Harances*—the name which, according to the Ynca Garcilasso de la Vega, the Peruvians gave to their bards, and which agrees exactly in its meaning with the Grecian and Romaunz denominations—to unite in calling in the assistance of those powers who can be supposed capable of looking down upon the mighty labyrinth of human life—of discerning its plan—and of guiding the forlorn wanderers through its entangled mazes.

The French critics, who have had but too much authority all over Europe, gave themselves little trouble about general principles; but insolently interdicted the employment of any other species of fiction in dignified poetry, except the classical mythology. Father Rapin, whose reflexions are yet considered in France as the standard of sound criticism, will enable us in some measure to estimate their judgment and impartiality: there we shall find that he decides, that the Hippogriff of Ruggiero—Angelica's ring of invisibility—the valours of Bradamante and Martisa—and, in short, all the 'splendid fictions' of Ariosto, 'font 'pitié à tous ceux *qui ont du sens.*' The pert and learned Jesuit found it convenient, however, to forget that the classical prototypes of these 'imaginations, or errors,' as he terms them, were to be found in the exploits of Camilla and Penthesilea,—the cloudy veil of Æneas,—and the flight of Bellerophon on his winged charger.

The moderns, inspired as they have been, by the birch and the ferula, have borrowed their mythological ideas from the tamest sources. They have generally neglected the polytheism of the Greeks in the days of Homer and Hesiod, simple, dignified, and consistent, for the system of the Latin poets, created after the religion of ancient Latium had been blended with the Grecian system:—an important distinction, but which has been often neglected by those who have treated on this subject. The invocations of the Hellenic bards to the goddess, or to the maids who 'round about Jove's altar sing,' were in them real prayers: Nor should we be much mistaken if we were to consider these specimens of the antient devotion of poetry as exact counterparts of the ejaculations of a Gothic minstrel—

'Ihesu that ys kyng in trone
As thon shope bothe sonne and mone
And all that shall dele and dyghte,
Now leue us grace such dedes to done,
In thy blys that we may wone,
Men call it heven lyghte;
And thy moder, Mary hevyn quene
Bere our arunde so bytwene,
That semely is of syghte!'

In the original authors, these were not mere customary formalities; and such mixed feelings will always arise when religion is not too severe and chaste to amalgamate with the license of loose and poetical invention. We think that even Tasso, in imploring the inspiration of the Virgin Mother, under the guise of the star-crowned muse, may have been warmed by sensations approaching to religious fervour.

Under the Emperors, however, this vivid enthusiasm of belief had passed away. The system remained in observance, because it was burthensome to no one, and profitable to a great many; and its forms and ceremonies had become constitutional ornaments. But Jupiter retained his ancient seat in the Capitol, for reasons not very dissimilar to those which have secured to St George the peaceable possession of many of his former honours—though graced in his real character by about as much canonical sanctity, as has been wont to environ the Right Reverend person of a Bishop of Osnaburgh, since the peace of Westphalia. The Roman gods thus became toys and playthings in the hands of genius, and nothing more. The deities of the Iliad, though not always very moral or well bred, yet stalk about in cloudy majesty. The deities of the Æneid, on the other hand, speak with emphasis—but it is with a mortal voice, and we fancy we can hear the whisper of the prompter. They gesticulate with dignity—but it is the dignity of flesh and blood. They act their parts admirably well—but there all their honour lies; and we know that, when the curtain falls, they will undress and go to supper.

Classical mythology amongst the moderns, whatever the talent may have been that has been frittered away and wasted upon it, scarcely ever rises higher than the 'alphabetical list of the Heathen gods and goddesses,' at the end of the spelling-book; and though the facility of employing the stores of learning contained in that useful manual, is amazingly tempting to numbers of very worthy persons, we do not think it politic to deprive the ingenious inditers of the amatory epistles, which circulate on the feast of good Saint Valentine, of the monopoly of Graces, Venuses and Cupids, which they now so happily enjoy.

Even at this time of day, the strictures of the French have had the effect of throwing a shade of discredit over what Addison has somewhere called 'Christian mythology.' We like this appellation, odd as it is: It appears to be less liable to objections than any other which we can devise: As applied to the fictions of the Italians, it is certainly more appropriate than the favourite word *romantic*. In their 'speciosa miracula,' much may be traced to the legend as well as to the *gesta*.

Since the beginning of the present century, however, the muse has become a very infidel. She has followed after strange gods; and become familiar with creeds, which would have astonished our forefathers. She has been heard to chaunt *suras* out of the Alcoran, and *storas* out of the books of light, the holy Puranas. The sphere of activity of our poetical adventurers, indeed, seems to have been enlarged in proportion to that of our commerce. In both it has received a wonderful augmentation, since the primeval simplicity of the times, when, in lieu of the senatorial dignity which now surrounds the 'chair' and 'deputy chair,' the Directors of the East India Company took their turn behind their counters in Leadenhall Street; and, with laudable attention 'to the interests of their constituents,' weighed out a pound of the best Souchong to one customer, and exerted all their powers of oratory in concluding an advantageous treaty with another, for the sale of a blue teapot, or a little punch-bellied mandarin, grinning in eternal China.

Less daring than the flights of Southey or Lord Byron is the attempt of Mr Herbert to avail himself of the mythology of the North, consecrated as it has been by the genius of Gray. Besides which, it is familiarized, at least in our opinion, by its nationality. We cannot forget that we are grafts from the old stock. The accents and tones of the Norse tongue, vibrate upon our ears whenever we pass the threshold of the door. Every week of our lives we are visited by Thor, Woden and Freya. And although the Dane-gelt may have left no very grateful recollections amongst our Southern fellow-subjects, yet they may become somewhat reconciled to the fictions of the Volsunga Saga, when they are reminded, that our liberties were at length secured by calling in the posterity of Brynhilda.

We apprehend that very few of our readers can be strangers to Mr Herbert's translations from the Icelandic; if there be any such, we would advise them to shut these pages, and postpone the perusal of the remainder of this article, until they have become acquainted with them. As might be easily conjectured, we owe the present poem to his former most successful attempts; it then 'having occurred to him, that by undertaking an original 'poem, of which the scene should be laid amongst the Scandi-'navians, he should be able to illustrate their manners, religion 'and superstitions, in a form that would be more pleasing to 'the reader, and to avail himself of a wide field for poetical 'composition, which had as yet been untouched by any writer, 'except in a few short and unconnected translations.' (Pref. iv. v.)

In his former volumes, Mr Herbert displayed extraordinary ability in a species of composition, which, without being altogether the test of poetical genius, is certainly that of

poetical skill. He disengaged the vivifying spirit of his originals, and reembodied it in rich fluent and harmonious versification. In the present more arduous display of his powers, we have all the elegance and correctness of his smaller poems united to merits of a higher cast. His terse and animated descriptions show, that he has taught himself to think in poetry; and that the objects of them have been impressed with intense and vivid tints upon his mind, before he began to transfuse them into language. And his extraordinary familiarity with the best models of every age and nation, has endowed him with that tact and quickness of perception, which instinctively rejects whatever could offend against refinement and propriety—although it may sometimes deter its possessor from giving full scope to his imagination, or seizing all the advantages afforded by his theme. There is more of art than of nature accordingly in his poetry: and the very fulness of his descriptions, and the learned accuracy of his representations gives an air of heaviness to passages of great intrinsic merit. His style, too, though occasionally homely, is never familiar, and wants the animation which we have frequently met with in less correct compositions. The following extract, which begins the action of the poem, will enable the reader to judge of this union of faults and beauties.

'Why sudden cease the notes of pleasure?
Why, minstrel, stop thy flowing measure?
What sound along the pavement driven
Sweeps like an angry blast of heaven?
Back, back the rattling portals fly,
And every warrior's kindling eye
Glistens like flame, and every hand
Unconscious grasps the trusty brand.—
Twelve champions huge stalk'd proudly in;
Each wore a wolf's dark brindled skin;
But loftier, fiercer, statelier too,
Seem'd one, the leader of the crew;
Show'd strength of more gigantic mould,
And foremost strode, unask'd and bold.
On his vast limbs, of beauteous form,
Half bare, half shielded from the storm,
The shaggy wolfish skin he wore
Pinn'd by a polish'd bone before;
Nor other ornament he knew,
Save curling locks of raven hue,
Which like a glossy mantle hung
O'er his broad shoulders loosely flung.—
Yet was the champion mild and kind,
Save when the fury vex'd his mind,
Or some ungratified desire
Lit in his breast unhallow'd fir

For then with more than mortal force
He urged amain his headlong course,
By strange internal phrensy driven,
Like an avenging scourge of heaven;
Till all exhausted with the fray,
And sickening, on the earth he lay;
His swollen eyes bloodstain'd and dim,
Life quivering in each strained limb.
But often in his milder day
Might infants with his wild locks play;
Oft would he list the minstrel's measure,
Or quaff the social cup of pleasure;
Waste in delight the peaceful hour,
And carp of love in maiden's bower.
But now strange passion lit his eye;
It seem'd, who met its glance must die.
To the high dais with speed he pass'd;
His voice was like a killing blast.
" These are my brothers, Ingva, born
" Like me to meet proud men with scorn."
The King, though ruffled by his pride,
Rein'd his high wrath, and mild replied:
" What brings ye to King Ingva's lands?
" What boon require ye from his hands?"—
" Let thy fair daughter's snowy hand
" Pour the bright mead at thy command;
" And bid this proud unmanner'd crew
" Yield us fit space and honor due."
The board was deck'd, the feast was spread;
Due space was given, due honor paid,
And mead pour'd by the blooming maid;
But, as she near'd the giant chief,
She trembled like an aspen leaf:
And first he quaff'd the beverage rare,
Then gazed upon the timid Fair.
He has ta'en her by the slender waist,
And to his rugged bosom press'd.
He has laid his hand upon her face,
And held her in his strict embrace,
While the maid blush'd all scarlet red,
And strove to hide her weeping head.
He has placed her on his knee, and kiss'd
Her coral lips e'en as he list.
Then rising from his seat he cried,
" King Ingva, this must be my bride!" p. 5—10.

It may not be unnecessary to remark, that these champions of the North were the tremendous Berserkers, 'men of extraordinary stature and form, subject to sudden and violent attacks of passion, under the influence of which their fury was ungo-

vernable, and their bodily strength almost supernatural.' The calm and dignified reproof of the aged Ingva only rouses the anger of Angantyr; and, in a short and impetuous address, he proclaims the vows which he has sworn in Denmark, of bearing away the daughter of the monarch.

' " Sail'd I from Ledra's stately port
" To yield base homage at thy court?
" To praise the venison at thy board,
" Or mead, with which thy vaults are stored?
" King, I have vow'd to bear her hence;
" Nor leave I ask, nor shun offence.—
" In Ledra reigns my royal sire
" O'er arms of might and hearts of fire;
" Ten thousand Danes await my word
" To waste thy realm with flame and sword;
" I turn not to my native land
" Ere thy best blood has dyed my brand."
King Ingva started on his feet;
Behind him rang the gilded seat:
And—" Lives not here one dauntless head,
" Of all my princely wealth has fed,
" To dare the combat?—Who shall free
" My daughter, takes her hand from me!"
The long roof echo'd; as he spoke,
Strange feelings mingled in his look,
High pride from ancient lineage flowing,
And well-earn'd worth, and valor glowing,
Parental fondness stung with rage,
And conscious impotence of age.—
——The torches' light
Fell on Angantyr's savage brow,
Lent his stern cheek a fiercer glow,
And o'er his glossy raven hair
Glanced like a meteor in mid air.

For a considerable period no one appears to support the sovereign, or avenge the fair. At length a warrior arrives, to whom love has lent the courage which duty and patriotism could not inspire in his compeers. And the laws of chivalry, already known in effect, though not by name, compel Angantyr to accept the challenge of the youthful Hialmar, who defies him to mortal fight in the island of Samsöe. The king ratifies the terms of the combat; and Helga learns that her charms are to reward the victor. The promise being obtained, the unwelcome guests depart.

' But mirth could not relume the feast;
She, who should deck the mantling bowl,
Clings to her sire with troubled soul,
And frequent turns her anxious eye,
While swells the tear and heaves the sigh.—

A gloom broods over Sweden's crown;
For those who wont to guard her throne,
Asbion, lies sick with nerveless hands,
And Orvarod fights on foreign lands:
In distant climes beneath the gleam
Of other suns his banners stream.
Hialmar's strength with theirs combin'd
In holiest league had long been join'd;
Sworn brothers in the fight they dared
Each foe, and every peril shared.' p. 22, 23.

The stillness of the night, the couch of eider-down, and the lulling perfumes which breathe around the chamber of Helga, fail to calm her into rest; and she resolves, or perhaps, 'perplexed' by 'wild fancies,' becomes delirious, and fancies that she has resolved, to visit the tomb of Vala the prophetess, whose repose had never been disturbed since the descent of the 'king of men.'

'What form is that, slow gliding by?
Sweet Helga, risen from the bed
Where sleepless thy chaste limbs were laid,
Thou darest explore that dread abyss,
To learn what tides thee, woe or bliss!—
The night was calm; a pallid glow
Stream'd o'er the wide extended snow,
Which like a silvery mantle spread
O'er copse, and dale, and mountain's head,—
A calm so holy seem'd to brood
O'er white-robed hill and frozen flood,
A charm so solemn and so still,
That sure, if e'er the sprites of ill
Shrink from the face of nature, this
Must be the hallow'd hour of bliss,
When no dark elves or goblins rude
Dare on the walks of man intrude.
Pure as the night, at that calm hour,
Young Helga left her virgin bower;
And trod unseen the lonely road
To gloomy Hela's dire abode.
The broken path and toilsome way
Adown a sloping valley lay,
Whose solid rocks on either side
Might have the hand of Time defied;
But some convulsion of old Earth
Had given the narrow passage birth.
Onward with labouring steps and slow
The virgin pass'd, nor fear'd a foe.
The moon threw gloriously bright
On the grey stones her streaming light;

Till now the valley wider grew,
And the scene scowl'd with dreariest hue.
From the steep crag a torrent pouring
Dash'd headlong down, with fury roaring,
Through frozen heaps that midway hung;
And, where the beams their radiance flung,
Columns of ice and massive stone
Blending and undistinguish'd shone;
While each dark shade their forms between
Lent deeper horror to the scene;
And gloomy pines, that far above
Lean'd from the high and rocky cove,
With frozen spray their heads besprent
Under the hoary burthen bent.
Before her spread a forest drear
Of antique trees with foliage sere;
Wreathed and fantastic were their roots,
And one way stretch'd their stunted shoots;
And each time-hollow'd trunk might lend
Harbor to beast or wilier fiend.
She seem'd in that strange wilderness
A spirit from the realms of bliss,
A beauteous form of radiant light
Charming the fearful brow of night.
The wind with a low whisper'd sigh
Came rushing through the branches dry;
Heavy and mournful was the sound,
And seem'd to sweep along the ground.
The virgin's heart throbb'd high; the blood
Beat at its doors with hastier flood:
But, firm of purpose, on she pass'd,
Nor heeded the low rustling blast.
A mist hung o'er the barren ground
And soon she was all mantled round
In a thick gloom, so dark and dread,
That hardly wist she where to tread.' p. 39–42.

Unappalled by the terrors of the gloomy forest, the maiden reaches the grave of the ancient propheteſs, and her runic rhymes compel the reluctant spirit to reveal, that if Hialmar can obtain a falchion from the lone domain of the mountain dwarfs, the gifted brand will render him victorious in the conflict; but the oracle concludes with denouncing the wrath of heaven against the presumptuous curiosity which has thus dared to invade the realms of the dead. A flash of lightning illumines the caves of death, and discloses their terrors; and Helga sinks entranced by the mouldering tomb.

The ambiguity in which Mr Herbert has chosen to involve the real nature of this adventure, is continued in the opening

of the Third Canto:—We doubt its propriety, and we had rather not have been told that

' ——some have deem'd, that Ingva's maid
Had toss'd upon a restless bed
Through that long night of dark despair,
Nor felt in truth Hell's chilling air;
And that at morn her spirit vex'd
Was by wild fancies still perplex'd,
When full before her frighted eye
Stern Odin seem'd to stand, and cry—
" Adventurous maid, whose impious feet
" Have dared explore death's shawdowy seat,
" Rifling the womb of hoary time,
" Hear the dark penance of thy crime!
" The vision of this night once told,
" Memory shall quit her sacred hold;
" And that fond love, which bade thee stray
" Down yawning Hell's forbidden way,
" That love, for which thou fain would'st die,
" Shall in thy breath forgotten lie;
" Till anguish wake thy mind to know
" Joy's strange deceit, and hopeless woe. "
Whether in truth she saw or dream'd,
I know not; but the chilly blood
At the heart's passage curdling stood;
And mute and motionless she sate,
Till summon'd to the hall of state.
The King had will'd a joyous day
Should chase the thoughts of yestrene's fray.
He had bid his men be trimly dight
Ere the first dawn of morning light,
With torch and pike to rouse the bear
That slumber'd in his wintery lair.' p. 57–59.

Helga, ' though heartless for the chase, ' calls together her sprightliest damsels, and accompanies the hunters; but, whilst the others joyously rush on in the pursuit, she lingers alone at the entrance of the glen.

' When from a rock which shades ingulph
Sprung sudden forth a brindled wolf.
The ruffian beast had mark'd his prey
Lingering defenceless on her way.' p. 62.

She is instantly rescued by the ready arm of Hialmar. The declaration of his attachment calls forth an ardent but pensive reply. She acquaints him with the fatal prophecy of Vala; but at the moment that he revels in anticipated bliss, the curse of Odin falls upon her.

' E'en as she spoke, her wandering eye
Seem'd sadly bent on vacancy;

O'er her pale cheek expiring play'd
A languid smile, and reason stray'd.
She saw the man her bosom loved,
But knew him not, and wildly moved.
She thought Hialmar was her foe,
And, nimbler than the mountain row,
Burst from his grasp.' p. 69.

The Fourth Canto is wholly filled by Hialmar's journey to the Caves of the North, and his adventures with the laborious gnomes who inhabit them. Mr Herbert observes, that some similarity of expression between the following description, and Mr Scott's description of the rocks in the Isle of Skye, 'is entirely accidental,' Mr Herbert having written this part of his poem 'five years ago, and not a single word has been altered in it since that time.' We do not think the resemblance so striking as to require explanation: but the passage is picturesque and striking.

'And now nor gloomy pines appear,
Nor vestige aught of foliage sere;
Interminable winter's reign
Seems to usurp the barren scene,
Where rocks on rocks high-towering rear
Their frozen heads throughout the year;
Nor frozen rocks alone; behold,
In regions of eternal cold,
Of mingled snow and dust and sand
The mimic architecture stand!
Above the crags that darkest lower,
Above the rocks that highest tower,
Points inaccessible arise,
And mock with varied hue the eyes.
Now like grey minarets they seem,
Now sparkling with the changeful beam,
Now redder than a shaft of flame.
Through the rough fell's romantic pile
Hialmar spied a deep defile.—
No flower, no verdant grass might hope
To spring upon the barren slope;
Not e'en the hardy ling might dare
To peep mid rocks so wild and bare:
But the dank moss and lichen grey
Spread wide around their lonely sway.
Abruptly on the eastern side
Frown'd the huge steep in awful pride,
Like one vast wall; the summit hoar
With threatening fragments beetled o'er;
And many a hideous mass below
Time-sever'd from its airy brow,

In the deep bosom of the dell
Might yet of ancient ruin tell.
High was the crag, and yet the land
Swell'd loftier on the other hand.
The ridge, that hid the western day,
Rose gradual, strewn with fragments grey:
And he who look'd along the glen
Untrodden by the foot of men,
Might think he view'd a countless flock
Feeding beneath the barren rock.
But all is still; not e'en the deer
Have ever sought to harbour here.
The hollow mountain's mossy side
By mortal step was never tried;
Those are but scatter'd stones, that lie
Whitening beneath th' inclement sky.
The ridge's bold uneven sweep
Here sinking gives a vista deep
Of the blue heaven; now shooting high
Its giddy beacon strains the eye;
And, though in ruin, seems to stand
As if uprear'd by skilful hand,
Stone upon stone piled wonderously,
With buttress, arch, and turrets high:
Self-poised the top-stone seems to rock;
But ages still have seen it mock
The winter storm, the thunder's shock.
A broken path the steep behind
Midway seem'd indistinct to wind,
If path that be, which never knew
The tread of aught but the Elfish crew.
The track, I deem, if mortal wight
Could climb unto the dizzy height,
Would lead him where the slippery brow
Shelves o'er the sea, that far below
Dashes unheard its sullen waves
Beneath the cliff's o'erhanging caves.' p. 78—82.

Mr Herbert seems to have filled up the outline of his Icelandic traditions, by recurring to the imagery suggested by the legends given by the older mineralogists of the 'swart fairies of the mine,' who are probably nearly akin to the busy and malignant avenger: But the industry of the cobo ds and the knockins is illusive, although their mischief is done in good earnest;—whilst the Scandinavian gnomes are real and admirable workmen, notwithstanding the objectionable fancy which they occasionally have of making their apprentices 'hop headless.' Mr Herbert's description of these subterraneous recesses is given with great and picturesque effect.

' Around unnumber'd treasures lie,
Of every hue and changeful die;
The ore that gives each metal birth,
Torn from the fruitful womb of earth;
And countless gems, a brilliant heap,
And pearls and corals from the deep.
Next lie huge bars of metal sheen,
Then piles of weapons bright and keen;
And many an engine formed for ill
By cunning workmanship and skill.
Beyond, through that long vista seen
The double row of steel between,
In a dread nook obscure and low
The distant furnace seem'd to glow.
A loathsome, wan, and meagre race,
With shaggy chin and sallow face,
Treading with steps demure and slow,
The Pigmy folk moved to and fro.
Some on their sturdy shoulders bore
The weight of rude unsmelted ore;
Some, from the high-piled stores displaced,
The ponderous bars of metal raised;
Near the hot furnace others staid,
And labouring smote the glowing blade;
Or, tempering the sharp steel, unheard,
Mutter'd the powerful magic word.
In the full centre of the hall
Stood a dark statue, huge and tall;
Its form colossal, seen from far,
Show'd like the thunderous God of war,
The sinews strain'd for deadly strife,
The strong limbs starting into life.
Its left hand grasp'd an iron shield,
Its right a threatening falchion held;
On the pure blade were written plain
These fatal words, " Angantyr's bane. " p. 87—89.

Hialmar wrests the sword from the enchanted statue. The iron hand flies back and strikes the shield, upon which the cavern is suddenly enveloped in gloom; and Hialmar endeavours to regain the entrance of the cavern, but in vain. The courage of the warrior has been tried; the next ordeal is reserved for the fidelity of the lover. He passes through a gorgeous scene of enchantment, which is rather too much in the style of the Arabian Nights, to

——' the bed
With furs and silken tissue spread.
There in soft luxury reclined
The fairest of the Elfin kind.

Stretch'd on the precious mantle warm
Unconscious lay her beauteous form
In gentlest slumber, and the eye
Might all her loveliness descry.
The moist red lips, on which the smile
Ready to kindle slept the while
Soft beaming; and the polish'd brow
Hiding its pure and living snow
Beneath the parting locks, that stray'd
Down her smooth neck, or curling play'd
O'er the white shoulder, and below,
Where the soft bosom's beauties glow.
The tiny hands, the graceful arms,
That loosely rest on snowy charms,
Half seen, half veil'd by flowing vest;
The feet, by no bright sandal press'd;
Her beaming eyes alone conceal'd
Seem'd in deep slumber sweetly seal'd.' p. 96—98.

Here Hialmar is at last subdued by the blushing loveliness of the fairy damsel, and approaches nearer

'To that fair nymph's voluptuous bed,'

than is consistent with the allegiance due to his absent mistress. His armour is instantly loosened by Elfin hands; and an invisible and gentle touch tries to steal away his weapon.

'That instant, waked to sense of shame,
Sprang back the chief with eyes of flame,
Starting from that insidious spell
Which o'er his senses gan to steal;
And swift on his unearthly foes
Pour'd the bright weapon's deadly blows.
Sudden strange cries assail his ear,
And shrieks of anguish and of fear;
Vanish'd the wanton fairy bower,
Each precious wreath and sparkling flower;
And, all the bright illusion fled,
He views nor nymph nor gorgeous bed,
But skulking at the cavern's door
That spiteful dwarf who spoke before.' p. 102, 103.

The protracted absence of Hialmar emboldens his faithless brother in arms, Asbiorn, who, now restored to health, has girt his sword again, to declare himself the suitor of Helga, and to claim the right of becoming her champion, and winning her from the Dane. But Ingva firmly refuses to break the promise he has given: Nor does Asbiorn find a supporter of his pretensions in Orvarod, who has 'returned from the distant fray,' and who laughs and mocks at his impetuous passion. Helga, the object of these contests, is alone unconscious of their existence.

' Mid the deep forest's lonely gloom
Where sad she sits and plies the loom,
Weaving with many a golden thread
The stories of the honour'd dead.
And now she lifts her pallid cheek,
Gazing with visage mild and meek.
She speaks not, but her languid eye
Seems rapt in thoughtful ecstacy,
While in her heart love still supreme
Reigns like a visionary dream.
Its shadowy colours deep impress'd
Tinge each wild fancy of her breast;
She thinks her faith was pledged in heaven,
She deems her hand in marriage given;
But pledged to whom, or how, or where,
Weak reason may not well declare.
The images of past delight
Have fleeted from her troubled sight,
And left no perfect form behind
On the dim mirror of the mind:
But anguish for her absent lord
Breathes in each desultory word.—
The king, in pity for her woes,
To soothe her bosom's wandering throes,
Had warn'd that no intrusive eye
Should steal upon her privacy.
Here oft the lovely mourner staid
Till the deep close of evening shade;
Here oft in solitude secure
Wasted the tedious nightly hour.
And now her parting lips unclose,
Warbling the tale of fancied foes.—
" Cold is the bed where Helga lies,
" And chaste and true thine Helga dies.
" On her pale cheek the dews descend,
" And cypress boughs around her bend;
" The weeping Elves shall strew her grave
" Beside the slowly gliding wave.
" Then, ere beneath the mournful willow
" The damp earth be thine Helga's pillow,
" Return, my love, return and see
" The bridal couch is spread for thee." p. 124–127.

Mr Herbert has opened the Sixth Canto with a very beautiful landscape;—the northern spring suddenly bursting into verdure. We are not aware that this has hitherto been the subject of poetical description; and the passage has the double charm of novelty and truth.

' Yestrene the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;

The sun sat red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still:
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast;
Thick roll'd the clouds, and genial rain
Pour'd the wide deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Return'd from regions far away
The red-wing'd throstle pours his lay;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing;
And, as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows.' p. 133–134.

As soon as they land on the fatal island, Hialmar is warned of his approaching fate by the appearance of the Valkyriur, the maids of slaughter. This is one of Mr Herbert's happiest passages. He has conceived the port and countenance of these relentless ministers of death, with all the force and originality of antiquity; and described them as they would have been described in the strains from whence he has derived them, if it had not been the characteristic style of these poems to proceed rather by action and dialogue than by description.

. . . . ' Close beside Hialmar stood,
On steeds that seem'd as fleet as light,
Six maids in complete armour dight.
Their chargers of ethereal birth
Paw'd with impatient hoof the earth,
And snorting fiercely gan to neigh,
As if they heard the battle bray,
And burned to join the bloody fray.
But they unmoved and silent sate,
With pensive brow and look sedate;
Proudly each couch'd her glittering spear,
And seem'd to know nor hope nor fear:
So mildly firm their placid air,
So resolute, yet heavenly fair.
But not one ray of pity's beam
From their dark eyelids seem'd to gleam;
Nor gentle mercy's melting tear,
Nor love might ever harbour there;

Was never beauteous woman's face
So stern and yet so passionless!
They spake not, but in proud array
Moved onward, and a glorious ray
From their dark lashes as they pass'd
Full on Hialmar's face they cast.
Then wheeling round in gorgeous pride
They paused, and thus the foremost cried.
" Praise to the slain on battle plain!
" Glory to Odin's deathless train!
" They shall not sink in worthless ease
" Wasted by age or fell disease." ' &c. p. 139–141.

After this ominous vision, Hialmar advances to the deadly strife; he knows that he is predestined to die, but he hopes that his death will not be unrevenged. Orvarod, whilst his friend is engaged with the Danish chieftain, succeeds in decoying ' the savage crew ' who accompanied their brother to the island, into a heedless pursuit, during which they all fall beneath his unerring arrows. And when, elated with his victory, he returns to the field of battle, he finds Angantyr slain, and Hialmar on the point of soaring to the Hall of Odin.

' ——Those resplendent Maids of war
Through misty regions of mid air,
Where fleeting meteors gleam and die,
And through yon pure empyreal sky,
Mid thousand orbs of radiant light
And suns with ceaseless splendor bright,
Guide him, to where, with fixed eye,
Amid the blaze of majesty,
Ecstatic Wonder sits alone,
Near the immortal thunderous throne.
There, shrined in glory, he descries
Odin, high ruler of the skies;
By whom two coal-black ravens sit,
Memory and Observation hight.
On never-tiring pinion borne
The wonderous pair go forth at morn;
Through boundless space each day they sail,
At eve return to tell their tale,
And whisper soft in Odin's ear
The secrets of each rolling sphere.
Beneath the proud pavilion laid
On the high dais the feast is spread;
And there alike in pomp divine
Heroes and blissful Powers recline.
There sits Heimdallar, God of light,
Robed in pure garb of lustrous white.
He, from nine wonderous virgins born,
Blows loud his bright celestial horn;

The golden horn, whose magic sound
Is heard by every world around,
Waking to life each thing that grows,
Each form that breathes, each rill that flows.
He hears each floweret burst the bud,
Each vapor rising from the flood.
And there Iduna, Queen of youth,
With blushing face and rosy mouth,
Breathing sweet health: behold her bear,
In a rich casket pure and fair,
That fragrant fruit of loveliest hue,
Sprinkled with heaven's immortal dew.' p. 160—163.

The death of Helga, which is introduced with great art and pathos, must conclude our extracts.

——' They stood
Silent beneath the embowering wood,
Where many a tendril twining sweet
Cluster'd fair Helga's wild retreat.
Stern Orvarod listening waited near
His pale and breathless comrade's bier;
Then with stout arm he raised upright
The corpse in shining armour dight.
One moment in his tough embrace
He held the wan form face to face,
And gazed thereon.—
Then without word, or sign, or gest,
To make his meaning manifest,
He bore it, sheath'd in warlike steel,
As if alive to breathe and feel,
Though ghastly was the hue, and dread
The visage of the speechless dead.—
And, rooted in the strong belief
That woman's love is frail and brief,
(While as with wild distracted mind
On her lone couch the Fair reclined)
To her astonied eye display'd
The features of the ghastly dead;
On her white bosom throbbing warm
Placed her wan lord's disfigured form,
And silent, sternly gazing, press'd
The icy gauntlet to her breast.
O! it came o'er her like a blast
Withering life's blossom as it pass'd;—
It chill'd her heart; and then it burn'd
As memory and sense return'd,
And like a horrid dream the past
Came rushing o'er her soul at last.
She knew those features pale in death,
And look'd, and seem'd to drink his breath;

But dared not lay her cheek to his,
Nor print on his cold lips a kiss;
Nor did she with one sad embrace
Her lord's beloved relics press;
But, all unconscious of the crowd
That mute and wondering round her stood,
And horror-struck, with fixed eye
She gazed on Asbiorn dreadfully.
It was a look that chill'd his blood,
And seem'd to freeze life's secret flood:
And she was dead and cold as stone,
Her spirit pass'd without a groan;
But her dread look and glazed eye
Still fix'd him as in agony.' p. 181—184.

We fear it is too commonly thought, that we northern Reviewers participate in no small degree in the perversity of Mr Herbert's northern pigmies; and that we may be well described as

' A spiteful race on mischief bent,
Making man's woes their merriment;'

or at least the woes of those unfortunate members of the human race who dare to put pen to paper within our jurisdiction. The world may believe us or not; but we can affirm with a safe conscience, that there is no part of our duty so unpleasant as that of sentencing genius to a reprimand, especially when its possessor holds, and deserves to hold, a high rank in the service. Mr Herbert tells us, that he has attempted to 'temper with chaster ornaments the rude wildness of Scaldic fiction,' and to give it the 'colouring of poetry.' In order to accomplish this end, he seems to have resolved to employ as small a proportion as possible of any other materials than such as could be worked up and modelled in the exact style and fashion which has pleased, in the most modern, and most popular of modern popular poets. Instead of relying on his own powers, which were not likely to fail him, he has sworn, that no creature shall be admitted within his runic circle, unless he can give it a family likeness to some prototype in Walter Scott and Lord Byron. Under this management, the gigantic forms of Scandinavia have been made to combine in a pretty, modern, melting, love-story. Mr Herbert has been anxious to make the colossal statues fit and pleasing ornaments for the boudoirs; and so he has melted them down, and recast the metal into fillagree. In every page we can trace the most anxious and laborious endeavour to keep all objects out of view which could startle by their uncouthness, or offend by their rugged novelty. We should not indeed have altogether approved of such a heroine as the daughter of Sigard, who gripes Thetlief with both her hands, pulls him off his horse, and gives

him such a blow on the collar bone, that 'he weens it hath cracked asunder;' although this pugilistic damsel afterwards makes a nearer approach to our usual notions of feminine character, first by cheering her antagonist with a gracious glance or two, and then by the gentle and significant hint, conveyed by the action of treading on his toes beneath the table. * But we do think that the stern and devoted courage of the Northern female, would have afforded a more worthy subject for Mr Herbert's verse, than his timid blushing school-girl of a princess, with her complexion *à la Psyché*.

In the same manner, and with the same view of conciliating his readers, Mr Herbert has taken some pains to show that he is a freethinker, and an unbeliever in the Edda. But he should know that scepticism has no business in poetry. It is singularly injudicious in a poet to make a show of disbelieving in the existence of his own creatures. If Virgil has been censured for leading Æneas through the ivory gate, we know not how to excuse Mr Herbert's awkward attempt to explain away Helga's visit to 'Hell's chilling air,' by giving us to understand that wiser heads were well aware that she never stirred out of bed, and that the whole of the wonderous scene, was nothing more than the 'wild fancies' arising from a brain fever; although with strange inconsistency, the exploits of Hialmar, upon which the whole action of the poem turns, arise immediately out of obedience to counsel, which is thus represented as the offspring of delirious raving.

Mr Herbert's frequent violations of what may be termed the costume of thought and language, must also be ascribed to his known system. We do not think it absolutely necessary that every one should follow up the example of the Noble author, to whose poems Meninsky's 'Lexicon Arabico-Persico-Turcicum' forms such an indispensable appendage; and who listens to the *bulbul*, when Christian folks would have been better pleased with the strains of the nightingale. Nor are we prepared to maintain that Mr Herbert was bound to restrict himself to such similes and such modes of speech only, as are naturalized with-

* The grave waggery in which the author of the Wilkina Saga indulges, when he recounts the steps adopted by the lady to convince Thetlief that she bears him no ill will, is abundantly ludicrous. After relating her midnight visit, he inquires—'med hveris tha? 'thad munu their hyggia er heyra saguna, or nör sittia, or flestu vilia a ferlegra veg snua, ad how mundi sialfa sic framm bioda:—— Nei,—thad firs sva fiörri, till thess geik how thangad ad skemta hanum med fagrism domi-sagom, or adrum kurteislegum rödum, theim er hin kunni betur enn flestur meyiar adiar, or hilt ad hon vissi, ad minni sottu flors tva menn samann i reikin enn einnsamann.' c. 97

in the polar circle. But we really cannot allow 'love-lorn Philomel' to warble in the verse inspired by the Lord of the 'coal-black ravens' Hugginn and Munnin. The poet may range as much as he pleases between 'Thylémark' and 'Dovré-fell;' and from 'Kiölen's ridge to either sea;' to 'Bothnian gulf,' and 'Helsingé;' but the sight of the 'young cheeks,' 'polished foreheads,' and 'lovely forms' of the Swedish maids, cannot be admitted as a sufficient apology for flitting away in rapt enthusiasm to 'deep Mænalian shades,' 'Cythera's echoing plain,' and 'Delos' rocky shore:' And 'young Desire,' who is a very finical young gentleman, come where he will, has no business whatever to 'string' the 'rich gems' that glow round the snowy neck of Freya, the granddaughter of the giant Thiassa of Drontheim. All this is inexcusable in one who we know has drank deeply of the 'wells of English undefiled,' and who has invigorated himself by the draught. Mr Herbert cannot plead poverty. He is rich in the treasures of better times; and he should not amuse himself by passing this flimsy accommodation paper, because it can be more easily folded in a lady's ridicule, than a weighty well filled purse of rose-nobles and bezaunts.

However, we must confess that we gladly hail the re-appearance of the Scald—though he has been persuaded to deck himself out in fantastic and effeminate attire. Like the Prince disguised in Flora Macdonald's petticoats, we can still recognize him by his haughty carriage and masculine stride.

ART. VIII. 1. *Historical Memoirs of my own Time, from* 1772 *to* 1784. By Sir N. W. WRAXALL, Baronet. First and Second Editions.

2. *Political Life of Viscount Barrington.* By SHUTE, Bishop of Durham.

3. MORGAN's *Memoirs of Dr Price.*

4. *Memorial to the Princess Sophia.* Ascribed to GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury.

THESE four publications must be owned to be held together by a very loose and slender tie. They have scarcely any thing in common, but that they all profess to be contributions towards the modern, and chiefly towards the very recent history of Great Britain. But we have joined them, because they all seemed to deserve some notice,—though the majority may be despatched very summarily.

To begin with the first in time, and the last in our order.—An Account of the Constitution of England, written by Bishop Burnet in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and intended for the private use of the Princess Sophia, would certainly be a most curious document, and could hardly fail to be instructive. But we are stopped, in the threshold, by doubts whether this volume be a genuine work of Burnet. That the manuscript was found in the library at Hanover by Mr Feder the librarian, and that it was a communication made to the Electress by an English correspondent, are undoubted facts. But that the correspondent was Burnet, is a proposition supported by very scanty proof. On closely examining the introductory advertisement, it appears, that the only external evidence is the assertion of Mr Feder, that 'the handwriting *resembles* that of the Bishop's letters to the Electress and to Leibtnitz, preserved in the same library.' This is the opinion of a respectable German scholar indeed, but formed on comparison of English manuscripts of more than a century old. The publisher has, to be sure, given us *a fac-simile* of a letter of Burnet; but he has, unfortunately, given no *fac-simile* of the manuscript of the memorial; nor does he inform us where that manuscript is deposited, or how it may be compared with the well-known manuscripts of Burnet, by persons more familiar with his hand-writing, and more competent to judge of the resemblance of English hands than any German can be supposed to be. The memorial is signed by G. S.; which Mr Feder supposes to be an abbreviation of Gilbert Sarum. But the Bishop's letters are all signed Gilbert Sarum; nor do we know any instance of such an abbreviation in an English Episcopal signature. The initials of a name are a natural saving of trouble in the signature of a familiar note. But the initials of a title of ecclesiastical dignity, are a singular subscription to a composition addressed to a Princess, who was presumptive heiress to the Crown of England. The memorial is dated 'from my lodgings at Lambeth,'—rather an improbable description of the town residence of the Bishop of Salisbury. The letters, on the contrary, have no such strange addition as lodgings; and bear date either at St James's or Westminster, where he was likely to have resided.

We wish that Mr Feder had not taken it upon him to say, 'that 'the style, sentiments and principles of the Memorial would of 'themselves be almost sufficient to prove the author.' We shall not be tempted by his example positively to affirm the contrary. But the internal evidence is certainly unfavourable. The memorialist has the submissive manner of a subaltern, unaccustomed to address great persons; quite unlike the unceremonious familiarity of the common style of Burnet, who had been fifteen years Bishop

of Salisbury, and for more than thirty had lived on terms of intimacy with the first men of his age. The memorialist says of himself —'I am for my own part *but a private person;* and am too con-'scious of my want of ability, ever to hope to rise to any great or 'eminent employment.' Is this the tone of a man like Burnet; or can the description be reconciled either to his station or his age? It would be ridiculous for one of the most eminent Prelates of the Church of England, at the age of sixty, to describe himself as 'a private person;' or to disclaim *hopes* of rising to 'great employment.' But the memorialist expressly calls himself a layman and a commoner—'For the Commons of England, *of which I am myself a part, and never hope* to be other.' He speaks of the clergy in the character of a layman—'I love *their* coat, especially *when I see it in the pulpit.*' This last phrase pretty clearly insinuates his dislike of those clergymen who meddle in worldly affairs. But he has not left this to insinuation. He openly condemns those clergymen 'that soar above the simplicity 'of *their* own profession, *and love to be meddling in state affairs,* '*for which their education and calling do not qualify them.*' Could Burnet, writing in his own name to an old correspondent, thus satyrize himself? The manner in which the Memorial speaks of King William—of Queen Mary—of Archbishop Tillotson—and of Lord Russell, is formal and author-like; perfectly unlike that in which Burnet must have spoken of those to whom he had been closely and affectionately attached, and to whom the Electress owed her hopes of the Crown of England. If Burnet had written to the Princess Sophia in 1703, it seems incredible that he should not have been even unconsciously betrayed into an allusion to any of the events then passing around him, and so interesting both to himself and his illustrious correspondent. Burnet was indeed a Whig, and consequently a friend of limited monarchy: But his zeal for Royalism was not so furious as to condemn the republication of Harrington and Milton; nor was his relish for wit so keen, that he was likely to select the royalist poem of Hudibras as a fit present to a Princess who had a revolutionary title to the Crown.

The insignificance and feebleness of the work itself, form a considerable presumption against the supposition that it was written by Burnet; an incorrect writer indeed, and a partizan, who writes with the same feelings with which he acted, but a very able as well as most honest man,—perhaps the most amusing memoir writer in our language, and a person who could not have treated any subject without leaving traces of his superiority, which are not discoverable in the trifling volume before us. Nothing could have justified so serious a vindication of doubt, on a question in itself so worthless, but the importance of guard-

ing the materials of English history from the danger of documents of doubtful authority being admitted among their number. The case is trifling; but the example may be important. From his frequent reference to law books, and from minute details of genealogy and heraldry, it seems rather probable that the memorialist was a (probably unemployed) lawyer; and as he mentions a performance of his of 1702, it is also probable that some diligent pamphlet hunter, by the help of the initials G. S., might identify the man. The error of a German man of letters, on an English manuscript, is very venial; but it is surprising that a considerable bookseller in London should be so unfortunate in his literary friends, as to find none capable of ascertaining the genuineness of this memorial, or of detecting its spuriousness.

The memoirs of Dr Price ought to have been a contribution of value to our political, and even to our literary history. He was a writer of respectable talents, and of very considerable influence over public opinion, partly arising from his excellent moral character, from his modesty, simplicity, integrity and piety, which justly excites an honourable prejudice in favour of his opinions. If the principles of his theoretical politics were not always tenable, yet the tendency of his political writings was in general salutary, as a check against opposite errors, less generous and more dangerous; his sentiments were noble, and his practice was disinterested. On the wealth and happiness of nations, he retained the vulgar prejudices which have descended from Roman declaimers; but as a political arithmetician, his reputation was merited. In style he was perhaps the best writer among the Dissenters, an eminently respectable body of men, and one of the most important component parts of English society, but generally more distinguished for understanding and knowledge, than for taste and elegance. His life was more connected with the greatest events of his age, than usually happens to men in so private a station, and of habits so retired and peaceable. His connexion with the American and French revolutions, his long friendship with Franklin, his correspondence with Turgot, and at last the hostility of Burke, rendered him conspicuous during life, and entitle him to some place in the history of his times.

For these reasons, we turned to this work with considerable expectation: But Mr Morgan has committed some unfortunate errors in his biographical system, which deprive it of its principal interest and importance. He tells us, that he has not entered ‘ into minute details,’ which he considers as ‘ of little consequence;’ and that he has ‘ been very sparing in the use of his private correspondence;’ or, in

other words, that he has omitted original letters, and characteristic anecdotes. Fortunately for the world, the biographers of Gray and of Johnson adopted a contrary system, which the biographer of Burke has declared his intention to pursue. Two circumstances render this strange error of Mr Morgan the more unaccountable and lamentable. The first is, that his elder brother, 'Mr George Morgan, had undertaken to write *a very circumstantial history* of his uncle's life,' though 'the confused state in which his papers were found' at his death, 'rendered it impossible either to arrange, or to understand them properly.' If Mr Morgan could not decypher his brother's papers, he might have tried whether others would be equally unfortunate; or, at all events, he ought to have copied his model; and he ought not to have forgotten, that a circumstantial narrative can rarely be uninteresting, while a general discourse requires the greatest talents, not to be dull. But as some of the correspondents of Dr Price were persons of considerably greater eminence than himself, it is still more lamentable that Mr Morgan should have given us so little of *their* correspondence. He tells us, indeed, in language not very precise for a mathematician, that 'he would not gratify *idle* curiosity, by the *indiscriminate* publication of letters written in the confidence of private friendship.' As this last circumstance bestows their whole value on the letters, the force of the reason depends on the two epithets, 'idle' and 'indiscriminate;' and it may be answered by asking, why he did not 'gratify *reasonable* curiosity, by a *judicious selection* of the letters of Franklin, of Turgot, of Shipley, of Jones, and of so many other remarkable men. Mr Jefferson's letters from Paris in the summer of 1789, would have an importance; and, after such a series of unparalleled events, might be considered as having become materials for history. The letter of Mr John Adams, in which 'he spoke with contempt of the French Revolution at its commencement, and foretold the destruction of a million of human beings, as its probable consequence,' certainly deserved publication much better than those very foolish invectives against Mr Burke, in which Mr Morgan describes him 'as possessed by some demon of the nether regions,' and as a man 'whose passions had deranged his understanding.' It is unlucky that Mr Morgan should forget old anecdotes, and retain old prejudices. He has not thrown off that prejudice against Whigs, (whom he contemptuously calls *Rockinghamites*), which prevails among the writers of his school, and which (if a moment or two of turbulence be excepted) has for the last fifty years rendered them efficient and valuable auxiliaries of the Court.

The Bishop of Durham's Memoir of Lord Barrington's Life,

is curious as a proof what extravagant and pernicious opinions respecting politics may be entertained by the most respectable men. Lord Barrington having been made Chancellor of the Exchequer by the Duke of Newcastle in 1761, and Treasurer of the Navy by his concurrence in 1762, refused to follow him into Opposition, supported his opponents, and held office under every Administration which succeeded for sixteen years,—upon the avowed principle of supporting all Ministers appointed by the Crown, merely because they were so appointed. He professed no public attachment, but for the King. He disclaimed all political connexion with individuals founded on resemblance of political opinion, on friendship, honour or gratitude. He considered it as criminal to act in opposition; and he never was guilty of that crime after the first effervescence of youthful feeling had subsided. He made his whole life an atonement for the indiscretion of his youth. And that his conduct respecting measures might be as well understood as that which relates to men, we discover in this Memoir, that, during the four years from 1774 to 1778, in which he held the important office of Secretary at War, he voted for the prosecution of the American war, which he not only disapproved and condemned in his own conscience, (if that word be applicable to such a case), but against which he thought it his duty to make frequent and vigorous remonstrances to the Ministers with whom he acted.

The period of Lord Barrington's patriotism was, it seems, very short.

'Lord Barrington was now above *twenty-eight years old.* He had sat more than six years in Parliament; he had seen several changes; had experienced the difference between men's actions and professions; and being one of the members appointed to manage the impeachment of Lord Lovat, had read all the secret papers relative to the late rebellion; and had seen, with some degree of remorse, how much the conduct of Opposition had encouraged that enterprize.* He perceived that appeals to the people against the Parliament and the government, contribute towards anarchy; and that *ministers are more frequently deterred from right than from wrong measures, by the apprehension of opposition. Possibly some may think that his having an employment in administration might have contributed to his adopting these sentiments.*' p. 12.

Our readers will observe the general principle of Lord Barrington's practice, and of his biographer's theory, that *parlia-*

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* Both the Bishop of Durham and Sir J. Barnard having made this assertion, seem to us bound to give some proof of it, by a regard to the truth of history as well as in justice to the memory of the eminent persons engaged in opposition to Sir R. Walpole and his immediate successors.

mentary opposition does more harm than good; and they will perhaps smile at the amiable simplicity with which the good bishop allows the possibility of a suspicion, that his noble brother's principle was somewhat affected by the long luxuries of office.

'I did not see cause for opposition, to which he (the Duke of Newcastle) had ever known my intentions and principles *to be averse to the last degree*, except in cases of a very particular nature, which did not at present exist.' p. 85.

Lord Barrington was naturally desirous that his political principles should be distinctly understood by his Majesty, who was best able to appreciate them. Accordingly, in answer to an offer of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, on Mr Townshend's death, and Lord North's refusal in September 1767, Lord Barrington writes to the Duke of Grafton as follows.

'The king has long known that I am *entirely devoted to him, having no political connexions with any man;* being determined never to form one; and conceiving that, in this age, the country and its constitution are best served by an unbiassed attachment to the Crown.' p. 117.

'In conjunction with the other members of administration, Lord Barrington bore the censures which were now very generally directed against the supporters of the American war; YET NO PERSON LESS MERITED THESE CENSURES.' p. 146.

The reason is pleasant.

'There is the clearest and most decisive evidence that Lord Barrington disapproved the adopted method of coercion, and that he submitted, both to the king and to his ministers, his sentiments on the subject in the most unequivocal terms. It is not impossible that some may think, that with this difference of sentiment he ought, though a member of administration, to have appealed to the world, and to have declared his opinion.' p. 146.

On the 13th of September 1776, he told the King—'My difficulties in respect to the House of Commons, were of the most serious kind, *as they affected my conscience and my character.* I have said I retain my own opinions in respect to the disputes with America; I give them, such as they are, to ministers, in conversation or in writing; I am summoned to meetings, where I sometimes think it my duty to declare them openly before perhaps twenty or thirty persons; and the next day I am *forced either to vote contrary to them;* OR' (dreadful alternative!) 'TO VOTE WITH AN OPPOSITION WHICH I ABHOR.' p. 175.

Having thus, according to his own statement, voted against his conscience for two years, he was prevailed upon to continue to support the American war by his vote for twenty months more, and by his official cooperation for more than two years. He vacated his seat in Parliament in May 1778; and it was not till the 16th of December, in the same year, that Mr Charles Jenkinson succeeded him as Secretary at War. For services so

signal, and sacrifices of so very peculiar a kind, it was thought proper to distinguish him by a more than ordinary mark of the King's unsolicited favour.

'The Friday, he (the King) graciously told me, that I should not leave the office without a mark of his favour; that he had told Lord North so, and directed me to see his Lordship soon. The next day I wrote the following letter to the King.

"In consequence of your Majesty's directions, I saw Lord North this morning; the mode which occurred to him was a pension, till some employment proper for a man in my situation should be given to me. This is the more agreeable to my wishes, because it will be finally less burdensome to the Crown than other modes which have been sometimes adopted on such occasions; and I may retire from office, as I have passed thirty-four years in it, without grant or reversion. Lord North very properly did not hint at the *quantum*, which it is *my interest as well as duty* to leave to your Majesty."

'In answer, I received the following letter from the King.

"*Queen's House, Dec. 16th*, 1778.

"Lord Barrington cannot be surprized, after my having experienced his attachment and faithful discharge of the employments he hath held for eighteen years of my reign, that I feel hurt at having this day consented to his retreat; but as I intend to show him a mark of my approbation of his conduct arising from that consideration alone, and unsolicited by him, I choose to take this method of acquainting him that I have directed Lord North to prepare a warrant for granting him a pension of two thousand pounds per annum, until he shall be appointed to some other employment. Lord Barrington may be assured that he will always be esteemed by me.

GEORGE R." p. 189—191.

If Lord Barrington had been needy or dishonest in private life, or in any respect contemptible, the course and principles of his public conduct, so faithfully delineated in these extracts, would have deserved little serious consideration. Venal slaves flourish in every court, and indeed under every government. It may even be necessary, that the subalterns, who carry on the drudgery of office, should limit their notions of integrity to a faithful execution of the commands of their superiors. But Lord Barrington had filled one of the highest offices of the State. He had been educated in the highest principles of Whiggism. His character was fair, his abilities not contemptible, his fortune competent, and his administration of the army assiduous, and apparently independent. He was free from all suspicion of personal corruption, which is certainly not the vice of English statesmen in this age. Such is the man whom we find deliberately forming, frequently avowing, and supporting by the example of his life, the principle that all Parliamentary opposition, or, in other words, all difference of opinion with the Mi-

nisters of the Crown, whoever they may be, is a breach of public duty!

It is needless to observe, that this principle, thus enforced by the example of Lord Barrington, and sanctioned by the authority of his Right Reverend biographer, is directly subversive of the British constitution. It must be more than useless to deliberate, wherever it is a crime to express difference of opinion. Parliaments, on such principles, are needless, or rather pernicious. The press ought to be annihilated, or suffered only to inculcate the maxims of the government. Pure despotism is the only government reconcileable to such principles. We are sometimes told, truly, that discussion and publicity are the grand checks of our constitution. But of what advantage is publicity without discussion, and how can discussion arise without difference of opinion? The partizans of authority are, accordingly, willing now and then to admit, that an Opposition is not without its use, provided that it is never successful, or even seriously troublesome,—that its members are for life excluded from every hope of office and patronage,—and that they shall submit to be daily traduced and lampooned by protected libellers.

On these conditions, some of the more zealous Whigs of the Treasury are sometimes pleased to allow, that an Opposition, thus disarmed and proscribed, may be an useful part of our practical Constitution. But Lord Barrington will hear of no such heresies. He anathematizes Opposition universally. It is true, he seems to intimate that it may be justifiable 'in cases of a very peculiar nature.' What these cases are, he does not inform us; but what they are not, we certainly know from this narrative. No such case, it appears, arose during the whole of his public life. During thirty years, in which questions of policy had arisen as numerous and momentous as most of those which have divided the world, Lord Barrington never thought himself justifiable in voting against any administration. He seems to have thought, that to have been out of office, would have been a sort of tacit rebellion; and that nothing less than his holding a place of two thousand a-year would be a sufficient pledge of his loyalty. He did not consider a series of measures, which brought on a civil war, and which he constantly disapproved, as a case for opposition. The American War was not a subordinate and insulated measure, which a man, who generally approved the government, might not think it justifiable to weaken it by opposing. It was, for the time it lasted, the great object of our public policy. It was the system of Government—the hinge on which every public measure turned. Disapproving this civil war, Lord Barring-

ton, for four years, supported it by his vote, and by his official cooperation. And this example is now recommended to the imitation of the British youth by a venerable Prelate, with the weight which belongs to his station and his age. Let it be remembered, that a civil war is no object of lukewarm feelings to men who have any affection for their country. Wherever such men do not approve, they must abhor it.

In the very worst times of Roman slavery, the great historian has imagined a speech for one of the sycophants and accomplices of Sejanus, which many readers have considered as an exaggeration of the base principles of that gang of miscreants.—'Non est nostrûm æstimare quem supra cæteros et quibus de causis extollas. Tibi summum rerum judicium Dii dedere: nobis obsequii gloria relicta est.'

If such maxims were confined to grossly profligate persons, they could excite no surprise, and they would produce comparatively little evil. But the mischief of the case is, that they are the natural growth of a deceived conscience, in men otherwise moral, who have lived in courts, and who have long been accustomed to exercise authority. A strong tendency towards such principles, is the necessary result of their situation; and they find their way into the conviction of many who have the discretion not to publish them to the world, and who have not perhaps the boldness to avow them distinctly to their own minds. In this respect, the cause of the people is more unfortunate than that of authority. The extravagances of demagogues are necessarily public. They are instantly spread through every part of a country. They are quoted from generation to generation, by all those whose vocation it is to render Liberty odious or contemptible. It is otherwise with the equally extravagant opinions of courtiers and statesmen. They conceal their obnoxious singularities; and it is very seldom that we catch so clear a glimpse of the interior of their minds, as in this volume, which shows us a man who, if consistent with himself, must have been a partizan of Despotism; though, during his whole life, he must have employed the language of the British Constitution, and often extolled its transcendent excellency. The favourers of absolute monarchy, indeed, must generally dissemble their opinions. Those of a more popular government must seek to publish and to disseminate them. The latter, therefore, can never be more numerous than they seem. The former always are so; and it is extremely probable, that those who incline towards Regal Despotism, and whose measures would terminate in its establishment, are more numerous in England than the partizans of a mere democratical government; as it is quite cer-

tain, that in all ordinary times they are far more dangerous from their rank, their wealth, their talents, and their influence.

The first and second editions of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's Memoirs vary from each other in some particulars which require to be observed. The work itself may be shortly characterized as an attempt to revive all the forgotten slander of his time, under pretence of discovering its secret history. For this purpose the author appears to have industriously employed forty years of his life among the fourth-rate circles of London newsmongers. The fruit of this useful occupation is this book; of which a very short notice would have been sufficient to expose the worthlessness, if it had not obtained the unmerited honour of a prosecution for libel. But as it has been raised to this undeserved importance, it is necessary to warn provincials and foreigners against it. This distinction was brought on Sir Nathaniel by the passages of the following extract which are within brackets, and which he has omitted in the second edition; in the preface to which, the omission is ascribed solely 'to respect for Count Woronzow's public as well as private character, and to implicit confidence in his veracity,' without any intimation that this respect and confidence had been aided by the terrors of a criminal prosecution. In the same preface he chooses not to inform us, that Count Woronzow having desired to know the name of that agent of the Duke of Wirtemberg 'who possessed such talents, spirit, zeal and activity, and who had traced the imputation to Count Woronzow,' Sir Nathaniel informed the Count, that *he had forgotten the name of his informant!*

'The pretended Princess Tarakanoff, and the first Grand Dutchess 'of Russia, were not the only females of high rank, whom Cathe-'rine the Second is accused of having caused to be put out of life. 'Augusta Caroline, eldest daughter of the late celebrated Duke of 'Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, who fell at Auerstadt, perished in a man-'ner equally mysterious, and, as some persons believe, not less tra-'gical. This Princess, who was born towards the end of the year '1764, before she attained the age of sixteen, was married to the 'present King, at that time Prince of Wirtemberg. He was then 'about twenty-six years old and might be considered as eventual 'presumptive heir to his uncle the reigning Prince of Wirtemberg, 'Charles Eugene. When I was at the Court of Brunswic, in the 'Autumn of 1777, at which time the Princess was near thirteen, I 'saw her more than once, in the apartments of her mother. She 'had a very fair complexion, light hair, pleasing features, and an in-'teresting figure. Some years after her marriage, she accompanied 'the Prince her husband into Russia, when he entered into the mi-'litary service of that Crown, to the heir of which, as has been al-'ready stated, his sister was married. They resided during some time

'at Petersburgh, or in other parts of the Russian Empire; but in '1787, he quitted Catherine's service and dominions, leaving his wife 'behind, of whose conduct, it was asserted, he had great reason to 'complain. They had then three children living, two sons and a 'daughter, whom the Empress permitted him to take away when he 'withdrew from her employ; but she retained the Princess under her 'own protection. At the end of a year or two it was notified to the 'Prince of Wirtemberg, as well as to the Duke of Brunswic, by order 'of the Empress, that the wife of the one and the daughter of the o-'ther, was no more. The Duke her father immediately demanded, in 'the most pressing terms, that her body might be delivered up to him; 'but this request was never granted, nor did he even receive any such 'authentic proofs of her decease, and still less, of the circumstances 'attending it, as could satisfy him on the subject. Doubts were not 'only entertained whether she died a natural death, but it remained 'questionable whether she did not still survive, and was not existing 'in Siberia, or in the polar deserts, like many other illustrious exiles 'of her own family, who had been banished thither by the Empress 'Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne in 1741, on the deposition of 'Ivan. [I have heard this subject agitated between 1789 and 1795, 'when great uncertainty prevailed respecting the point; though it 'seemed to be generally believed that she was dead, and that her 'end had been accelerated or produced by poison. It was natu-'ral to ask, Who had caused the poison to be administered? Was 'the Empress herself the perpetrator of this crime? And even if 'that fact should be admitted, was not the Prince of Wirtemberg 'tacitly a party to its commission? Though no positive solution 'of these questions could be given, yet when the fact of the Prin-'cess's death came to be universally understood, many persons doubt-'ed the innocence of her husband. The King of Great Britain 'himself was strongly imbued with the opinion, of which he made 'no secret in 1796, when the first overtures were begun on the part 'of the Court of Wirtemberg, for the marriage of their Prince to the 'Princess Royal. George the Third was so prepossessed against him 'for having been supposed privy to the death of his wife, that he 'would not listen to the proposal. In order to remove an obsta-'cle of such magnitude, the Prince sent over to London a private 'agent, instructed to ascertain from what quarter the accusation 'came; and furnished with documents for disproving it. That 'agent I personally knew, while he was here, employed on the above 'mission: he possessed talents, spirit, zeal, and activity; all which 'he exerted in the cause. Having clearly traced the imputation up 'to Count Woronzoff, who long had been, and who then was, the 'Russian Envoy at our Court, he induced the Count, by very strong 'personal remonstrances, accompanied as we must suppose by proofs, 'to declare his conviction of the Prince's innocence, and utter ig-'norance of the nature or manner of his wife's end; it followed of 'course, that Catherine, under whose exclusive care she remained,

'could alone be accused of having produced it. The agent finally 'satisfied his Majesty, that the Empress, and she only, caused the 'Princess to be despatched without the participation, consent, or 'knowledge of her husband; if, after all, she did not die a natural 'death.] In May 1797, the Princess Royal of England was mar- 'ried to the Prince of Wirtemberg, who, before the conclusion of 'that year, became Duke, by the decease of Frederic Eugene his 'father. Early in the summer of 1798 a gentleman, conversing 'with me on the subject of the first Princess of Wirtemberg's death, 'assured me that he had seen and perused all the papers relative 'to her imprisonment and decease; which, at the desire of the 'Prince, and by his authority, had been transmitted to George the 'Third; who, after a full inspection of them, became perfectly 'convinced of his having had no part in that dark and melancholy 'transaction: lastly, he gave it as his opinion, that Catherine had 'alone caused her to be poisoned, unless her decease resulted from 'natural causes.'

After telling a long and very dull story in the name of this gentleman, of the Prince's marriage, of his wife's detention at the court of Catherine, and the subsequent corruption of her morals, Sir N. makes his informer say—

'About a fortnight after his departure, the Princess, without a- 'ny reason assigned, was sent, by the order of Catherine, to the 'Castle of Lhode, about two hundred miles from Petersburgh; 'but in what part or province of that vast empire, I am unable 'to assert. There it seems, under close confinement, she remain- 'ed about eighteen months; but all her German attendants, male 'and female, were withdrawn from her: At the end of that time, 'the Prince received letters from the Empress, informing him that 'his wife was *dead of an hemorrhage*. Similar information was 'conveyed by Catherine to the Duke of Brunswick, the unfortunate 'Princess's father. No particulars were stated; nor, as far as ap- 'pears, were any other circumstances ever known respecting her. 'Thus situated, the Duke of Brunswick, conscious that he could 'neither bring his daughter to life, nor call the Empress to account, 'acquiesced patiently in the calamity: but, during some years, he 'did not communicate to the Dutchess his wife, the intelligence of 'her daughter's death. She therefore remained in ignorance of the 'catastrophe, and continued to believe that the Princess was still 'confined at Lhode, or somewhere in the deserts of Russia. The 'Dutchess used even to speak of her as being alive in Siberia; and 'this fact will account for the universality of the report.

'If the account given me by Sir John Dick, relative to the sup- 'posed Princess Tarrahanoff, left many circumstances dark and un- 'explained in the history of that female, it must be owned, that 'after considering this narrative, no less uncertainty still pervades 'the story of the Princess of Wirtemberg. It is natural to ask, 'Why did Catherine cause the Princess to be imprisoned or poison-

'ed? Her gallantries, however culpable or notorious they might 'be, yet constituted no crime against the Empress of Russia; who 'exhibited, in her own conduct, an example of emancipation from 'all restraint and decorum in the article of female irregularities. It 'was the Prince her husband whom she had dishonoured and in-'censed. What proof is adduced, except assertion, that he did not 'know of the intentions of Catherine to confine and banish her? In 'the case of Peter the Third, and of Ivan, as well as in the instances 'of the pretended Princess Tarrahanoff, and of the first Grand 'Dutchess of Russia, the motives of her commission of a crime, by 'putting them out of life, are obvious; but none such appear in 'the instance before us. There are, moreover, other particulars 'which may lead us to hesitate in forming a decisive opinion on 'the subject. The death of the Princess of Wirtemberg at Lhode 'was announced, and stated in all the German Almanacks, print-'ed by authority, to have taken place on the 27th of September '1788. Her husband remained a widower near eight years after that 'event, before he attempted to obtain the hand of the Princess Royal 'of Great Britain. During so long a period of time, he seems to 'have adopted no measures for repelling the calumnious reports cir-'culated all over Europe, of his participation in the death of his 'wife; reports which had made the most unfavourable impression e-'ven in England. It is true that George the Third became convinc-'ed of his innocence, before he consented to the union of the Prince 'with his eldest daughter. But though the King yielded to the proofs 'brought upon this point, yet it is well known that he did it with re-'luctance and hesitation, rather giving way to the Prince's avowed 'wishes on the subject, than himself desiring or approving the match. 'So far, indeed, was he from pushing forward the alliance, that I 'know from good authority he offered the Princess, after all the preli-'minaries were adjusted, and the marriage was fixed, to break it off, if 'she chose to decline it, taking on himself personally, the whole re-'sponsibility of its failure. [There remains still another important 'fact which merits consideration. We have seen that Count Woron-'zoff originally maintained his Sovereign's innocence of the Princess's 'death, though he was afterwards induced to depart from that asser-'tion. But when did he make such an admission? Much depends 'on the time; for Catherine died on the 6th of November 1796; and 'after her death, a crime more or less might not appear to be of much 'consequence, where so many could be justly attributed to her.] 'Certain it is, that the negociation advanced much more rapidly after 'the decease of the Empress; and on the 18th of May 1797, the nup-'tials were solemnized. Over the nature, as well as over the author of 'the first Princess of Wirtemberg's death, a deep or impenetrable 'veil is drawn. We must leave it to time to unfold, if it does not ra-'ther remain, as is more probable, for ever problematical.'

To make any remarks on a prosecution pending in the high-est criminal court of England, might appear to be inconsistent

with the respect which is due to the administration of public justice. But on the omissions caused by the prosecution it may be remarked, that they relate to Count Woronzow alone. All the facts alleged against Catherine II., and almost all those stated against the Duke or King of Wirtemberg, continue as in the first edition. The deaths of the Emperor Peter, of Prince Ivan, of the supposed Princess Tarrakanoff, of the Grand Dutchess the first wife of Paul, and indeed that of the Princess of Wirtemberg, are still laid to the charge of the Empress. Such a series of murders, including that of a husband, of a boy, and of three young women, one of whom was a daughter-in-law, has not been charged on any individual, at least in the modern history of Europe. Yet common justice requires us to observe, that the two last and most aggravated of these atrocious charges rest on very slender foundations. The death of the first wife of Paul is thus related.

'We shall find it equally difficult to palliate her conduct relative 'to the first Grand Dutchess of Russia, wife of Paul; who is believed 'to have perished, or rather, to have been put out of life, by Catherine's 'directions or permission, in a manner still more tragical than the 'pretended Princess Tarrakanoff. I have seen the Grand Dutchess 'in question, at the drawing-room at Peterhoff, in 1774, soon after 'her marriage. She was by birth a Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, 'having been chosen in preference to two of her sisters, who ac-'companied her on the journey from Germany to Russia. They 'must have been very deficient in personal attractions, if Paul's se-'lection resulted from her superiority in that respect, above her 'sisters. I have rarely beheld a young person less favoured by Na-'ture. She had a scorbutic humour in her face, nor did her coun-'tenance indicate either intelligence or dignity: but she was said to 'be amiable and pleasing in her manners. That she died during the 'course of her confinement after lying-in, about two years subse-'quent to her marriage, is certain; and it is equally indisputable, 'that imputations of the heaviest nature, were on that occasion re-'vived against the Empress Catherine, accusing her as the author of 'the Grand Dutchess's death. I shall recount the particulars of her 'end, on the testimony of two Princes of Hesse Philipstahl, who 'were allied to her by consanguinity, and whom I met at Vienna in 'the beginning of 1778, at Marshal Haddick's, as well as at other 'houses in that capital. They came to seek service under Maria 'Theresa, and seemed to have no delicacy or reserve in relating the 'story, though it was then so recent a transaction. Their account 'was nearly as follows.

'Wilhelmina, Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, who, on her marriage 'with Paul, assumed the name of Natalia Alexiewna, proved with 'child in 1775, to the great joy of Catherine, as well as of the Em-'pire at large, which anxiously expected an heir. Unfortunately

'for the Grand Dutchess, though she went her full time, yet she 'had so long and dangerous a labour, that not only the child of 'which she was delivered, died in the birth; but, she was herself de-'clared by the Physicians and Surgeons who attended her, to have 'received so much injury, as to be incapable of ever again producing 'children, even if she should ultimately recover. The case was of 'serious consequence to Russia, as Paul having neither brother nor 'sister, heirs were indispensable to the welfare of the State. On the 'point being submitted to the Empress, and a few select advisers, as 'a political question; after mature discussion, it was finally deter-'mined to sacrifice her to the public interest, by putting her quietly 'out of the way. One great impediment remained however to be 'surmounted. Paul was known to be not only attached in the 'warmest manner to his wife; but his principles of morality and hu-'manity would not, it was believed, permit him to sanction such an 'act. In fact, when the idea was first suggested to him, though in-'directly and ambiguously, he manifested the utmost indignation, as 'well as horror. With a view to extinguish all emotions of that na-'ture in his bosom, and to induce him to consent to the deed, the 'persons who were employed for the purpose, assailed him therefore 'by other arguments and motives, than those of State Policy or Ne-'cessity. "Your Imperial Highness then imagines," said they, "that the Grand Dutchess was true to your Bed, and that the Child "which she brought into the world was yours?" On his answering 'in the affimative, they assured him that she had carried on a crimi-'nal intrigue with one of the handsomest, as well as most accomplish-'ed young Noblemen about the Court. Paul still continuing, never-'theless incredulous, they put into his hands various of her own let-'ters, and those of her lover; which, as they asserted, had been 'discovered or intercepted, containing unequivocal proofs of mutual 'intercourse, sufficient to convince the Grand Duke of her infidelity. 'He then abandoned her to her fate; and the medical attendants 'having received proper instructions, completed the rest, in a man-'ner equally effectual and expeditious.

'Such was the account given by the Princes of Hesse Philipstahl; 'and a circumstance which augments its probability is, that the No-'bleman himself, who was accused of being the lover of the Grand 'Dutchess, then resided at Vienna; to which city he had been sent, 'as common report affirmed, by Catherine, on the complaints of her 'son, immediately after the death of the unfortunate Princess in 'question. I knew him intimately, during a long time, while at 'Vienna. He since filled the post of Envoy from the Empress of 'Russia, at an Italian Court; where he was believed to have car-'ried his temerity, and his success, even higher than he had done at 'Petersburgh.' p. 197—201.

The evidence produced by Sir Nathaniel is the relation given, in his presence, by two princes of Hesse Philipsthal at Vienna, two years after the event. We know nothing of their charac-

ter, or of their means of information; and the extreme indiscretion, not to say indecency, of a statement of the murder of their relation, in public company, may be considered as some presumption against their credit. The story is told in the life of Catherine the Second, published at Paris in 1797, (Vol. II. p. 160), with less aggravated circumstances, and consequently with somewhat more probability, but still, it must be remembered, at a time and place which take much from its weight as a corroborating testimony. It is there said, that the Empress suspected Razumoffski† of an amour with the Grand Dutchess, and communicated her suspicions to Paul, who, though he did not adopt them, thought it right to recommend greater caution to his wife. He also, as usual, betrayed the source of his information; and the Grand Dutchess then, if not before, entered on a secret correspondence with Razumoffski, and formed political intrigues against the Empress. She died in childbed; and 'her loss,' says the French writer, 'caused one crime more to be imputed to Catharine.' That this unfortunate princess died in childbed, or soon after delivery, is a fact common to both narratives, which both probably accounts for her death as natural, and would so much aggravate the atrocity of the murder, as to require strong evidence that any being in human form had committed such a crime. Resentment and fear are, however, assigned by the French writer as the causes of this crime. But it is divested of those very slender extenuations, and raised to unnatural enormity in the present narrative.

Catharine, upon a medical opinion which must have been problematical, and to avert a public danger which might never have been realized, is supposed to have coolly resolved on the murder of her daughter-in-law, a young princess, at that time in a situation which would have filled the most bloody savages with compassion; she is made to suggest this murder to her son, who is at last induced to consent to the murder of his wife in childbed, by suspicions of her gallantry; the Empress is represented as having proposed previously the propriety of the murder, as a question of state, to her cabinet council, who determined that it was expedient; and the physicians who attended the Grand Dutchess, actually completed the crime. No murder recorded in civilized history approaches this. Paul is involved in it as much as his mother; for it varies the atrocity

† The person described by Sir N. with a mystery which forms a ridiculous contrast with the other parts of his narrative, as a successful lover of the Queen of Naples. He was the son of a nephew of Razumoffski, a handsome young Cossack from the Ukraine, who was one of the last lovers of the Empress Elizabeth.

very slightly, whether he acted from subserviency to the Empress, from adoption of her flagitious policy, or from resentment at the supposed gallantries of his wife. If he thus concurred in teaching murderous lessons to his courtiers, we shall the less wonder at, and the less lament his own fate. The number of accomplices adds to the improbability of the story. It is due to the honour of human nature, not to believe, without the strongest evidence, that such an act could have been proposed to the cabinet council of an empire aspiring to the character of civilized, and executed by the hands of those to whom the life of this unhappy princess was entrusted,—members of a profession, distinguished for humanity, and for a religious observance of professional trust. To publish such stories lightly, is no small offence. To prevent their publication by authority, or to suppress them by criminal prosecutions, are expedients which have no tendency to disprove their truth, or to lessen their credit. But we cannot help earnestly exhorting all those who have any means of information, to make the truth known, as a duty which, whether the imputation be just or groundless, they equally owe to the character of the human species.

To suppose that the Princess of Wirtemberg was put to death by the command of the Empress, without the knowledge, and indeed without the desire, of her husband, seems utterly unreasonable. It would be a crime without a motive. Catharine did not so severely punish conjugal infidelities. Even supposing that His Majesty the King of Wirtemberg had proposed to the Empress this mode of disposing of his consort, it is monstrous to believe, that she would have consented to become the executioner of a barbarous caprice. Unless the King of Wirtemberg had completely vindicated himself from such a charge, it is incredible that the Princess Royal of England should have had those 'avowed wishes' for marrying him, which Sir N. Wraxall, with no great delicacy, ascribes to her; and that King George the Third should have consented to the marriage, though even 'with reluctance and hesitation.' It is sufficiently singular, that the hand of a British Princess should have been bestowed on a Prince so unfortunate as to require vindication against such a charge; and to be under the necessity of obtaining a certificate of the death of his former consort *by hemorrhage* at Lhode, a castle or a convent in some remote province of Russia. The probability seems to be, that this Princess, at the desire of her husband, for real or supposed indiscretions, was relegated to a provincial prison, in a country where the secret death of an illustrious prisoner, though really natural, might be plausibly imputed to assassination.

The death of Peter was necessary to seat Catharine on the throne. That of the Princess Tarrakanoff might have been the accidental effect of a barbarous imprisonment, after a perfidious arrest, in which a British consul, and an admiral a native of Great Britain, are said to have been accomplices. The murder of Ivan is not proved to have been commanded by the Empress, though the murderers certainly were unpunished, and are said to have been promoted, and though his father, a prince of the House of Brunswick, was suffered to languish for sixteen years after the death of his son, and at last to die in his prison near Archangel. But the murders of the Grand Dutchess and the Princess of Wirtemberg (if they were murdered), are crimes without any of those incentives of passion or of ambition which bring the guilt of tyrants within the limits of nature.... It is reasonable to withhold belief from accusations of so monstrous a kind; and, at the same time, to lament the condition of a prince or a country, against whom the bare imputation of such crimes is possible.

Since writing the above, we find our doubts converted into absolute disbelief, by the following passage of a respectable writer, which we feel pleasure in republishing at this moment as an act of justice.

'Le Grand Duc Paul Petrovitch avait epouse en 1773 une Princesse de Hesse Darmstadt, qui prit en entrant dans l'Eglise Grecque le nom de Natalie. Elle mourut en 1776. On a écrit, que sa mort fit imputer à Catharine un crime de plus, et que la sage femme qui presida aux couches de cette Princesse, ne tarda pas à faire une grande fortune. La verité est, qu'aucune sage femme ne presida aux couches de Natalie, puisqu'elle n'eut point de couches. Elle mourut au terme de sa grôssesse, et après plusieurs jours de souffrance, parcequ'une conformation vicieuse ne lui permettait pas d'enfanter. Les plus célébres chirurgiens de St Petersbourg furent appelés, et entre autres Moreau, fils du premier chirurgien de l'Hotel Dieu de Paris. L'un d'eux, je crois que ce fut Moreau, proposa l'operation Cesarienne. On lui demanda si en sauvant l'enfant, il repondoit des jours de la mère. Ce fut ce qu'il n'osa point assurer, et il ne fut plus parlé de cette terrible operation. L'enfant était mort avant que la mère rendit le dernier soupir.'—*Levesque, Histoire de Russie, tom. 5. p. 363. Edition de Hamburgh*, 1800.

Levesque is a writer of credit, who was at Petersburgh at the time of the Grand Dutchess's death. He appeals to eyewitnesses; and he appears almost certainly to have received his information from one of them. In his short narrative of the history of Catharine, he writes with great impartiality, and shows no disposition more favourable towards her than that scepticism

respecting charges of unusual atrocity, which is the duty of an historian, and which is justified by experience as much as it is required by candour. His account of the unfortunate Elizabeth Tarrakanoff, acquits Catharine only of murder. In relating the death of Ivan, he mentions a circumstance in itself very probable, that under the reign of Elizabeth, orders had been given to the officers who guarded the Prince, to put their prisoner to death, if a rescue were attempted, and that he was actually killed in execution of that order, which had been continued at every renewal of the garrison. The deposition of that poor boy at the age of two years; his solitary imprisonment for twenty-two years after; the total ignorance, and perpetual childishness, varied only by pitiable fits of childish anger, which were its necessary consequences, and which were barbarously represented by those who caused them, as proofs of natural insanity and idiotism; his secret interviews with the three Sovereigns who were seated on his throne, of whom Peter alone seems certainly to have exhibited generous emotions; his miserable death, and the blasphemous hypocrisy with which that death was announced to the world; form altogether one of the most afflicting and horrible scenes in history. But there is no proof that Catharine perpetrated useless crimes. What was necessary for her ambition, she either prompted or practised, or rewarded, with as little scruple as most other usurpers. As her whole life was very successfully employed in projects of aggrandizement, at the expense of her weak neighbours, she suffered her favourite Generals to extinguish the spirit of resistance by every military severity for which the example of former ages, or the widest extension of the laws of war could afford an authority, or even supply a pretext. Like most conquerors, she was eager to find the shortest road to her object. The admirable work of Rulhieres will perpetuate the memory of the atrocities committed in the first invasion of Poland. Never was any war more unjust. Scarcely ever was there a war carried on with more barbarity. The massacre of the people of Praga, and of the garrison of Ismael, may perhaps be conformable to some barbarous precedents, and may not be absolutely without the pale of what are called the laws of war: But such acts are justly detested by all good men, and they are still more odious in the Generals of a Princess who pretended to philosophy and humanity.

Massacres and military executions must commonly so much resemble each other in their detestable particulars, that if those of Praga and Ismael were painted by eloquent writers, or even minutely described by eyewitnesses, they would excite as strong and as general a horror as the similar atrocities of more recent

times. But the Poles have shrunk from describing the dreadful details of the destruction of their country. The Turks are not historians; and it would be difficult for any cruelty to be new or wonderful to an Oriental. The same pretexts are always employed; retaliation, violation of the rules of war by the enemy, or the irregular resistance of the people to the conqueror after submission, which that conqueror calls rebellion. It is in vain to distinguish these scenes of slaughter from others, by describing them as inevitable calamities in the case of towns taken by assault. For in the cases we have mentioned, the assault and the massacre were premeditated and resolved on, either to retaliate for past or supposed excesses of the enemy, or to strike such terror as should prevent future resistance. The slaughter did not arise from the assault: the assault was chosen for the sake of the slaughter. Yet such atrocities do not always indicate any peculiar cruelty in the personal character of those who direct them. 'To 'make an example of Warsaw,' is a phrase which might have been lightly used in conversation, and eagerly caught by Suwarrow at one of those moments when intoxication had sharpened his natural ferocity. The tremendous details which that phrase implied, the butchery of 30,000 men, women and children, in Praga, were hid from the imagination of those who uttered, and of those who approved it, by the general and familiar terms in which it was conveyed, and industriously withheld from their notice ever afterwards. These horrors are often more to be considered as the necessary consequences of tyranny and conquest, than as proofs of more than usual ferocity in the tyrant or conqueror from whom they flow. There is no reason to suppose that Catherine had any disposition to inflict pain on individuals whose sufferings she saw, or distinctly represented to herself.

But, to return to Sir N. Wraxall.—His general anxiety to be correct, may be estimated by his never thinking it his duty, before he told such a story as that of the murder of the Grand Dutchess, to examine so well known and creditable a writer as Levesque. But on the whole, it must be owned that the part of the book which relates to the Continent is much more tolerable than that which respects England. The reason seems to be, that it is the journal of a traveller, written at least from the conversation of the time; not vulgar slander, incorrectly remembered, and eked out by pamphleteering declamation thirty years after the events. The account of the Court of Lisbon is not unamusing. A king, who is represented as a drunken old Moor, and whose 'secret and decorous amours' are commended by our author, in a sentence of very ludicrous stateliness;—a queen, at the age of sixty, jealous of this discreet husband; the

best horsewoman, and the greatest huntress in Europe,—and who, being 'an excellent shot,' 'very narrowly missed killing the 'king with a ball,' are the principal persons in the farce. He adds little to our information about the stern tyranny of Pombal. One fact may be quoted as an example. A hundred Jesuits were confined in one prison only, 'in subterraneous case-'mates,' for no other crime but that of having been Jesuits, from 1758 or 1763, till the release of the survivors in 1777.

Sir Nathaniel's hero, among the sovereigns of the eighteenth century, is Louis the Fifteenth; a prince who, if he had not been distinguished by the grossness and extravagance of his debauchery, could scarce have been known otherwise than by name to history. This monarch, says our author, 'covered 'himself and his country with military glory!' The acquisition of Lorrain *under* Louis XV. indeed, but no more *by* him than by Sir N., fills our memoir writer with statistical enthusiasm. He calls it 'territory of such inestimable value as to mock calculation!' And he afterwards breaks out into an ecstasy of geographical rapture. 'When we reflect on the beauty and 'extent of that fine province, stretching into the midst of 'France, and *separating Burgundy from Champaigne*, contiguous on the east to Germany,' &c. In comparing Lorrain with the acquisitions of former kings of France, his admiration of Louis XV. so far disturbs his historical and geographical recollections, that he ascribes to Henry IV. the conquest of imaginary counties—'the counties of Bourg and Bresse.' Unfortunately Bourg is not a county, but a town, the capital of the little province of Bresse. He expatiates with very ludicrous indignation on the misalliance of his hero with Maria Lecsinska, who, according to him, 'had neither rank, nor beauty, nor 'elegance of manners, nor intellectual endowments. Even 'youth she could scarcely be said to possess, *as she was twenty-'three years of age!*' Yet she inspired Cardinal Fleury at seventy with a passion, of which the effects are somewhat ambiguously described by our author. 'If Richlieu, as we are assured from contemporary authority, ventured to raise his eyes 'to Anne of Austria, and to *make her propositions of a libertine 'nature*, it is equally a fact, however incredible it may appear, 'that Fleury, then above seventy years of age, *carried his pre-'sumption still farther* with respect to Maria Lecsinska. I 'shall not relate the *particulars!*' Yet why this sudden fit of squeamishness? The direction of our author's memory or fancy towards such 'particulars,' is so clearly visible in every part of the book, that this ridiculous reserve only strengthens the impression of its general impurity. Besides, what is that

which is 'farther' than 'libertine propositions?' Sir Nathaniel, who began his Travels forty-three years ago, quotes with seeming complacency, and adopts with eager credulity, the case of Cardinal Fleury; but, in his own case, we shall infer only from the superabundance of indecent anecdote, that what 'once inflamed his soul,' does 'still inspire his wit.'... It is very rarely that we find that vice combined with so great a disposition to details of physical impurity. In pages 241 and 242, we have a collection of nasty tales, raked together from the filth of different ages and nations, with an industry which would have been remarkable among the few merits of the book, if it had been employed for any purpose but to disgust the reader, and degrade human nature.

The discussions respecting the effect of the peculiar marriages of the house of Braganza; the supposed physical deficiencies of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII.; the deaths of the Regent, Duke of Orleans, and the Marechal de Saxe; and the horrible insinuation against the late Stadtholder, are faults of a similar kind, which are without excuse; because the facts can neither be proved, if they were true; nor disproved, if they were false; and because their truth or falsehood is of no historical or public importance. In a book of anecdote, intended for readers of every age and sex, this union of nastiness and obscenity is peculiarly reprehensible. On a part of the conduct of the late Prince of Orange, which is really within the province of history, he makes a remark, which calls for the severest animadversion.—'Van Berkel,' says he, 'merited the fate of the 'two De Witts, and only escaped it by the inert and incapa-'ble conduct of the Stadtholder.' It was the unmerited fate of the two De Witts to be torn in pieces by an ungrateful populace; and the language of our author intimates at the least, that it was a proof of inactivity in the late Stadtholder, not to have excited the populace to assassinate Van Berkel. If he intends what his words mean, he must be left to be punished by the general execration of mankind. But it is to be hoped, that he has only blundered into a form of expression, which makes him say more than he intended. These are, however, matters, on which it is not allowed to be ambiguous; and some symptoms of unmanly ferocity have for the first time appeared, though only among some of our very subaltern writers, which make it necessary to guard the English language from being degraded into a vehicle of cowardly and sanguinary maxims. It is sufficient condemnation of this writer, to point out the unfeeling and immoral coldness, and almost approbation, with which he alludes to two barbarous murders, perpetrated on two of the most virtuous magistrates whose names are mentioned in history.

The picture of the Court of Naples, and particularly of the character of Ferdinand IV. is amusing; and as it is given chiefly from the information of Sir W. Hamilton, the intimate friend of that strange prince, it seems to have better pretensions to credit than most other parts of the Memoirs.

'No European Sovereign, without exception,' said Sir William, 'has been so ill educated as the King of Naples. He is not 'even master of any language, except Italian, without making a 'painful effort; and his ordinary Italian is a Neapolitan dialect, such 'as the lowest of his subjects, the *Lazaroni*, speak in their intercourse with each other. It is true that he understands French, 'and converses in it when indispensable; but he rarely reads any 'French author, and still more rarely attempts to write in that language. All the correspondence that takes place between him and 'his father, the King of Spain, is carried on in the common Neapolitan jargon. They write very frequently and largely to each 'other; but seldom does this intercourse embrace political subjects: 'their letters, of which I have seen numbers, being filled with accounts of the quantity and variety of the game respectively killed 'by them, in which the great ambition of each Prince is to exceed 'the other. Ferdinand, indeed, who scarcely ever reads, considers 'as the greatest of misfortunes a rainy day, when the weather proves 'too bad for him to go out to the chase. On such occasions, recourse is had to every expedient by which time may be killed, in 'order to dissipate His Majesty's Ennui, even to the most puerile 'and childish pastimes. The King's education was systematically 'neglected: for Charles the Third, alarmed at the imbecility of his 'eldest son, Philip, Duke of Calabria, who, on account of his recognized debility of understanding, was wholly set aside from the 'right of succession, strictly ordered, at his departure for Spain, 'in 1759, that this, his third son, should not be compelled to apply 'to any severe studies, or be made to exert any close application of 'mind.' p. 235.

'Before the present King fully attained his seventeenth year, 'the Marquis Tanucci, then Prime Minister, by directions sent 'from the Court of Madrid, provided him a wife. The Archdutchess Josepha, one of the daughters of the Empress Maria Theresa, being selected for Queen of Naples; and being represented 'to young Ferdinand, as a princess equally amiable in her mind, 'as she was agreeable in her person, he expected her arrival with 'great pleasure, mingled even with some impatience. So much 'more severely was it natural that he should feel the melancholy 'intelligence, when it arrived from Vienna, that she was dead of 'the small-pox. In fact, he manifested as much concern at the 'event, as could perhaps be expected in a prince of his disposition, 'and at his time of life, for the death of a person whom he had 'never seen. But, a circumstance which greatly augmented his

'chagrin on the occasion was, its being considered indispensable 'for him not to take his usual diversion of hunting or fishing, on 'the day that the account reached Naples. Ferdinand reluctantly 'submitted to such a painful and unusual renunciation: but, hav- 'ing consented to it from a sense of decorum, he immediately set 'about endeavouring to amuse himself within doors, in the best 'manner that circumstances would admit; an attempt in which he 'was aided by the noblemen in waiting about his person. They 'began therefore with billiards, a game which his Majesty likes, 'and at which he plays with skill. When they had continued it 'for some time, leap-frog was tried, to which succeeded various 'other feats of agility or gambols. At length, one of the gentle- 'men, more ingenious than the others, proposed to celebrate the 'funeral of the deceased Arch-Dutchess. The idea, far from shock- 'ing the King, appeared to him, and to the whole company, as 'most entertaining; and no reflections, either on the indecorum, 'or want of apparent humanity in the proceeding, interposed to 'prevent its immediate realization. Having selected one of the 'Chamberlains, as proper, from his youth and feminine appear- 'ance, to represent the Princess, they habited him in a manner 'suitable to the mournful occasion; laid him out on an open bier, 'according to the Neapolitan custom at interments; and in order 'to render the ceremony more appropriate, as well as more accu- 'rately correct, they marked his face and hands with chocolate 'drops, which were designed to imitate the pustules of the small- 'pox. All the apparatus being ready, the funeral procession be- 'gan, and proceeded through the principal apartments of the pa- 'lace at Portici, Ferdinand officiating as chief mourner. Having 'heard of the Arch-Dutchess's decease, I had gone thither on that 'day, in order to make my condolence privately to his Majesty on 'the misfortune; and entering at the time, I became an eyewit- 'ness of this extraordinary scene, which, in any other country of 'Europe, would be considered as incredible, and would not obtain 'belief.

'The Arch-Dutchess Caroline being substituted in place of her 'sister, and being soon afterwards conducted from Vienna to Na- 'ples, the King advanced in person, as far as the 'Portella,' where 'the Neapolitan and Papal territories divide, in order to receive his 'new bride. She was then not sixteen years old; and though she 'could not by any means be esteemed handsome, yet she possessed 'many charms. Ferdinand manifested on his part, neither ardor 'nor indifference for the Queen. On the morning after his nup- 'tials, which took place in the beginning of May 1768, when the 'weather was very warm, he rose at an early hour, and went out, 'as usual to the chase, leaving his young wife in bed. Those 'courtiers who accompanied him, having inquired of his Majesty 'how he liked her; '*Dormé com un amazzata*,' replied he, '*et* '*suda com un porco*.' Such an answer would be esteemed, any-

'where except at Naples, most indecorous; but here we are familiarized to far greater violations of propriety and decency. Those acts and functions which are never mentioned in England, and which are there studiously concealed, even by the vulgar, here are openly performed.' p. 235—241.

The account given by Sir John Dick, of his share in kidnapping the unhappy woman called the Princess Tarrakanoff, should be known as generally as possible, because it is a man's own defence against the charge of a horrible crime.

'I lived during several years in habits of familiar acquaintance with Sir John Dick, who retained, at fourscore, all the activity of middle life, together with the perfect possession of his memory and faculties. He was an agreeable, entertaining, well-bred man, who had seen much of the world. Dining in a large company at Mr Thomas Hope's, in Berkeley Square, on Sunday the 10th of February 1799, I sat by Sir John Dick; and, well knowing his intimacy with Alexis Orloff, I inquired of him where the Count then was? 'He is,' answered Sir John Dick, 'at present at Leipsic, 'from which place he wrote to me only three weeks ago. The 'Emperor Paul commanded him to travel, after having made him 'and Prince Baratinskoi, both of whom assisted in the termination 'of Peter the Third's life, assist likewise at the funeral ceremonies 'of that Prince. They held the pall, and actually mounted guard 'over the body, in the church of the Citadel of Petersburgh, re-'maining the whole night with the corpse. Alexis went through 'this function with perfect composure.' Encouraged by the frankness of this reply, I ventured to ask him if he had read the Narrative of the Princess Tarrakanoff's seizure, related in *La Vie de Catherine Seconde?* 'I have certainly perused it,' said he, and 'not without some concern, as I am there accused by name, no 'less than my wife, of having been a party to the act of trans-'porting by violence, a young, unsuspecting, and innocent Prin-'cess, on board the Russian fleet. I will relate to you, as a man 'of veracity, all the part that I took, and all I know, relative to 'the pretended Princess in question, who is there asserted to have 'been a daughter of Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, by Alexis Ra-'zoumoffsky.

'During the time that the Russian squadron lay in the harbour 'of Leghorn in 1771, Alexis Orloff, who was the Admiral, resid-'ed frequently, if not principally, at Pisa, where he hired a splen-'did house. One morning, about 11 o'clock, a Cossack, who was 'in his service, and who acted as his courier, arrived at my door, 'charged with a message, to inform me that his master, with some 'company, in three carriages, meant to dine with me on that day. 'I accordingly ordered a dinner to be prepared for his reception. 'When he arrived, he brought with him a lady, whom he intro-'troduced to my wife and to myself: but he never named her, 'only calling her, "*Questa Dama.*" She was by no means

'handsome, though genteel in her figure; apparently thirty years 'of age; and had the air of a person who had suffered in her 'health. There seemed something mysterious about her, which ex- 'cited my curiosity, but which I could not penetrate. Considering 'her with attention, it struck me forcibly that I had seen her before, 'and in England. Being determined, if possible, to satisfy myself 'on this point, as we stood leaning against the chimney-piece in my 'drawingroom, before dinner, I said to her, "I believe, Ma'am, "you speak English." "I speak only one little," answered she. 'We sat down to dinner; and, after the repast, Alexis Orloff pro- 'posed to my wife, and to another lady who was there present, to 'accompany him and the female stranger on board his ship. They 'both declining it, Orloff took her with him in the evening. The 'boom or chain was then stretched across the harbour; but a boat 'came from the Russian Admiral's ship, into which he put the la- 'dy, and accompanied her himself safe on board.

'On the ensuing morning, when Orloff came on shore, he pro- 'ceeded to my house. His eyes were violently inflamed, and his 'whole countenance betrayed much agitation. Without explaining 'to me the cause or the reason of this disorder, he owned that he 'had passed a very unpleasant night; and he requested me to let 'him have some of the most amusing books in my library, in order 'to divert the lady who was on board his ship. I never saw her 'again: but I know that, soon afterwards, she was sent by Alexis 'in a frigate to Cronstadt; where, without being ever landed, she 'was transferred up the Neva, to the fortress of Schlusselbourg, at 'the mouth of the lake Ladoga. Catherine there confined her, in 'the very room that Peter the Third had caused to be constructed, 'with intent to shut up herself in it. The Lady unquestionably 'died in that prison, of chagrin; but she was not drowned by the 'water of the Neva coming into her apartment, as is asserted in '*La Vie de Catherine Seconde.*

'Having stated to you,' continued Sir John Dick, 'these 'circumstances, I will now inform you, who, and of what descrip- 'tion was the lady in question. Far from being, as is pretended, a 'daughter of Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, her father was a baker 'of Nuremberg in Franconia. If, on this point, my testimony 'should appear to you doubtful or suspicious, the present Mar- 'grave of Anspach, who is in this country, and who knew her well, 'is ready to testify the same fact. She was a woman of pleasure, 'during a short time, both in Paris, and here in London; at which 'last mentioned city, she had picked up a few words of English. 'Prince Nicholas Radzivil, who was driven out of Poland by the 'Russians, having met with her, made her his mistress, and carried 'her with him into Italy. In order to revenge himself on Cathe- 'rine, who had expelled him from his native country, and confis- 'cated his immense estates in Lithuania; he resolved on calling her 'the Princess Tarrakanoff, pretending that she was Elizabeth's

'daughter. Such she was, in fact, considered to be by many peo-
'ple; and the report acquiring strength, soon reached Petersburgh.
'Catherine, naturally alarmed at the existence of a pretender, who
'who might lay claim to the very throne of Russia; and being in-
'formed that Prince Radzivil asserted her right to the empire, as a
'legitimate daughter of Elizabeth by Razoumoffsky, to whom she
'had been secretly married; thought that not a moment was to be
'lost, in securing the person of so dangerous a rival. She issued
'private orders, therefore, to Alexis Orloff, enjoining him to gain
'possession of the pretended Princess, at all events, and by every
'possible means, either of money or violence. To so great a height
'did the Empress's apprehensions rise, that Orloff avowed to me,
'he had received the positive commands of her Majesty, to pursue
'her even to Ragusa, if necessary; where it was understood she had
'retired; to demand her from the government of that small Repub-
'lic; and if they should refuse to give her up, to bombard the city,
'and to lay it in ashes. But, Alexis found means to entrap, or to
'entice her, without either disturbance or hostility. He treated
'her as his Mistress, while he resided at Pisa, and while she lay on
'board his ship at Leghorn. These are all the particulars that I
'know relative to her, and all the share that I had in her deten-
'tion, or her misfortunes.' p. 183–89.

On this narrative several observations present themselves. Sir N. Wraxall intimates some doubts of its truth;—notwithstanding which doubts, 'he lived in habits of *familiar* acquaintance with 'the narrator.' The credit of the narrative is not strengthened by the mild and respectful language in which he describes two Russian grandees, '*both of whom assisted in the termination* '*of Peter the Third's life!*' One of these persons whose participation in murder is thus courteously described, was Alexis Orloff, to whom Dick was so abjectly subservient as to receive and execute orders for a dinner for his mistress, whose name he did not deign to communicate. It appeared that Orloff did propose to Lady Dick and 'another lady' to accompany his unknown mistress on board the Russian ship, (for what innocent purpose Dick does not explain), which is evidently the foundation of Castera's story; and Sir John does not say that their declining to go on board proceeded from any repugnance to be engaged in the atrocious fraud of Orloff. It is evident that the appearance and language of Orloff next day must have excited his suspicions at least; yet he took no measures to deliver the victim. He gives a strange notion of his own feelings, by saying, as a mitigation, that she died of a broken heart in the dungeon, instead of being drowned, as is commonly believed, by the overflow of the Neva. After his knowledge of the fatal issue of this unparalleled act of unmanly and base atrocity, he continued to be

on terms of friendship and correspondence with the perpetrator. Let us add, on the authority of Sir N. Wraxall, that Dick received a Russian order of knighthood (whether before or after the trepanment, is not said), and that he derived 'great pecu-'niary advantages' from supplying the Russian fleet under Orloff's command, then lying at Leghorn. If English consuls will earn wealth and titles by betraying prisoners into the hands of foreign tyrants, it is at least fit that no part of the evidence of their guilt should be concealed from their country.

The connexion of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick with the *Illuminés*, is supposed in this book to be the cause of his dismissal from the Prussian service. But it is seldom possible to examine one of its anecdotes, without finding new proofs of inaccuracy. The true cause of Prince Ferdinand leaving the Russian service, (for he resigned, and was not dismissed), is to be found in Thiebault. (*Mes Souvenirs de Vingt Ans*, vol. II. p. 372.) A colonel of a regiment of cavalry, in garrison at Magdeburgh, of which he was governor, whom he had put under arrest, was enlarged by the King without reference to the Prince. This exertion of royal authority was resented by Prince Ferdinand, who immediately sent in his resignation, and retired to Brunswick. His letter of resignation is published by Thiebault, which seems to establish the truth of his narrative. Without this corroboration, it might have been unsafe to rely implicitly on Thiebault, who often evidently wrote from imperfect recollection, and who is seldom scrupulous in weighing the proof of a striking anecdote.

Sir Nathaniel (Vol. I. p. 262, &c.) tells us a marvellous story of the executioner of Strasburgh, who, in the year 1774 or 1775, was brought blindfold, after two days journey, to a castle in Germany, where he beheaded a lady apparently of distinction, on a scaffold covered with black, in the midst of a large hall. This lady, Sir Nathaniel believes to have been a Princess of Wirtemberg, who married the Prince of Tour and Taxis, and who had attempted to push her husband into the river. But if the Prince of Tour and Taxis was desirous of putting his wife secretly to death, why did he send for the executioner of Strasburgh? and how could such a death, with so much ceremonial and preparation, have been kept a secret from the servants and neighbours of the castle? The story would in itself only be an instance of Sir Nathaniel's credulity; but he gives it some additional importance, by telling us, that 'the private annals of the 'great houses and sovereigns of the German Empire, would 'furnish numerous instances of similar severity exercised in 'their own families during the seventeenth and eighteenth cen-'turies.'

Reasonable men require stronger proofs of a narrative, in proportion to its deviating from the common course of nature, especially when it charges monstrous crimes. The credulous vulgar, believe a tale in proportion to its atrocity. No reader of these memoirs can hesitate in which of the two classes the author is to be placed. Among many blameable instances of his credulity, or desire of ministering to the malicious curiosity of the vulgar, none is more reprehensible than his account of the death of Louis XVI.

'His personal courage itself, whatever flattery may assert, or candour may suggest, was problematical. That he displayed considerable presence of mind, and contempt of death, when surrounded by a furious populace, in October 1789, at Versailles, and in July 1792, at the Tuilleries, cannot be disputed; but, on the scaffold, in January, 1793, for the performance of which last act he must nevertheless have been prepared, by all the aids of reflection, and all the supports of religion, he did not comport himself with the serenity and self possession that characterized Charles the First, and Mary, Queen of Scots, when laying down their heads on the Block.' First Edit. Vol. I. p. 114.

Yet the insignificant anonymous note from Paris in the next page, seemingly introduced for no other purpose than that of informing the public of the author's acquaintance with the Duke of Dorset, states, that 'Louis suffered death with the most heroic courage;' and it is now perfectly well known, that though he struggled for an instant with the executioner, it was not from the least apprehension of death, but from a transient impulse of resentment against precautions which he felt as indignities. It is a certain fact, resting upon evidence of a peculiarly unsuspected kind, that no man ever looked on danger and death with more calmness than this unhappy monarch.

There is, it must be owned, in the worst of Sir Nathaniel's tales, less marks of malice than of gossiping credulity, and of a passion for telling wonderful stories. Yet he knows how to make seasonable exceptions. He is extremely discreet and loyal in speaking of the King and the Regent. His scrupulous regard for the reputation of the Powerful, should have taught him to show at least some caution in treating the character of the defenceless and the dead. Of the Prince Regent he is pleased to observe,—'Had Johnson been now living, he might, in-'deed, witness the finest model of grace, dignity, ease and af-'fability which the world has ever beheld, united in the same 'person. In *him* are really blended, the majesty of Louis the 'Fourteenth, with the amenity of Charles the Second.' Vol. I. p. 375. However unquestionably just this commendation may be, it would have had more effect from a more competent judge, or from one who had better opportunities of observation; and it

would have had the merit of more unsuspected independence, if it had been bestowed on a dead Prince. As a compensation for superior elegance of manners, he discovers a parallel between George the Third and Marcus Aurelius, which had hitherto escaped the most zealous of his Majesty's panegyrists. 'He resembles, too, in the leading features of his character, the Antonines;' but it is not said, whether the resemblance consists most in the talents of a philosopher or in those of a general.

To deceased Kings and Princes, even of our own line, he is pretty rigid. He tells us, that George the Second impatiently longed for the death of his eldest son; that he expressed disappointment at hearing that the Prince was better; and eagerly told the Countess of Yarmouth, as a piece of good news, 'Freddy is dead.' His account of Prince Frederic, also, is perfectly exempt from flattery, though it is not such as to excuse the unnatural feelings which are here ascribed (we hope falsely) to his Royal Father. That the Prince died greatly in debt, and that his debts were never paid, is a reproach not so exclusively applicable to him as our author seems to imagine. It is the usual fate of bungling encomiasts, to defeat the effect of their general praise, by the particular facts which they select to justify it. Many anecdotes related by this writer (perhaps most untruly), have an effect rather opposite to his intention. In the spring of 1783, he seriously tells us, that 'the King, reduced to despair, unquestionably meditated the extraordinary project of visiting his Electoral Dominions, and of relinquishing, for a time, to the Coalition, the power of which they had forcibly possessed themselves. But, on communicating his intention to the Chancellor, that minister, far from encouraging the proposition, gave it his strongest disapprobation. "There is nothing easier, Sir," said he, with his characteristic severity of voice and manner, "than to go over to Hanover; but it may not prove so easy to return. Recollect "James II."' Vol. II. p. 321.

If Lord Thurlow treated in this manner a proposal for a visit of mere amusement to Hanover, his answer was equally absurd and unbecoming. If the King proposed a temporary resignation of the royal authority, because Lord North and Mr Fox were his ministers, the inference against the probability of the answer would be still stronger, though of a quite different nature. Yet he proceeds in another place in the same strain.

'But his fortitude sunk under the bondage to which "the Coalition" had subjected him. His natural equality of temper, suavity of manners, and cheerfulness of deportment, forsaking him in a great measure, he became silent, thoughtful, taciturn, and uncommunicative. Sometimes, when he resided at Windsor, mounting his

horse, accompanied by an equerry and a single footman; after riding ten or twelve miles, scarcely opening his lips, he would dismount in order to inspect his hounds, or to view his farming improvements: then getting on horseback again, he returned back to the Queen's Lodge in the same pensive or disconsolate manner. From time to time, he admitted Mr Jenkinson and Lord Thurlow, both of whom were Privy Councillors, to pay their respects to him. He even repeated to the latter of those distinguished persons, his wish, already expressed, of going over to his Electoral Dominions for a few months, and abandoning to the Ministers, the power of which they had got possession. But Lord Thurlow, after again dissuading him from having recourse to any strong or violent expedients for procuring present emancipation; exhorted him to wait for a favourable occasion, which Fox's impetuosity or imprudence would probably furnish, to liberate himself from the yoke of the *Coalition.*' p. 376, 377.

'The (*India*) Bill, thus far organized, and having been approved in the Cabinet, was then submitted to the King, for his perusal and sanction; *accompanied with becoming expressions of the wish and desire entertained by Ministers, to accommodate it to his Majesty's ideas upon every point, before it should be brought into Parliament.* Unable of himself, without some assistance, to form a competent judgment upon its complicated provisions, operation, and general results, it was understood and believed that the King had early thought proper to lay it confidentially before Lord Thurlow; desiring at the same time to know his legal opinion respecting its nature. Common rumour added, that the opinion delivered by Lord Thurlow, represented it as calculated to render Ministers independent of the Crown, and as containing many clauses injurious to, or nearly subversive of the British Constitution itself; but that His Majesty was advised to wait for its more complete development, before he expressed any disapprobation, or attempted any resistance.' p. 412.

The result of this supposed advice of Lord Thurlow follows.

'In this critical *juncture, his Majesty caused such arguments or expostulations to be offered to many Members of the House of Lords, Spiritual as well as Temporal; and the necessity of resistance was so strongly depictured by his emissaries, as to overturn all Fox's machinery in an instant.* Proxies given to the minister were suddenly revoked; and after first leaving the Administration in a minority of eight, upon the question of adjournment, the bill itself was subsequently rejected two days later, on the 17th of December, by nineteen votes. One hundred and seventy-one Peers voted on the occasion, either in person or by proxy; a prodigious attendance, if we consider the limited numbers of the peerage at that time.

'The Archbishops of Canterbury and of York led the way; though the former prelate, whose connexions, political and matrimonial, seemed to connect him with the 'Coalition,' had been previously regarded as a firm supporter of the measure. Nor can it

excite surprise, that all those noble individuals, without exception, who occupied situations in the royal household, or near the King's person, should, without fastidiously hesitating, give the example of tergiversation. They abandoned Ministers, and joined the Crown; manifesting by their votes how vast is the personal influence of the Sovereign, when strenuously exerted, over the members of the Upper House of Parliament. The Prince of Wales, who, when it was moved to adjourn on the 15th, had voted in person with the Administration, having received a notification of his father's disapprobation of the East India bill, absented himself on the second division, when that measure was finally rejected. Lord Rivers, one of the Lords of the King's bedchamber, who had given his vote by proxy to the 'Coalition,' on the first question, withdrew it on the second division; as did the Earls of Hardwicke and Egremont. Lord Stormont, though, as being a Member of the Cabinet and President of the Council, he had personally supported the bill on the 15th, yet voted on the other side, forty-eight hours afterwards. His uncle, the Earl of Mansfield, who was supposed to have influenced him in this determination, exhibited the same example. Both were present in the first division, as supporters of the measure; and both appeared in the House as enemies to it, when thrown out on the 17th of December. The Earl of Oxford, one of his Majesty's most antient servants, who had been near his person more than twenty years, in the capacity of a Lord of the Bedchamber, having been induced to support the 'Coalition' by his proxy on the 15th, sent it to the opposite side on the subsequent division.' p. 442—444.

What follows is the moral judgement of Sir Nathaniel.

'It will be readily admitted, that if we try the conduct of George the Third, in personally interposing to influence the Debates, and to render himself master of the deliberations of the Upper House, by the spirit of our Constitution, as fixed since the expulsion of James the Second; it appears subversive of every principle of political freedom. Such an ill-timed and imprudent interference, had in fact laid the foundation of all the misfortunes of Charles the First. But, the same line of conduct, which in 1641 excited indignation, in 1783 awakened no sentiment of national condemnation. On the contrary, the King's position being perfectly understood, the impossibility of his extrication from the Ministerial toils, appeared so clearly demonstrated, unless by a decided personal effort to arrest the Bill, that the Country at large affixed its sanction to the act. *There were, nevertheless, it must be admitted, many individuals who thought that the royal disapprobation should have been earlier signified; and who inclined to accuse the King of something like duplicity or deception, in his treatment of Administration. We must however candidly allow, that he was not bound to observe any measures of scrupulous delicacy, with men who had entered his Cabinet by violence,* who held him in bondage, and who meditated to render that bondage perpetual.' First Edit. Vol. II. p. 447, 448.

Such being his moral judgement, let us try it by a short summary of the facts, resting on his own statement, to which it relates. According to his narrative, to which we desire not to be understood as acceding, the King, who had cheerfully borne the calamities of civil war, the surrender of his armies to an inexperienced militia, and the loss of the finest provinces of his empire, was plunged into a state of melancholy and despair, because, in the choice of his ministers, he had been reduced to the necessity of being guided by the advice of the House of Commons, rather than by the suggestions of his own judgement, or by the counsels of more secret advisers. He is said to have been advised to watch for an opportunity of destroying these ministers; and, in the interval, to dissemble his plans, at least, if not his repugnance. The India Bill is laid before him with an assurance from his ministers of their disposition to adapt it, as far as possible, to his Majesty's opinion. He is secretly advised, that the bill is subversive of the constitution, but advised, at the same time, to conceal his sentiments, till the ministers, trusting to his apparent approbation or acquiescence, had laid their measure before Parliament, and advanced too far for the possibility of retreat. As they had declared their wish to accommodate their bill to the King's sentiments, it is manifest that this narrative represents the India Bill, the sacredness of chartered rights, and the erection of a power subversive of the constitution, as merely the pretexts, and in no degree, even the slightest, the motives of the royal hostility to the ministers. Their guilt consisted in having owed their power to the confidence of Parliament, instead of deriving it from the personal favour of the Crown. The King himself, however, had received the Whig party into his councils, on the same terms, in 1765 and in 1782. King William had been obliged to entrust himself to the Tories. Queen Anne endured the Whigs for four or five of the most glorious years in our history. George the First learned to conquer the resentment which he felt at Sir Robert Walpole's resignation. George the Second was compelled to yield to Mr Pitt, of whom he could not speak with common temper. In all, or in most of these cases, the important circumstances were the same as in 1783. The limited monarch of a free county sacrificed his own judgement or inclination in the choice of Ministers of State, to the public voice, to the counsels of his Parliament, and to the necessity of forming a popular and vigorous administration. The coarse and ridiculous expressions of 'entering the cabinet by violence,' and 'holding the King in bondage,' might have been applied, and were, by the sycophants of the Court, applied to the former

cases, as well as to that of the Coalition. Towards ministers, however, who obtain power on these well known and universally recognized principles, it is the opinion of this memoir writer, 'that a King is not bound to observe any measures of *scrupulous* delicacy.'

His defence is generally as injurious to his clients as his panegyric to his patrons. Being resolved always to condemn Mr Fox, he makes the following wretched attempt to justify Lord North's part in the Coalition, on grounds peculiar to that most amiable and respectable nobleman.

'Lord North's junction with the party which had so long opposed him, has always appeared to me to admit of much more palliation, than the conduct of Fox and his adherents. The former Nobleman, *by no means in very affluent circumstances*, encumbered with a numerous family, saw himself proscribed and excluded from the Cabinet, for having unsuccessfully maintained the Prerogative of the Crown, and the Supremacy of Parliament, against the American Insurgents. In this situation, unprotected by the Sovereign, who was unable to extend any assistance to him; and unpopular with the nation, because he had been unfortunate; Fox opened his arms, and offered him an alliance. Was he bound to reject it, and thus pass a sentence of political exclusion on himself?—But, even if he had so done, worse evils presented themselves in prospect. *A union between Fox and Pitt, would have eventually produced*, in all probability, *his own impeachment*, and that of other members of his former Cabinet. Nor could he have found any security from such a prosecution, either in the royal authority, in the adherence of the House of Commons, or in the affection of the country. He might have been made the victim and the sacrifice, for the loss of empire, for the disgraces, defeats, capitulations, and ruinous expenditure of an unfortunate war. *Fox and Burke had a hundred times menaced him with the block. Pitt, who, it was evident, entertained similar opinions* respecting his Administration, did not at all conceal them. By accepting the overtures of the Rockingham party, Lord North, therefore, *at least secured his personal safety*, and opened to himself an avenue to the resumption of power.' Vol. II. p. 300, 301.

It is needless to point out to any reader the atrocity of this libel on the memory of Lord North. His character is too well known, to suffer by the faults of his voluntary and intrusive advocate. He was a man of honour and spirit, as well as of gentle nature and of the happiest temper. To commend his integrity would be an insult not only to him, but to those who in our age have filled the first place among English statesmen. No such men are ever suspected of such faults by any one above the lowest vulgar. But this part of Lord North's character was so prominent, that those who observed it closely speak of it with a warmth of expression somewhat unusual in describing the more

ordinary moral qualities of human nature. Gibbon ascribes to him 'spotless integrity.' Burke calls him a man '*of the most perfect* disinterestedness.'

'From such the world will judge of men and books!'

Yet it is of such a man that our author ventures to say, that he went into office to increase his income, and to save his life! This is said too as an apology, or, as he is pleased to call it, 'a palliation.' If he had voluntarily united with Mr Fox, he would, in the opinion of his judicious and modest apologist, have been disgraced; but because he acted from cowardice and selfishness, he preserved his honour!

Not content with these aspersions on the honour and spirit of Lord North, he, in the same breath, pronounces the most scandalous libel on the humanity and on the justice of the most illustrious of his contemporaries. Mr Fox, Mr Burke, and Mr Pitt, if we may believe him, would have brought Lord North to the scaffold! Without a pretence of law, without the colour of informal justice (if that expression was ever allowable), it is here supposed that three of the greatest Englishmen of their age were to combine, in order to compel the King, the Parliament, and the Nation, to put a great Minister, and a most excellent man, to death, for no other offence than a difference of political opinion.

He is betrayed into these monstrous statements by his determination to condemn every act of Mr Fox, and by the consequent necessity of finding a separate defence for Lord North's share in the coalition. If he had been contented with the justification common to both, on the principles without which a powerful administration can seldom be formed, he would have escaped such absurdities. Into the general question of the Coalition of 1783, this is not the place to enter. How far it may be justified or excused, we are not now called upon to consider; but it is perfectly certain, that, if it be condemned, it must be merely on the ground of its impolicy, under the peculiar circumstances of that period. That political opposition ought never to be tainted by personal animosity,—that it does not naturally imply even personal disesteem,—and that it may and ought to cease when the subjects in dispute no longer exist, are general principles of most indubitable certainty, on which all English Statesmen since the Revolution have avowedly acted. The history of the eighteenth century is a history of Coalitions. Those of the Duke of Marlborough with the Whigs, and of the Duke of Newcastle with Mr Pitt, both after great and almost fundamental differences of opinion, produced the most prosperous and popular administrations of that period. Why that of Lord North and Mr Fox was less fortunate, is a question

which would require some investigation. Certainly the hostility of the Court was the main cause of their fall.

The rancour every where displayed by the author against Mr Fox, will be regarded by the friends of that great man with the most undisturbed contempt. They will truly ascribe it to nothing worse than sycophancy. Many independent men undoubtedly were the opponents of Mr Fox, and still disapprove great part of his conduct; but they have the misfortune of having every sycophant in the kingdom on their side. His friends have at least the consolation of being perfectly secure from such vile company. Speaking of the riots of 1780, Sir N. observes—

'Fox contented himself with condemning the Authors of the Disorders, but took no active part in their suppression. On the contrary, he refused to lend any personal support to Government, when pressed, in the House of Commons, to cooperate for the extrication of the Capital; though Burke, who was there present, loudly expressed his wish for unanimity and association in that moment of national distress. It is impossible not to recollect, that as they thus diverged in different lines during the Riots of 1780, so in 1792, twelve years later, they exhibited a similar diversity of conduct; Burke lending his powerful aid to prop Monarchical Government, while Fox remained the advocate of Republicanism, and the apologist of the French Revolution.' First Edit. Vol. I. p. 342.

It is not to vindicate Mr Fox from the ridiculous imputation of having been neutral or lukewarm in the riots of 1780, but as a new example of that unparalleled negligence of truth which characterizes this book, that we insert, upon the highest authority, the following anecdote of the conduct of Mr Fox during the scenes of tumult and destruction which an execrable bigotry brought on the British capital.

During the riots, twenty gentlemen remained three nights on guard at the Marquis of Rockingham's house, armed with muskets, and heavy pistols in their belts. Among them were Mr Thomas Grenville, General Fitzpatrick, and Mr Fox. They were well entertained by their host; and, as may be easily believed of such persons, they were very much satisfied with each other's society: But Fox became at last tired of his inactivity; and, curious to know how matters went on in the street, he proposed to some of his companions, to go out to reconnoitre. He accordingly sallied forth with Fitzpatrick and another; and when they had proceeded so far in Bond Street as to come opposite to Blenheim Street, they found a Catholic house in that street attacked by the mob, and a bonfire in a blaze before it. After having observed two young men frequently to bring out articles of furniture, and to throw them into the bonfire, Fox remarked, that only two men did all the mischief;

and, turning round to his companions, cried out, 'By ——, I cannot look on quietly at all this any longer.' He immediately, with his own hands, collared one of the young men, and brought him prisoner to Lord Rockingham's house, where he remained until he was taken into custody by the police officers. This man was afterwards tried and convicted among the few rioters who had been taken in the fact of doing mischief that night.

Mr Fox was, indeed, before that time, distinguished by his detestation of the penal code against the Catholics. On his visit to Dublin in 1777, he announced the necessity of its abolition, with a zeal which some of his most eminent friends in Ireland did not then share. Nothing can more show the incorrigible vulgarity of Sir Nathaniel's understanding, than his repetition of the idle slander against Lord Effingham, and his serious discussions, as well as malicious insinuations, respecting the connexion of the Opposition with the riots. Two of the most distinguished members of that Opposition, Sir George Saville and Mr Dunning, moved and seconded the bill of imperfect toleration, which occasioned these riots.

His account of the decay of General Fitzpatrick's mind, deserves to be noticed, as another example of falsehood in relating the most recent events. Those who met that distinguished person on the last day of his dining abroad, which was within a fortnight of his death, can bear witness to the perfect soundness of his understanding, and even to the refinement and elegance of some of his observations on literature, notwithstanding the depression and feebleness to which he was then reduced, by a distemper which so soon after proved fatal. It must at the same time be admitted, that here, as elsewhere, disregard of truth is more the vice of Sir Nathaniel than intentional falsehood. In respect to General Fitzpatrick, it is probable that he speaks without knowledge, rather than against it. It is very unlikely that he should have had any opportunity of being better informed. The General's manners, we are told by Sir Nathaniel, 'though lofty and *assuming*, were, nevertheless, elegant and prepossessing.' The correctness of this description rivals its elegance. But, if they ever met, it is not improbable that, influenced by the native dignity of his character, the General might have involuntarily receded from Sir Nathaniel's approaches, in a manner which the latter alone could have thought 'assuming.' When a historical writer, within his proper province, which is naturally limited to the public acts of public men, and can at most be extended to anecdotes which serve to characterize them, after due inquiry and examination, falls into occasional error, he will,

doubtless, be entitled to much indulgence, and to very mild correction. But the writer who intrudes into private life, and presumes to invade the retirement of feebleness and malady, is held to accuracy at the peril of his character; and deserves not the least mercy for his mistakes. It would be a most erroneous lenity, to spare those who seek a disgraceful popularity, by exposing the decay of men of genius, to make sport for the rabble.

It requires the fullest operation of the composing power of contempt to preserve the mind from some indignation, at reading in such a writer as this, that Mr Fox's claims on office were 'unsustained by moral qualities.' Vol. II. p. 26. If we had read the same expressions applied to Mr Pitt, we are convinced that we should have experienced similar emotions; and we thought that, on this occasion, they would have been felt and avowed by all those of every party who have a sense of the justice due to great men, or an enlightened regard to the honour of their country. Slight, and perhaps single, as the exception has been, it has surprised us. They would have been gross and unjustifiable, if they had been applied to any English statesman of the first class for the last century. Liberty would indeed have lost her noblest power; our boast of superior morality would have been foolish, and the English character would have forfeited its proudest distinction, if the justice of such a description had been possible. The character of Mr Fox will descend to posterity upon testimony somewhat more respectable than that of such writers as the present. 'He has faults; but they are 'faults that, though they may in a small degree tarnish the lus-'tre, and sometimes impede the march of his abilities, have no-'thing in them to extinguish the fire of great virtues. In those 'faults there is no mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of 'ferocity, of complexional despotism, or want of feeling for the 'distresses of mankind. His are faults which might exist in 'a descendant of Henry the Fourth of France, as they did ex-'ist in that Father of his country.'—*Burke's Works*, Vol. II. p. 420.

To apply such language as Sir Nathaniel applies to Mr Fox, is indeed to libel all his eminent contemporaries, and, through them, the age and nation of which they were the ornaments. All those persons of the highest and purest character in the kingdom who loved and respected him; those who were attached to him without interruption through all the vicissitudes of politics; those who continued to feel affectionate friendship for him after they ceased to act with him in public; those who returned to his familiarity with eager joy as soon as their political differences terminated; those who first became his friends after a long

course of parliamentary hostility; and those who repeatedly professed their readiness and their desire to share with him the administration of the State; were men to whom no intellectual power could have made amends for moral qualities, and who could have no friend without the highest virtues. To say nothing of the living, the Marquis of Rockingham and Sir George Saville, Mr Burke and Mr Windham, Lord North and Mr Pitt, are wounded through the side of Mr Fox.

It was not by his talents alone that he won the friendship of such men. It was 'for the powers of a superior mind, as they 'were blended in his attractive character, with all the softness 'and simplicity of a child;' ‡ it was because 'no human be-'ing was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity or 'falsehood;' * it was for his pure honour, for his tender heart, for his manly character; it was for this eminent possession of all the higher virtues of human nature, and this singular exemption from all its greatest vices, still more than for the elevation of his genius, that he was beloved by the best as well as greatest men of his age; and his surviving friends would now be unworthy of the name, if they did not reject with scorn, all praise bestowed on his talents at the expense of his moral character.

Sir Nathaniel tells us with his usual coarseness, that 'immo-'rality, or even profligacy *abstractedly considered*, formed no 'bar to employment under George the Third.' (vol. II. p. 18.) 'I will not believe,' said Mr Burke, 'what no other man liv-'ing believes, that Mr Wilkes was punished for the indecency 'of his publications, or the impiety of his ransacked closet. 'Does not the public behold with indignation, persons not only 'generally scandalous in their lives, but the identical persons, 'who, by their society, their example, their instruction, their 'encouragement, have drawn this man into the very faults which 'have furnished the Cabal with a pretence for his persecution, 'loaded with every kind of favour, honour and distinction, 'which a Court can bestow? Add but the crime of servility, '(the *fœdum crimen servitutis*) to every other crime, and the 'whole mass becomes instantly transmuted into virtue.' *Burke*, Vol. I. p. 471.

Our author, with all his reverence for Courts and Ministers, has a ridiculous partiality for Junius, to whose testimony, and even to whose authority he does not hesitate seriously to appeal. Among the exaggerations by which that celebrated libeller has overpassed the average licentiousness of his fellows, there is scarcely any more remarkable than the passage in which he calls

‡ Gibbon. * Ib.

Lord Mansfield 'the very worst and most dangerous man in 'the kingdom.' The caution with which Sir N. ventures to hesitate a doubt of the entire justice of that description, is exquisitely ludicrous—'severe and *perhaps unmerited* as these accusations may appear.'

On the same excellent authority he has thought fit to revive the long exploded scandal against the Princess Dowager of Wales, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Bute, respecting the treaty with France in 1763. The original author of this scandal was Dr Musgrave, a physician at Paris, whose examination at the bar of the House of Commons in 1770 * is sufficient to convince any reader of tolerable understanding, that he was a weak and credulous man, quite worthy of being quoted by Sir N. Wraxall. His tale was, that M. de Choiseul having resolved on bribing the first persons in England, including the King's Mother, the Prime Minister, and one of the first noblemen of the kingdom, suffered such a secret to be known by the clerks in his office, by some officers in the army, by the Sardinian Secretary of Legation, by the Chevalier D'Eon, by M. L'Escalies, a wine-merchant in London, and at last by the clerks in M. Delaborde's banking-house, who made the remittances to London, and who were acquainted with their object and destination.

It is little after this to add, that it was also known to the Duc de Nivernois and M. Bussy..... If all this had been possible, the next fact might have been believed,—namely, that two or three of the many subordinate and obscure persons to whom this secret of guilt and infamy was entrusted, made no scruple

* It is to be found in 'The' (New) 'Parliamentary History,' vol. XVI. p. 763. London, 1813. We cannot quote this careful and judicious collection, without bearing testimony to its singular merits. It deserves, as well as the new edition of the State Trials, to be numbered among the most useful and best conducted works of late years. Both are indispensable parts of all collections of English history. The death of a person so singularly qualified for his task as Mr Howel, the editor of the State Trials, is a public loss very difficult to be repaired. The choice of a successor is a point in which historical literature is materially concerned. To mention two such important works in a note on the review of so worthless a publication as that before us, may seem to be a treatment very unsuitable to their importance. The truth is, that it has long been intended to notice them more becomingly; that such an intention is far from being now relinquished; but that experience of the accidents which are apt to delay the execution of literary projects, induces us to take the earliest opportunity of apprizing all our readers of their great value.

of telling it to an English physician;—though they might have been deterred by the example of M. de Bussy's secretary, who, having talked freely on this subject after his return from London, was sent to the Bastile,—certainly a very slight punishment for such a perfidious indiscretion in a diplomatic agent. Dr Musgrave immediately communicated this silly story to Lord Hatford, then embassador at Paris; to his son, then Lord Beauchamp, and to several of his English patients in that city; who, as might be expected from men in their senses, all treated the tale with equal contempt. Not dismayed by their incredulity, he quitted his pursuits at Paris, and came over to London to prosecute his impeachment. He communicated his papers, first to the great persons most conspicuous in opposition, to the Duke of Newcastle, to the Duke of Portland, to the Marquis of Rockingham, to Mr Pitt, to Sir George Saville, who had all too much sense and honour, to affect, for political purposes, a belief which it was impossible for them to feel. Foiled in that quarter, he selected, as the next objects of his application, Lord Mansfield and Sir W. Blackstone, apparently supposing them to be two of the eminentest men of England, the most disposed by their character and opinions to go out of their own province, in order to second the prosecution of Ministers upon the vague information of an obscure adventurer.

Blackstone considered him 'as an enthusiast of disturbed ima-'gination.' Not discouraged by the general sense of all those whom he consulted, he laid his complaint before Lord Halifax, then a Secretary of State, who was perfectly justified in rejecting it; though, if it had borne any appearance of respectability, he might have been somewhat embarrassed by an accusation against the Duke of Bedford, his colleague in the Cabinet, and Lord Bute, to whose advice the Ministers were generally believed to owe their places.

In the whole affair, Musgrave showed that utter ignorance of men and of business, that eager officiousness which thrusts itself forward into every place without regard to the characters of individuals or to the distribution of official duty, that dogmatical confidence in statements resting upon little or rather no admissible, proof, which prove him to have been an incompetent judge of the credibility of his original informants, and really to be, what Sir W. Blackstone, with the characteristic elegance, and guarded stateliness, of his style, called him, 'an 'enthusiast of disturbed imagination!' Col. Barré told him pretty plainly, that his story reminded him of the Popish Plot; and it must be owned, that he had some resemblance to Titus

Oates, in the improbability of his narrative, though certainly none in the nature of his motives.

These proceedings occurred in the year 1765; and from that time the matter slept, till every slander against public men was quickened into life by the great dissensions which, three years after, followed the expulsion of Mr Wilkes. In 1769, it produced pamphlets by Musgrave, and by D'Eon who contradicted him. Musgrave having published an Address to the freeholders of Devonshire, it was thought expedient to extinguish this public scandal for ever, by examining him at the Bar of the House of Commons. In January 1770, he was examined; and at that period of most acrimonious hostility between parties, when the majority, if not the whole of the persons accused by Dr Musgrave, were peculiarly obnoxious to a powerful Opposition, the House (we believe, without a dissentient voice) were of opinion, 'that it appears to this House, that 'the information given by Dr Musgrave, in the year 1765, to 'the Earl of Halifax, then being one of his Majesty's Princi-'pal Secretaries of State, and now laid by Dr Musgrave be-'fore this House, was in the highest degree frivolous and un-'worthy of credit, and such as could not afford any reasonable 'foundation for the inquiry demanded by the said Dr Mus-'grave.' *Com. Jour.* Vol. XXXII. p. 632.

The tale was patronized by no one in or out of Parliament, with the single exception of the unscrupulous Junius. That such a story, so originating, so treated by all parties, and so unanimously reprobated by a divided House of Commons, should be revived, at the distance of forty-five years, by a man at large, and find its way into a decently printed octavo volume, is a melancholy proof of the almost indestructible tenacity of life which belongs to Slander; which thus revives after seeming destruction, and reappears when the men and proofs who once destroyed it may no longer exist. Such tales are almost always circulated in the heat of the moment, among the ignorant enemies of eminent men; but if they can be revived with impunity at any distance of time, the permanent reputation of such men will be at the mercy of the most foolish and impudent scribblers. That any man should have presumed to write such a sentence as the following, would have been almost incredile, on less evidence than ocular demonstration. 'Lord Bute, at the distance of half a 'century, *is still believed* to have rendered the treaty of Fon-'tainebleau subservient to his private emolument.' Vol. I. p. 429. But as Sir N. W. has presumed to write such a sentence, and to constitute himself the representative of the general belief, it is our duty to protest against his right to the character which

he has arrogated; and to add, that such confident assertion of what even he must own to be extremely doubtful, and such levity in treating the moral characters of men, is fully as mischievous, and very nearly as vicious as intentional falsehood.

In reviving such a charge, he has proceeded with such an unconscientious contempt of truth and justice, that he does not appear to have taken the trouble of reading Musgrave's examination. If he had, he would have spared the foolish mystery of these 'gentlemen of rank and veracity to whom Mus-'grave told his story at Paris, and whose names Sir N. con-'ceals, because they are still alive.' The fact is, that Musgrave told his tale to every one that would listen to him; and therefore, this single instance of Sir N.'s delicacy happens to be one, where it was quite needless. He insinuates, that the Duke of Grafton was dismissed for having permitted this examination; though Lord North, the minister who publicly supported the inquiry, became immediately afterwards first Lord of the Treasury; and though the resignation of the Duke of Grafton is known by most persons, except Sir N., to have been connected with the resignations of Lord Cambden, Lord Granby, and Mr Dunning, which took place a few days before, and threatened to subvert the administration.

The calumny of Sir N. W. must be allowed to have one singular quality. It is impartial, or (if the reader prefers another word) it is undistinguishing. Before the Administration of Mr Pitt, no considerable man is spared. The few whom he intends to save, fall victims to his blundering defence. It would have been wonderful, therefore, if so considerable a person as the first Marquis of Lansdowne had escaped his hostility. He accordingly tells us, that a supposition of the same sort as that which respected Lord Bute, was renewed against Lord Shelburne on the peace of 1783, 'with greater virulence, and with bolder affirmations.' The increased virulence is mentioned, we presume, to give greater weight to the charge, by marking the temper, and therefore the probable equity of the accusers.

The rumour of dealing in the Funds, arose, we have good reason to believe, from a considerable purchase made by a house at Glasgow, of which the chief partner was a near relation of the negociator at Paris. Lord Shelburne very anxiously investigated the circumstances of the transaction, and, with his colleagues at the Treasury Board, were satisfied that it was perfectly fair. The story of the Irish mortgages was sure to find a place in such a collection as Sir Nathaniel's. It was on a level with his mind; and current in those societies which he is likely to have frequented. If, before reviving so scandalous a tale,

he had made as much inquiry as a man of common conscience would think necessary before the dismissal of a footman, he might, with the greatest ease, have obtained demonstrative evidence of its falsehood. Legal proof exists that these Irish mortgages were undischarged many years subsequent to 1783. Many decisive proofs might be offered of the impossibility of Lord Shelburne's having enriched himself at that period, or greatly relieved his affairs from those embarrassments which his magnificent hospitality had occasioned, if the charge of Sir N. were of consequence enough to demand a sacrifice of the delicacy which belongs to such subjects. One fact may be mentioned. The late *Mr Horne Tooke*, after his separation from Lord Shelburne, became his bitterest enemy. His enmity was, in general, not languid; and he was not always so fastidious in chusing his means of hostility as so powerful a man might have safely been... Many gentlemen well known in the world, recollect his frequent declarations, that the rumours of the Prime Minister's stockjobbing in 1783, were, to his knowledge, utterly groundless. The reason which he assigned gave great weight to his testimony. Lord Shelburne's agent in the city at that time, an eminent merchant still alive though no longer resident in this country, had been for many years one of Mr Tooke's intimate friends. Mr Tooke declared, that he had watched the movements and the conversation of that gentleman from day to day, with perhaps an eye of scrutinizing hostility; that he had constant confidential conversation with him about Lord Shelburne; and that, from circumstances which he then learnt respecting the state of his Lordship's affairs, he knew that the stories in circulation could not be true.

It would not be fit to lay open the circumstances which occasioned the political difference of Lord Shelburne and Mr Pitt, for so trifling a purpose as that of confuting Sir N. Wraxall. But the subject furnishes an occasion to point out one inaccuracy more. The Marquisate was not conferred on Lord Shelburne at the suggestion of Mr Pitt. The Duke of Rutland, on accepting the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, requested and obtained that mark of distinction for Lord Shelburne directly from the King. The fact is not important in itself; but it serves as another proof how little credit is due to this author—who is in general least to be believed where his assertions are most confident.

One of the more curious parts of the book is the account of the management of the House of Commons.

'A separation had indeed already taken place among Lord North's immediate personal followers. Of the two former Secreta-

ries of the Treasury, Sir Grey Cooper continued to support him invariably; but Robinson, conceiving himself absolved from any obligation to accompany his ancient principal through all the consequences of his new political alliances, quitted altogether that party. No man in the House of Commons, as I have had occasion to remark, knew so much of its original composition, the means by which every individual attained his seat, and in many instances how far, and through what channels, he might prove accessible. Though Mr Pitt made the fifth first minister whom that Parliament had beheld in the short space of little more than twenty-one months, yet the individual members composing the Lower House had undergone only a very trifling variation since the general election. Recourse was therefore had to Robinson, under the present delicate and arduous circumstances of public affairs, in order to obtain his active exertions for Government. He complied with the application, and unquestionably rendered very essential service. I have always considered the *Earldom* of Abergavenny as the remuneration given by the Crown for that assistance. Robinson's only daughter and child had been married, some years before, to the Honourable Henry Neville, eldest son of Lord Abergavenny, who was placed at the head of the list of *Earls* created by Pitt, on the 11th of May 1784, not five months after the facts took place under our discussion.

'While I am engaged on the subject of the House of Commons, and of the influence or corruption by which it has been always managed, particularly during the last and a part of the present reign, I shall relate some particulars which cannot perhaps be introduced with more propriety than in this place. We may see in the 'Memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy,' what influence he attributes to the 'presents of Champagne and Burgundy' made by Marshal Tallard, then a prisoner of war in England, to 'Right Honourable 'Members of Parliament.' Nay, the Prince asserts positively, that in the same year, 1711, when he came over in person to London with the avowed object of retaining, if possible, Queen Anne and her ministers in the Grand Alliance against France, he had recourse himself to corruption. '*Je fis des présens,*' says he, '*car on peut acheter beaucoup en Angleterre.*' If such constituted the ordinary practice under the last princess of the Stuart line, at a time that Parliaments were not septennial, but only *triennial*, we may be quite assured, that they did not become more virtuous after the accession of the reigning family, when the House of Commons was elected for seven years.

'Proofs of the venality practised by Sir Robert Walpole, during the whole course of his long administration, it seems unnecessary to produce, as that Minister did not disclaim or resent the imputation. Nor did his political adversaries disdain, whatever profession of public virtue they might make, to have recourse to the same unworthy expedients, in order to effect his removal. We have the authority of a Member of their own Body, for the fact. 'Dun Car-

'los,' (Frederick, Prince of Wales), says Mr Glover in his 'Memoirs,' recently published, 'told me, that it cost him twelve 'thousand pounds in corruption, particularly among the Tories, to 'carry the Westminster and Chippenham elections in 1742, and 'other points, which compelled Lord Orford, at that time Sir Robert Walpole, to quit the House of Commons." It is difficult to adduce more satisfactory and unimpeachable proof of any fact, as Glover was a man of strict veracity. Neither was Mr Pelham, who, after a short interval, succeeded Sir Robert, and who held his situation near eleven years; though he may be justly esteemed one of the most upright Statesmen who presided in the Councils of George the Second; less liable to the accusation of corrupting Parliament, than his predecessor.

'A friend of mine, a man of rank and high character, whom I do not name, because, being still alive, I consider myself not at liberty to divulge it, but whose name would at once stamp the veracity and authenticity of whatever he relates; has frequently assured me, that about the year 1767, he was personally acquainted with *Roberts*, who had been Secretary of the Treasury under Mr Pelham; but who was then old, infirm, and near his end. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, where his epitaph describes him, as 'the most faithful Secretary of the Right Ho-'nourable Henry Pelham.' This gentleman conversing with Roberts, upon the events of those times when he held a place under Administration, and particularly on the manner in which the House of Commons was then managed; Roberts avowed, without reserve, that while he remained at the Treasury, there were a number of Members who regularly received from him their payment or stipend, at the end of every Session, in Bank notes. The sums, which varied according to the merits, ability, and attendance of the respective individuals, amounted *usually from Five Hundred Pounds to Eight Hundred Pounds* per annum. '*This Largess I distributed*,' *added Roberts*, '*in the Court of Requests, on the day of the Prorogation of Parliament. I took my stand there; and as the Gentlemen passed me, in going to, or returning from the House, I conveyed the money, in a squeeze of the hand.* Whatever person received the Ministerial bounty in the manner thus related, I entered his name in a book, which was preserved in the deepest secresy; it being never inspected by any one, except the King and Mr Pelham.'

'Under Lord Bute's government, when, from a variety of causes, a violent opposition in Parliament arose, which required the whole power of Ministry to stem, similar practices were carried to a greater length. John Ross Mackay, who had been private Secretary to the Earl of Bute, and afterwards, during seventeen years, was Treasurer of the Ordnance, a man with whom I was personally acquainted, frequently avowed the fact. He lived to a very advanced age; sat in several Parliaments; and only died, I believe,

in 1796. A gentleman of high professional rank, and of unimpeached veracity, told me, that dining at the late Earl of Besborough's, in Cavendish Square, in the year 1790, where only five persons were present, including himself, Ross Mackay, who was one of the number, gave them the most ample information upon this subject. Lord Besborough having called after dinner for a bottle of excellent champagne, of which wine Mackay was fond, and the conversation accidentally turning on the means of governing the House of Commons, *Mackay said, that* '*Money formed, after all, the only effectual and certain me-*' *thod. The peace of* 1763,' *continued he,* ' *was carried through, and* ' *approved by a pecuniary distribution. Nothing else could have sur-*' *mounted the difficulty. I was myself the channel through which the* ' *money passed. With my own hand I secured above one hundred and* ' *twenty votes on that vital question to Ministers. Eighty thousand* ' *pounds were set apart for the purpose. Forty members of the House* ' *of Commons received from me a thousand pounds each. To eighty* ' *others I paid five hundred pounds a piece.*' Mackay afterwards confirmed, more than once, this fact to the gentleman above mentioned, who related it to me. He added, that Lord Besborough appeared himself so sensible of the imprudence, as well as impropriety of the avowal made by Mackay at his table, that his Lordship sent to him, and to the fourth person who had been present on the occasion, next morning, to entreat of them on no account to divulge it during Mackay's life.

' Bradshaw conducted that department under the Duke of Grafton. The same system continued during the period of the American war, when Robinson, and under him Brummell, were its agents. I incline, nevertheless, strongly to doubt, whether towards the termination of Lord North's ministry, these practices subsisted in all their force; by which I mean to say, that I question whether any individual member of the House of Commons was paid for his vote and support in Bank notes, as it would appear had been done under Walpole, Pelham, and most, if not all their successors, down to that time. *More refinement had insensibly been introduced into the distribution of gratifications, which were conveyed in oblique shapes, such as Lottery Tickets, Scrip, Jobs, Contracts, and other beneficial forms, by which the majority was kept together in defiance of a most unfortunate if not an ill conducted war. Lord North, when First Minister, was supposed to command full one hundred and seventy members, at his absolute devotion, who were prepared to vote with him upon every question, nor would his head indeed have been secure from* 1777 *down to* 1782, *unless he could have counted upon such a steady and numerous support at a time when every month teemed with misfortunes or defeats.* Of this great body, only a comparatively small portion had, however, continued to adhere to him after he joined with Fox, and many more had quitted him on the first introduction of the ' India Bill.' Still, even in the last days of December 1783, when dismissed from employment, he remained the nominal head of a considerable party, *upon*

many individuals composing which, it was natural to suppose that an impression might be made by representations addressed to their principles, their passions or THEIR INTERESTS. Nor can Mr Pitt's standing as he did in this critical as well as hazardous predicament, of having accepted the first offices of Government, unsupported in one House of Parliament, be blamed for availing himself *of every fair or honourable means to diminish the majority* possessed by his adversaries. I am at the same time persuaded, from the elevation of his mind, and the purity of his principles, that he was incapable of authorizing, no less *than Robinson would have disdained to practise*, any other methods of procuring adherents, than such as the British Constitution either recognizes, or *which are in fact inseparable from its practical existence.*' Vol. II. p. 494—505.

Notwithstanding the little affectation with which Sir N. speaks of the methods which Jack Robinson 'would have disdained to practise,' his purpose is obvious enough. He would have us believe, that Mr Robinson reduced a majority from a hundred and twenty to one, in the course of three months, by the use of means similar in substance to those which he ascribes to Roberts and Mackay, though perhaps better disguised in manner, and that for this service his son-in-law was made an Earl! His alleged intimacy with Robinson may be allowed to give to his testimony against that personage, a value which is wholly wanting to his vague hearsays against Roberts and Mackay, but which his utter want of judgment materially lessens, even when he appears to speak from personal knowledge. The whole account abounds with examples of his credulity. His first proof of bribery is quoted from the Memoirs of Prince Eugene, now universally known to be the composition of the Prince de *Ligne*. His second he rests on the veracity of Glover,—not perceiving that it entirely depends on the veracity or accuracy of Glover's informant. The third is founded on the recollection of an anonymous witness of the particulars of a conversation which took place near fifty years ago. It is a story, of which the particulars, as they are here told, are absolutely incredible, but which may have a certain foundation in truth, exaggerated perhaps unconsciously in the mind of the narrator during a long course of years. On the fourth example, it may be suspected, that the gentleman of 'high professional rank' did not decline his share of Lord Besborough's champagne; and it is difficult to understand how he conceives himself to be released from the obligations of honour on the faith of which 'gentlemen' open their minds in social intercourse. It would probably be easy to prove the falsehood of the story, by a detailed examination of the list of the House of Commons in 1763. The use of the word 'vital' in the sense of 'essential,' is a modern vulgarism of Irish origin, which proves

the conversation not to have been correctly reported. Lord North, it seems, '*had one hundred and seventy devoted members* whom he did not pay in bank notes,' but without whom his head would not have been secure! About this last absurdity we have already said enough. The account, though scarcely in any part of weight against others, is, throughout, strong evidence against Sir N. Wraxall. All the facts which it alleges are substantially approved by him. They are the acts of persons on whom he bestows high praise, and they are considered by him as essential to the practice of the British constitution. The means which he imputes to the King for supplanting his ministers in 1783, and the expedients which he ascribes to Mr Pitt for gaining over the majority of the House of Commons at that time were, we hope, never in reality employed; but they are specimens of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's public morality, and examples of that political conduct, which he considers as not only justifiable, but honourable. With such moral principles we no longer wonder at the ease with which he believes that English statesmen have been corrupted by foreign powers; we should have been sorry if he had spoken more favourably of those whom we most esteem.

In the division on the India bill, he tells us, 'I quitted Lord 'North, whom I had commonly supported up to that time, and 'joined the minority; conceiving it to be, *upon every view* of the 'subject, improper longer to adhere to a Minister who seemed 'to have forsaken himself.' Vol. II. p. 428.

What the variety of views were by which he was guided, he does not say; nor does he explain whether the other *representatives for Arcot* had deliberated on the manner in which the India bill might affect their interests and those of their constituents. Considerable light, it is said, would be thrown on this subject by the answers of Sir Nathaniel, in the course of an examination into the pecuniary claims of some of these constituents.

It is observable, that not a single pleasantry passes through his hands without being disfigured. He is one of those reporters in whose mouth a jest is no joke. As a proof of dullness and want of taste, this would not deserve notice. But it may be mentioned as an additional example of the inaccuracy of his recollection.

On the great questions of Law and Constitution, his language betrays an ignorance almost astonishing in a man who had been sixteen years in Parliament. He represents Mr Dunning's proposed address to the King not to prorogue or dissolve Parliament, till the completion of some proceedings in which they were engaged, as being similar to the act assented to by Charles

the First, for rendering a Parliament indissoluble without their own consent. His account of the deliberations of the Privy Council in 1780, is, in formal and legal language, such as would scarcely be avowed by an experienced doorkeeper. The concluding sentence is an admirable specimen of the excellence of his style and the justness of his constitutional principles. 'The 'Sovereign alone, *as first Magistrate*, impelled by the awful nature of the emergency, and *he only*, could have taken upon 'him so serious a *responsibility!*' Vol. I. p. 341.

Johnson's Lives are, according to Sir Nathaniel, a bad Peerage: for he is guilty of the important error of substituting the *second* Earl of Middlesex for the *third*. Sir Nathaniel, moreover, always thought Johnson very imperfectly versed in 'the history of the middle ages,' by which he informs us that *he means* (whatever others may do), 'from the destruction of the Roman empire in the West,' (which he is pleased to inform us occurred) 'in the year 476, through the ten centuries that elapsed before the revival of letters.'

The following examples of Gallicisms, Scotticisms, Hibernicisms, barbarisms, vulgarisms, incoherent metaphors, bad English, and absolute nonsense, will sufficiently show the purity and correctness of our author's language.

'Gibbon never emulated *to be*,' I. 157—'Who in fact met at Mrs Montague's or at Mrs Vesey's that can *compete* with the names of Maupertuis,' &c. 159—'They never *emulated the Line*,' 163—'A Corsican adventurer has *conscribed the country*,' 173—'Catharine *propelled* the other powers,' 284—'Meditated *to* undertake,' 295—'obliterated *in* a calamity,' 318—'by *drawing a veil* over the extent of the calamity, *to bury it* in profound darkness,' 335—'London must have been fundamentally overturned,' 336—'*Futurity* will show,' 363—'*vitally characterizes* the King,' 389—'*vast* facility of language,' 483—'*vast* felicity,' II. 9—'*vast* abilities,' 10—'Baited, harassed and worried, as Lord North was,' I. 485—'Lord North could *sustain no competition*,' 486—'They were his *coequals*,' 489—'In proportion to the *obloquy* that such an imputation excited, was the *respect* that it attracted,' 535—'*Elevated in the trammels* of Scotch jurisprudence,' 545—'imitating *the line*,' II. 13—'depictured as the consummation,' 29—'*compete* with Necker,' ibid.—'The intoxication *insensibly dispersed*,' ibid.—'*eulogized* Laurens far *beyond the picture*' 35—'Lord North alone could *compete* with Burke,' ibid.—'His friends held Mr Burke by the *skirts of his coat to prevent ebullitions*,' 36—'Every measure of finance passed through the *alembic* of Shelburne-House, *where* it was *discussed*,' 59—'emulated

to attain,' 81—'On the *element* of the *sea*,' 90—'the *vast energies* then collected on the Opposition *benches*,' 123—'to *commemorate* an *anecdote*,' ibid.—'to meet their wishes,' 139—'*actual* ministers,' 151—'These *pillars* of the law *endeavoured* to stem its force,' 155—'*The clerks of the Board of Green Cloth* diffused over the *throne* a Gothic *grandeur* calculated to protect and *perpetuate* the *sanctity* of the monarchical office,' 177—'*challenges* respect,' 183 *—'*effectively* took place,' 343—'mark of *devotion*,' ibid.—'*Functionaries*,' 345—'A lady of quality who *rode* sixteen persons at one time,' 363—'The *salient* points of debate were so *striking* and so *animated*,' 431—'*imperturbable temper*,' 439—'Lord North *diverged* with *inconceivable* humour into the *path of ridicule*,' 464—'a *vital* defect,' 481—'reduced him from affluence to a state of *dereliction*,' 487—Fox might be said, *without metaphor*, to hold *suspended over his head* the severest *marks* of the indignation of the House of Commons,' 524.

But it is time to close. And we should be already guilty of a notorious waste of our readers' time, if we did not consider rather the mischief than the merit of the book. But all anecdotes, however ill told, are amusing; and malignant tales always find readers. An offence like this, which may be committed by the meanest talents, is the more likely to be frequently repeated. The low temptations to its commission are strong. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall has erred not in single instances, or accidentally, after due inquiry, or on the side of good nature. He has not learned either that habit of consideration, or that disposition towards lenity, which are among the few virtues taught by the progress of human life. No spirit of independence; no generous indignation palliate his licentiousness. He is so perfectly regardless of truth, that we are convinced there is not a single anecdote in the book which can be safely believed on his testimony. By this credulous and inaccurate statement, he has entirely disfigured the character of his age,—not indeed, in our opinion, a period of the soundest politics, and

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* Here Sir Nathaniel tells us an important secret, that George Selwyn had heard from the Dutchess of Portsmouth, that the name of the man who beheaded Charles the First was *Gregory Brandon*. This careless and ignorant writer does not know, that on the trial of Colonel Halet, unjustly convicted of that act, it was proved, by several witnesses, to have been done by Gregory Brandon, then the common hangman of London;—a good specimen of his knowledge of the most common facts in English history.—*Vid.* State Trials, 1193.

certainly not fertile in the highest virtues—but eminently exempt from gross depravity, and in which the character of statesmen was in general fair and decent; as it was natural to expect in the latter part of the century which followed the secure establishment of public liberty. By the disgusting or indecent character of his private anecdotes; by his belief in stories which were always incredible; by his attempt to perpetuate weaknesses which ought to be forgotten; by the shameless profligacy or atrocious criminality of the acts which he imputes coolly and groundlessly to public men, with no other distinction than that inspired by a pretty constant though not a very judicious attention to the wishes of the powerful, he has done his utmost to blacken the character of his age and country, to extinguish all confidence in political honesty, and thus to destroy that public esteem, which is the only outward reward of those who do not court Royal favour.

It is impossible to acquit him, either of an unconscientious disregard of men's good name, or of moral sentiments so feeble and obscure, that he is not conscious of the foulness of the aspersions which he deals around him. We have not said a word of the pending prosecution; but we own that we wish we could recommend him to the contemptuous compassion of his prosecutors,—and that we could contribute to prevent a worthless book from giving occasion to a dangerous precedent, by showing that the delinquencies of the press may be sufficiently corrected by the press itself.

ART. IX. *The East India Gazetteer: Containing particular Descriptions of the Empires, Kingdoms, Principalities, Provinces, Cities, Towns, Districts, Fortresses, Harbours, Rivers and Lakes of Hindustan and the adjacent Countries, India beyond the Ganges, and the Eastern Archipelago; together with Sketches of the Manners, Customs, Institutions, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Revenues, Population, Castes, Religion and History of their various Inhabitants.* By WALTER HAMILTON. 2 vols. pp. 858.

THE publication before us is one of slender pretensions, but very considerable utility. The writer has amassed and digested, with singular industry, a vast treasure of information, dispersed through an infinite variety of works, and presented it to the public in the most convenient form for reference. This too he has enlarged by his own observations during a residence

in India, and by the communications of some distinguished travellers, who have had occasion officially to visit countries rarely pervious to the curiosity of Europeans. The author's intention appears to have been, to present as correct a delineation of the actual position of India, as can be obtained from the sources of information accessible to Europeans. He has selected and arranged his materials with considerable discrimination, and extraordinary diligence. We apprehend, there are few who may not derive from it useful information. Even those best acquainted with the geography, history, and actual condition of that interesting portion of the globe, will find it convenient as a book of reference, stored with important facts, and as complete as the scanty and imperfect materials hitherto attainable will admit of. When the author treats of places, concerning which little is known to Europeans, his work is unavoidably defective; and a resident in India, intimately acquainted with the topography and recent mutations of the adjacent districts, will certainly find much to supply, and something to correct.

There is no country, indeed, where the population is so readily transferred from one spot to another as in India. Three centuries have seen the opulence and the population of the stately Gaur, successively transferred with the imperial authority to Dacca, to Murshedabad, and, finally, to Calcutta. The last century alone has witnessed the latter gradually swell from an inconsiderable village to a flourishing town,—a considerable emporium,—and at last to a city, containing within its limits a mass of population, exceeding that of any city in Europe but the metropolis of Great Britain. The cause of this mobility is to be found chiefly in the mildness of the climate. To constitute an eligible habitation for the labouring classes in India, shade and concealment alone are essential. The cheap though fragile materials with which these are procured, oppose no obstacle to frequent removals; and the aggregation is already considerable, before the mosque and the minaret—the picturesque turrets of the pagoda, and high walls enclosing squares, galleries and gardens, announce the arrival of opulence, the prospect of permanent establishment, and the jealousy of cautious husbands.

But a sudden aggregation of inhabitants to one spot, generally implies the desertion of another. It were idle to speak of the cities celebrated for their magnificence in the Puranas: their sites even are unknown. The majestic Hastināpur itself, the antient capital of India, is so completely forgotten, that even the intelligent Abulfazel has been led to place it west of the Jumna, although it was indisputably washed by the Ganges. One of the thousand names, indeed, of this goddess is derived from a prince,

who restored Hastināpur to its original splendour, after a destructive inundation of the sacred river, which he confined within insurmountable embankments. It may probably, indeed, be affirmed, that none of the cities mentioned in the Puranas now exist, unless some superstition attached to its locality rendered its permanence coeval with the religion of the people. Until the still remote period, indeed, when that religion, with its antique ceremonies and sportive rites shall cease to influence the sons of Brahmā, the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna will continue to attract multitudes to the holy Prayoga. The contracted limits of the ground sacred to Mahādeva, well defined by various streams flowing to their junction with the Ganges, will continue to support the immense population of Benares: And the site of Duāracā (though the city founded by the shepherd God was swallowed by the waves) will draw multitudes of pilgrims to a place now inhabited by a race of pirates. But, without reverting to cities celebrated in times of such remote antiquity, many might be mentioned, which, like Cānoj and Vidyānagar, exhibited their magnificence at periods comparatively recent, and excited the astonishment of the Moslem invaders, whose historians have described their splendour and recorded their opulence. But these distinctions have been transferred to others of more recent origin, and little left to mark the site of departed grandeur. The seats of internal commerce vary from different causes. Changes in the course of rivers; the formation of sand-banks and of islets, soon covered with a luxuriant vegetation, obstruct, after a time, the entrance to frequented marts, whose trade is consequently transferred to more convenient situations.

We always rejoice when any work appears that is likely to become popular, embracing judicious views, and furnishing useful information concerning the British territories in the East. To promote their prosperity; to excite and to reward the industry of their ingenious and peaceful inhabitants; and to protect them in the enjoyment of their rights and their property, is one of the most sacred but difficult duties which have devolved upon the legislature of this country. While things are so deeply embroiled in Europe, it were idle to expect that much attention should be devoted to an object so distant, and involved in so many difficulties. These increase, with every extension of territory. In the present overgrown state of our Indian empire, it seems necessary to relinquish an object in itself most desirable, that of extending the same code of laws and regulations over the whole of the British dominions in Asia. The laudable wish of establishing one uniform system, and the facilities which in some respects that would afford to the executive government, ought not to induce it to over-

look obstacles opposed by local customs, habits, and immemorial privileges. To legislate for a country, without adverting to the state of that society on which our institutions are intended to operate, would prove a fatal solecism in politics. Yet the precipitation of our Indian legislators in enacting, altering, and abrogating regulations, has, in our opinion, been already productive of prejudicial consequences in that part of the world. Each new ruler is ambitious of distinguishing his own era by important reforms; and for these, mere alteration is too often mistaken. Partial views, deduced from local inconveniences, or imperfect information, suggest a general regulation; this again produces unforeseen grievances; and the regulation is first modified, and finally abrogated. But it is not by such crude and hasty measures, that the confidence of the Indian population can be obtained in the justice, stability and wisdom of our institutions, or of those who administer them.

We have often taken occasion to call the attention of our readers to that great act of public beneficence and moderation; —the establishment of a permanent settlement of the revenues in the territories subject to the Bengal Presidency, by the late Marquis Cornwallis. The encouragement afforded to agriculture by thus limiting the demands of the sovereign, might be expected to produce the happiest effects on the general prosperity; and these effects exhibited themselves even more rapidly than those who were employed to carry the measure into execution had permitted themselves to hope. Ten years after the permanent settlement had been completed, the Marquis Wellesley circulated queries to the gentlemen in charge of districts, respecting the effects of that measure. The official returns abundantly demonstrated its wisdom; in a general extension of agriculture, a great improvement in the circumstances of the landholders, and a remarkable diminution in the quantity of lands periodically put up to sale for arrears of revenue. If these circumstances be incontrovertibly true, (and for their truth we must appeal to the official returns to Lord Wellesley's queries), we cannot but consider them as decisive proofs of the increasing prosperity of Bengal and Behar; and as furnishing equally solid evidence of the wisdom and efficacy of the measure to which they must be attributed.

Under the former management, the landholders were either poor, or compelled to appear so. Poverty, real or apparent, was their best protection against an additional assessment, under the discouraging system of annually fluctuating demands. But does this improvement in the circumstances of the landholders, of necessity involve a corresponding amelioration in the

lot of the peasantry? Although we have no hesitation in stating our belief that a proportionate improvement has taken place in the situation of the latter, we are unable to refer to such decisive testimony in support of our opinion. The remarkable extension of cultivation, and the no less remarkable reduction in the enormous balances of revenue, which formerly was the effect and proof of the general poverty, seem to us to authorize the deduction. But we candidly admit that circumstances have occurred to counteract the beneficial tendency of the permanent settlement, and to render its results in some respects problematical. Yet we consider the effects above stated as little less than decisive of its general operation.

Of the circumstances which obstruct and obscure the salutary tendency of that great measure in Bengal and Behar, we shall advert only to the two most important.—1*st*, Under the Moghul system, the police of their respective districts was entrusted to the zemindar or landholder. When the permanent settlement, took place it was transferred to the government. When a zemindar, by succession, purchase or appointment, was invested by the Moghul government with the possession of his estate, he signed a deed in the Persic language, called a mutchulca. From a copy of one now before us, we translate the following extract.

'I engage myself, by this written obligation, To discharge all the duties and functions appertaining to my office, without neglecting the minutest: To preserve the population and opulence of my district by every conciliatory method in my power; so that the number of inhabitants, the extent of cultivation, and amount of revenue, may increase: To protect the highways so effectually as to place the traveller in perfect security during his journey, and that no thefts or roberies be anywhere committed. But if (which God forbid!) the property of any one should be carried off or plundered, having produced the articles and the delinquent, the former shall be restored to its owner, and the latter brought to deserved punishment; on failure of which I remain responsible for the loss.'

The privilege of a hereditary magistracy, annexed to the possession of a property which might devolve to females, or to idiots, no doubt appears in itself highly objectionable. Two of the most considerable zemindaries, equal in size and population to the largest counties in England, had actually been managed, since the grant of the Dewāni, by females secluded in the impervious recesses of the Haram. They too might be merely inefficient magistrates: but if their possessions were transferred to young and turbulent successors, with the numerous, though irregular military force necessary for the discharge of this duty, added to the authority of large possessions and hereditary influence, was such an event likely to prove free from in-

convenience to a foreign government? It was resolved therefore, upon these plausible grounds, to deprive or exonerate the Zemindars from the charge of the police; and it required the experience subsequently attained, to prove that this resolution was founded on erroneous policy. The consequence, however, has been, an alarming increase in the number of robberies, and in the impunity of offenders. New plans for the administration of the police, have been successively adopted; and it is not till after a considerable interval of confusion and alarm, that experience has taught the most effectual modes of imposing a check on depredation and pillage. Yet we must not suppose, that even the old system was completely effectual in checking these spoliatory gangs. The thick forests which skirt the northern shores of the Bay of Bengal, and through which vessels laden with merchandize most usually pass, have in all ages been the occasional resort of banditti. Everywhere, indeed, a country intersected by navigable rivers, and covered with woods, offers facilities to escape: and everywhere the wealth and timid disposition of the commercial classes afford inducements to attack. But if the country has continued progressively to advance in prosperity, notwithstanding the prejudicial operation of a defective police, this circumstance must add to the efficacy imputed to the permanent settlement.

2d, The other impediment to the general welfare, to which we shall advert as the second in importance, so far from being a consequence of that measure, originates in the neglect of one of the principal objects which its authors had in view. It was provided on that occasion, that in all cases where a cultivator should demand a written lease (potta), it should be compulsory on the landlord to grant it. It was further provided, that this potta should distinctly state the quantity of land thus let, the period of the lease, and the precise rent agreed to. The infinite variety of tenure by which the Indian husbandmen enjoy their possessions, afford no objection to this measure; since, whatever the terms be, they admit of distinct specification. The production of such a document, furnishes the only speedy, and the only certain mode of deciding on complaints of extortion; the want of it opens an inexhaustible source of litigation between the proprietor and the tenant, leads to endless confusion and delay, and in all cases affords a possibility of committing injustice. Besides, the large zemindaries being much too extensive to be managed by the landholder, or his immediate agents, are portioned out to farmers; and these again divide their respective allotments amongst subrenters. But these classes have no interest

in the permanent prosperity of their districts. Immediate profit is their sole object;—and the want of a written document to enable the collector to ascertain the just demands on the cultivator, too often exposes the latter, without protection, to the oppressive rapacity of subordinate agents. When the permanent settlement was concluded, it was intended that a register should be kept in the collector's court, of all the leases already existing in the district, and of such as should in future be granted, in compliance with the proposed regulation. Had an authentic document of this nature existed, complaints of oppression might speedily be decided, and attempts at extortion effectually repressed. Its formation would doubtless have proved laborious and expensive. But we cannot admit that any degree of labour or expense could justify the neglect of so salutary a measure,—particularly in a country abounding with natives desirous of employment, and singularly well adapted for conducting such operations. In fact, much labour and much expense would ultimately have been saved; for the prodigious increase of litigation principally arising from this circumstance, will necessitate a large addition to the judicial establishment, from the covenanted servants of the Company, whose salaries will greatly exceed the expense of the native establishment originally required for the purposes we have mentioned.

To the friends of humanity we need make no apology for the dulness of this article. They will recollect, that the regulations alluded to, affect the welfare of forty millions of human beings, placed by Divine Providence under the jurisdiction of the Sovereign of these realms. To the political economist we shall offer none, for venturing to exhibit a slight sketch of the effect of internal regulations, in promoting or repressing the general prosperity. In another article, we may probably consider the causes, which have hitherto operated to prevent the introduction of their permanent settlement, through the whole of the territories subject to Great Britain in India. It will probably appear that while procrastination was proper, expedient, and even necessary in some cases; that, in others, too much weight has been allowed to obstacles of a nature easily surmountable.

ART. X. *Anatomie et Physiologie du Système Nerveux en général, et du Cerveau en particulier; avec des Observations sur la Possibilité de reconnoître plusieurs Dispositions intellectuelles et morales de l'Homme et des Animaux par la Configuration de leurs Têtes.* Par F. J. GALL & G. SPURZHEIM. Premier vol. 4°. pp. 352. avec dix-sept planches fol. Paris. 1810. Deux vol. prem. part. pp. 212. avec quinze planches fol. Paris, 1812.

The Physiognomical System of DRS GALL *and* SPURZHEIM, *&c.* Illustrated with nineteen copper-plates. 2d edit. 8vo. pp. 581. London, 1815.

OUR readers will here recognize, without any difficulty, the same man of skulls, whom we had occasion to take notice of, more than twelve years ago. Long before this time, we should have looked for his craniological death. But he seems somewhat cleverer than most of his tribe; and has discovered the inestimable secret, that a man's reputation, as well as his health, may often be prolonged, by a little well-timed locomotion. So far, therefore, from suffering the demise we had confidently anticipated, he has gone on, it would appear, exercising his calling with indefatigable industry, and extending his fame. He has uttered his prelections, we are credibly informed, from one end of the Continent to the other;—imprinted his doctrines in two quarto volumes—defended them in a third, and illustrated the whole by a folio of engravings;—challenged all the anatomists of the Imperial Institute, conjunctly and severally, to a trial of skill in cerebral dissection;—gauged all the prominent *craniums* in Germany;—and ascertained the solid contents of every celebrated head in France.

VILLERS'*s letter to* CUVIER * had, we confess, left very little doubt in our minds as to the real merits and the real views of this formidable personage; and the present publications have not only confirmed our original judgment with respect to him, but led us to extend the same opinion, without the slightest modification, to the partner he has since assumed, DR J. G. SPURZHEIM. We look upon the whole doctrines taught by these two modern peripatetics, anatomical, physiological, and physiognomical, as a piece of *thorough quackery* from beginning to end; and we are persuaded, that every intelligent person who takes the trouble to read a single chapter of the volumes before us, will view them precisely in the same light.

There are a certain number of individuals, however, in e-

* See our Number for April 1803.

very community, who are destined to be the dupes of empirics; so it would be rather matter of surprise, if these itinerant philosophers did not make some proselytes wherever they come. How many disciples DR SPURZHEIM may have already collected from this class in England, by his English book, or his Lectures in the metropolis, we do not feel very anxious to inquire; because we are quite certain we should find, that they are more than ten times the number he has seduced, from the same proportion of persons, in any other nation in Europe. Great Britain is a field for quacks to fatten in; they flock to it from all quarters of the world; and England is the sweetest corner of the pasture. Well has the learned and most witty historian of Mrs John Bull's indisposition remarked, 'There is nothing so impossible in nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing, so incredible, but they will affirm.' As truly might he have added, that there is nothing mountebanks can undertake, which John Bull will not think possible; nothing they can affirm, which he will not believe. It may seem a little inconsistent, that the 'most thinking' people in the world should thus be the most credulous; but still it is comfortable to think, that theirs is not the credulity of ignorance, but the credulity of an honest and unsuspicious nature.

That DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, however, should have brought over any of the better informed in the island, particularly from among those with whom anatomy and physiology are either favourite or professional pursuits, into a belief of any of the amazing absurdities they are bold enough to teach, is, we should hope, a thing really impossible. There is nothing, indeed, in the shape of reasoning, calculated to mislead, in their whole writings; not one clever sophistry to captivate, nor even an occasional successful induction to redeem;—nothing but a perpetual substitution of assertion for demonstration, and conjecture for fact. Were they even to succeed in shaking off the suspicion of *mala fides*, which we apprehend is inseparably attached to their character, we should not hesitate to say, that we do not know any writers, who, with a conceit so truly ludicrous, and so impudent a contempt for the opinions and labours of others, are so utterly destitute of every qualification necessary for the conduct of a philosophical investigation.

We have two objects in view in a formal *exposé* and exposure of the contents of the volumes before us. The first is, to contradict directly various *statements*, in point of fact, made by Drs GALL and SPURZHEIM with unparalleled boldness and effrontery, which persons perfectly satisfied of the general absurdity of their *opinions* may not have the same opportunities of refuting as ourselves; The second, and by far the most important, to save the

purses of our readers if possible, before it be too late, by satisfying that curiosity which might otherwise lead them to purchase the books themselves, or attend the lectures of these cunning craniologers.

We are quite aware of the peculiar danger which we incur by the conscientious discharge of our duty on this occasion. We cannot hope not to raise upon ourselves a 'pitiless storm;'—all GALL's bitterness, and all SPURZHEIM's spleen. We shall be called very ignorant, no doubt, for not perceiving the signal merits of their philosophy; and very knavish, for so wanton an attack upon the good faith of two innocent foreigners; 'for 'we are far from thinking,' say these liberal gentlemen themselves, 'that ignorance and knavery will not attack our doc-'trine with abuse.' But what obloquy are we not willing to suffer for the public good?

The principle of arrangement in the volumes before us, is not very easy to be discovered; yet, whatever it be, we imagine the authors have not been very successful in adhering to it closely. There seems to us to be a tolerably fair mixture of anatomy, physiology, physiognomy, physics, metaphysics, magnetism and morals, in most of the chapters. In giving our readers an idea of their contents, therefore, we apprehend it may be of some advantage to follow an order of our own.

I. And first of all, we propose to inquire into the opinions of the great DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, respecting the *functions in general* of man, and his *intellectual faculties* in particular. Such of our readers as have been accustomed to nothing more than the average degree of *British* absurdity, will scarcely believe that what follows is a fair and faithful abstract of this German gospel.

The doctrine, say they, that *every thing is provided with its own properties*, was long opposed by metaphysicians and scholastic divines; but by degrees it gained ground; and at last the maxim, that matter is inert, was entirely refuted. *Every thing then is certainly provided with its own properties!*

Natural philosophers have discovered corporeal properties, the laws of attraction and repulsion, of chemical affinity, of fermentation, and even of organization. They have considered the phenomena of vegetables as properties of matter. GLISSON attributed to matter a particular activity, and to the animal fibre a specific irritability. DE GORTER acknowledged in vegetable life something more than pure mechanism. WINTER and LUPS *proved*, that the phenomena of vegetable life ought to be ascribed only to irritability. Of this, indeed, several phenomena of flowers and leaves indicate a great degree. The hop

and the French bean twine round rods, and the ivy climbs the oak. It would be almost absurd, *therefore*, to pretend that the organization of animals is entirely destitute of properties. WHYTT, on the contrary, and SAUVAGE, and HARTLEY, and various others, maintained that all automatic functions are produced without consciousness; and that, in this sense, the seat or residence of the soul is extended over the whole body. From all this *it clearly follows*, that the functions or faculties of man *must* be divided into two classes; into those which are produced by means of organization alone without consciousness, or the functions of *automatic life*; and into those which take place with consciousness, and which are the effect of the soul, or functions of *animal life*.

Now, the first question in *anthropology* is, Whence does man derive all these faculties? Are they innate and determinate; that is, is he born with them? Or does he come into the world without any functions or faculties at all; in other words, perfectly indeterminate and indifferent?

It is perfectly clear, say our Doctors, that all the faculties of *automatic life* are innate; for they are the effects of organization; and surely no one will deny, that a man is organized when he is born. Has he not flesh and blood, and skin and bone, then, as well as afterwards? These faculties, too, are enjoyed by the lower animals; they *must*, *therefore*, be *born* with man. Man, indeed, is like a plant. If you give too much food to a peach tree, its bark bursts, grows rough, and secretes gum. So, if a person is too well nourished, or frequents *punch-clubs* too frequently, he gets a red face, with pimples, boils and *dartres* of every sort. Let no man take offence at being likened unto a peach tree.

'He who thinks that such comparisons degrade mankind, should 'be aware that the greatest natural philosophers, moralists, and di-'vines, have maintained the same opinion; as St Gregorius Nys-'senus, St Augustin, Bonnet, Pascal, Condillac, and others.'—*Spurzheim*, p. 451.

Therefore all the faculties of *automatic* or *organic life*, are innate.

As for the faculties of *animal life*, they may be subdivided into four orders;—voluntary motion; the five external senses; propensities and sentiments; and the faculties of the understanding. Now, with respect to the two first of these, there can be no doubt. Voluntary motion is possessed by man in common with the lower animals; and the five external senses are inherent in the nature of both; *therefore*, they are obviously given by nature, or innate. But there is some difficulty as to the origin of the propensities and sentiments, and the faculties of the understanding.

It may be demonstrated, however, that these functions are not *caused* by external influences, such as *external circumstances*, society, wants, climate, mode of living, education, &c. For, although MILTON composed his Paradise Lost in consequence of being deprived of his place as Secretary to CROMWELL; and SHAKESPEARE wrote plays because he was an actor, and had become an actor because he was obliged to leave his native country on account of certain juvenile errors; yet these are only examples of opportunities presented to faculties already existing. Without food we cannot eat; but we are not hungry, merely because there happens to be food. Then, as to *society*, it is quite obvious, that man is a social being; that he belongs to the same class as hogs, geese, and crows. He must be endowed, *therefore*, with faculties destined for society; and *consequently* society is not the cause of his faculties. With respect to *wants*, that is, disagreeable impressions, misery, poverty, and painful situations; it is sufficient to remark, that while the nightingale flies to a warmer climate on the approach of winter, the partridge and sparrow remain behind, and die of cold. The wagtail and redbreast, foolish birds! make nests for themselves; while the cuckoo, more knowing, cracks an egg in her neighbour's pocket, according to the old saying: A beaver builds its cottage, even in a drawing-room; and a weaver-bird sews its tissue in a cage. It is very clear, *therefore*, that *wants* are not the source of the intellectual faculties in man. Nor can they be ascribed to *mode of living*; for eating and drinking have a powerful influence on the organization; *consequently*, it is impossible that they can produce propensities or sentiments, or functions of the understanding. *Climate*, too, is out of the question, for though it has a great influence upon the organization, it affects men much less than the lower animals, as the history of the Jews very evidently demonstrates. Lastly, *education* is not the cause of the intellectual faculties; for every kind of animal always preserves its own nature, and individuals of the same kind often excel each other. M. DUPONT's cow shows this very well.

'M. DUPONT de Nemours had a cow which alone understood to 'open the enclosure of a field: none of its companions learned to 'imitate its manner of proceeding; but, being near the entrance, 'waited with impatience for the arrival of their leader.' *Spurzheim*, p. 461.

A pleasant story too, of a hunting dog and a little dog, is equally instructive and convincing in this point of view.

'A hunting dog, when he was hindered from taking a good place 'near the fire, from his companions occupying every surrounding 'place, went out into the yard and barked: immediately all the o-'ther dogs did the same; and then he ran in and took the best

'place near the fire. Though he often deceived his companions, 'none of them was capable of imitating his stratagem. A little 'dog, when he was eating with several large dogs, behaved himself 'in the same manner, in order to secure his portion, or to catch 'some good bits. *Such genius is not the result of instruction.*' *Ib.* p. 461.

Thus it has been *demonstrated* that the propensities and sentiments, and the faculties of the understanding *are not caused by external influences:* By exclusion, therefore, it follows, that they are dependent on *internal causes*, that is, that they are *innate*. There are, however, many positive and direct proofs of this.

In the first place, every kind of earth, salt, and metal has its determinate qualities. With plants, it is the same. A pear-tree never bears apples, nor an apple-tree pears: We never gather figs upon a vine, nor grapes upon a thorn bush. Every animal has its specific character: We can never change a cat into a dog, nor a tiger into a lamb, &c. Hence we must say with MOSES, 'God created all beings, earths, plants, fishes, birds, and all animals, each according to its kind.' Why then should man be excepted? Secondly, man enjoys many propensities in common with animals. Thirdly, he possesses faculties which are peculiar to him, and all these are *given by creation*. Fourthly, the human character is constant. Mankind are always the same. Ancient mummies present the same parts of the skeleton which we find in man at present. Fifthly, SHAKESPEARE when he was a boy, exercised the trade of his father, who was a butcher; but when he killed a calf, 'he would do it in a high style, and make a speech.' TAMERLANE and POPE SIXTUS the Fifth, were shepherds as well as MOSES and DAVID. Sixthly, WILLIAM CROTCH astonished every body with his music at six years of age; but in every other respect he was a child. Lastly, *man has been created.*

The general and *irresistible* conclusion from the whole of this *induction* is, that all the functions or faculties of man, whether those of his *automatic* or of his *animal life*, are innate and determinate.

We are indebted to the learning and the candour of our authors for the information, that this doctrine has not escaped the penetration of many 'profound thinkers,' both antient and modern, profane and religious. It seems that PLATO and HIPPOCRATES, and QUINTILIAN, and CICERO, and SENECA, and HERDER, and CONDILLAC, were all convinced of its truth; and what surprised us most of all, it *very clearly appears* to form a part of the Christian faith.

'The religion of Christ, also,' say our authors, 'admits the in-'nateness of the faculties. According to it, all is given from above.

" A man can receive nothing except it be given to him from Hea-
" ven." John iii. 27. " No man can come unto me, except it were
" given to him of my Father." John vi. 65. " *Who has ears to*
" *hear, let him hear.*" Matt. xiii. 9. " The disciples said, Why
" speakest thou in parables? Christ answered, because it is given
" unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to
" them it is not given." Matt. xiii. 10, 11. " All men cannot re-
" ceive this saying, save they to whom it is given." Matt. xix. 11.
' St Paul says, " When the Gentiles which have not the law, do by
" nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law,
" are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law writ-
" ten in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their
" thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing one another."
' Rom. ii. 14, 15.' *Spurzheim*, p. 484.

In the next place, it is laid down by the Doctors, that all the faculties of man may be divided into three kinds, *general*, *common*, and *special*. This division is quite general throughout all nature; in metals, salts, earths, plants, and all sorts of animals. Secretion, for instance, is a *common faculty*; and the secretions of saliva, bile, tears, &c. are *special faculties*. Sensation is a *common faculty*; and the sensations of sight, taste, hearing, &c. are *special faculties*. Understanding is a *general faculty*, including the *common faculties* of perception, memory, judgment and imagination; and then the perception, or memory, or judgment, &c. of space, or form, or time, or number, &c. are *special faculties*.

The classification, however, which they have proposed, of what they call the *internal* or *mental faculties* of man, that is, his propensities and sentiments, and his faculties of understanding, is still more interesting. At the same time, we are a little doubtful how far Dr GALL will acquiesce in the account we are to give of it. All our information on the subject is derived from Dr SPURZHEIM's book. Now, this gentleman has altered, and, as he conceives, very materially enlarged and amended the doctrines of his master in this department. And indeed it is obvious from the tone, not only of this, but of many other parts of the separate work which he has done us the honour to publish in our language, that he and GALL are far from being at one. There seems a schism in the copartnery; the house is divided against itself; and it would by no means surprise us to see, in the course of a twelvemonth, a quarto or two put forth by GALL against SPURZHEIM, and as many by SPURZHEIM against GALL. Be this as it may, SPURZHEIM says, that he divides and subdivides the mental faculties, according to the common practice of natural historians, into orders, genera, species, and varieties.

The orders are two, *Feelings* and *Intellect*. *Feelings* are sub-

divided into two genera, *Propensities* and *Sentiments*. The *Propensities* begin with those of *eating* and *drinking*, (an excellent beginning certainly); and there are several species and varieties, and even monstrosities of this genus. Of the *Sentiments* some are common to man and animals, and others proper to man; and, like the former, they include species and varieties. The order called *Intellect* is also divided into two genera:—*Knowing Faculties*, or those which are intended to make us acquainted with the external world; and *Reflecting Faculties*, or those which compare the relations between different external bodies, between external bodies and the internal faculties, and between the internal faculties themselves. Of these two genera, there are also several species and varieties.

Of course, our readers will now be desirous to know how many mental faculties man is endowed with; and really a wish so reasonable, it would be cruel not to gratify. They will find that our authors have been much more generous in this respect than even Dr Reid; in so far as they bestow upon us no fewer than *thirty-three*.

To the Order of *Feelings*, and the First Genus of that Order, viz. *Propensities*, belong the following species.

1. *Amativeness*, or *Physical Love*. We choose to leave these terms without *translation*.

2. *Philoprogenitiveness*. Mankind have an innate, internal, or mental faculty, or feeling, or propensity; in consequence of which, they love their children. This is elegantly and shortly rendered into English, by the word which we have just written, and which we cannot spare another day to write again. The propensity is in general stronger in women than in men; and our authors ingeniously remark, that this difference is sensible not only in grown-up people, *but even in children*; for if we present to children various playthings, boys will immediately choose horses, whips, drums, &c.; while girls will prefer dolls, cradles, ribbons, &c.

3. *Inhabitiveness*. DR GALL thought, it seems, that the same faculty which gave certain animals, such as the chamois and the goat, a propensity to elevated situations, also created in man the sentiment of self-esteem, and made him proud and haughty. SPURZHEIM, however, is by no means of this opinion; he thinks it impossible to confound the *instinct* of *physical height* with the moral sentiment of self-love and pride. '*I believe it* '*possible*,' says this ingenuous man, '*to have a great opinion of* '*one's own person in all regions and countries.*' p. 294. Accordingly, he conceives that there is in all animals a particular faculty, which determines their dwelling; a propensity, which leads them to prefer one element to another, and one part of the

same element to another; and this is what he denominates *Inhabitiveness.*

4. *Adhesiveness.* This is the special faculty, which gives us attachment to all around us; whether animate or inanimate; to sticks, stones, plants, animals, and man. Its objects are friendship, marriage, society, and *attachment in general.*

5. *Combativeness*, or a propensity to fight.

6. *Destructiveness.* This is a dreadful faculty. It is beyond doubt, that there is a propensity to kill in certain animals. Some kill for food, others merely for the pleasure of killing; and some have this last form of the propensity in a very high degree. Another diverting story of a little dog will illustrate this.

'Gall had a little dog, which had this propensity in so high a degree, that he would sometimes watch several hours for a mouse; and as soon as it was killed, he left it. Notwithstanding repeated punishment, he had also an irresistible propensity to kill birds.' *Spurzheim*, p. 305.

It is equally certain, that man has an innate propensity to kill. Indeed, as all carnivorous animals have it, and man is *omnivorous*, he ought to be blessed with the enjoyment of this faculty. But the whole history of mankind proves that he has it. In all ages, the earth has been drenched with blood.

GALL called this faculty *murder;* but SPURZHEIM thinks that it produces the propensity to destroy, in general, without determining the object to be destroyed, or the manner of destroying it. 'It gives,' says he, 'the propensity to pinch, scratch, bite, cut, break, pierce, devastate, demolish, ravage, burn, massacre, struggle, butcher, suffocate, drown, kill, poison, murder, and assassinate.' Heaven defend us from *destructiveness!*

7. *Constructiveness.* It is by means of this faculty, that birds build nests, savages huts, and kings palaces. It produces also fortifications, ships, engines of war, manufactures and commerce; instruments of all kinds, furniture, clothes, toys, &c. Upon the whole, it is an exceedingly innocent propensity; but when it is too strong, our authors are so good as to hint, that a man may ruin his family by building, or may *coin false money.*

8. *Covetiveness.* This is the propensity to gather and acquire, or to covet, without determining the object to be acquired, or the manner of acquiring it. It gives a desire for all that is desireable; money, property, animals, servants, land, cattle, or any thing upon earth. When there is too much of it, it makes a man *steal.*

'The *instinct of stealing* is not always the effect of bad education, of poverty, idleness, or the want of religion and moral senti-

'ment. *This truth is so generally felt, that every one winks at a lit-*
'*tle theft committed by rich persons, who in other respects conduct them-*
'*selves well.*' Spurzheim, p. 323.

9. *Secretiveness.* This is the propensity to be clandestine in general; to be secret in thoughts, words, things, or projects.

To the second genus of the order of Feelings, viz. Sentiments, belong the following faculties.

10. *Self-esteem.* This faculty gives us a great opinion of our own person.

11. *Love of Approbation.* This faculty makes us love the good opinion of others; and court approbation in general. No matter what the object is; it is the same faculty which makes a coachman love to be praised for his mode of conducting his horses, and a general to be applauded by his nation for such a victory as Waterloo.

12. *Cautiousness.* This faculty, according to SPURZHEIM, produces 'precaution, demurs, doubts; places sentinels—and in ge-
'neral exclaims continually, *take care.* It considers consequences,
'and produces all the hesitations expressed by *but.*' p. 336.

13. *Benevolence.* The faculty in the lower animals, which corresponds to this, is *meekness.*

14. *Veneration.* It is by this faculty that man adores God, or venerates saints, persons and things. The singular felicity with which our authors have applied this faculty to the demonstration of the existence of God, deserves particular notice. Every faculty of man and animals, say they, has an object which it may accomplish. Is it then possible that, while there is a faculty of veneration, God should not exist? Certainly not. Hence God exists.

15. *Hope.* This faculty, according to SPURZHEIM, is *necessary* in almost every situation; 'it *gives hope* in the present, as
'well as of a future life. In religion it is called faith.'

16. *Ideality.* This is the faculty by which a man is enabled to make poetry. It is a sentiment, so to speak, the opposite of circumspection. It renders us enthusiasts; while circumspection stops our career by saying, *Take care.*

17. *Conscientiousness.* This is the sentiment of just and unjust, right and wrong: But it operates very wonderfully; for it *produces* the sentiment of justice only, *without determining what is just.* It *produces* also the sentiment of duty; and *constitutes* what is called conscience and remorse.

18. *Firmness.* This faculty contributes to *maintain the activity* of the other faculties, by *giving constancy and perseverance.*

To the order called *Intellect*, and the first genus of that order, viz. *Knowing Faculties*, the following species belong.

19. *Individuality.* This is a sort of *blue-stocking* faculty, which it would be exceedingly disagreeable, we think, to live under the same roof with. It *knows* the existence of objects and facts; it *has knowledge* also of all internal faculties, and acts upon them. Yet it is most rapacious and insatiable; for it *desires* to know all by experience, and consequently puts every other organ in action; it *wishes* to hear, see, smell, taste, and touch, and to know all the arts and sciences; it is *fond* of instruction, collects facts, and leads to practical knowledge.

20. *Form.* 'My manner of considering this faculty,' says SPURZHEIM, 'is the following. The preceding faculty takes cognizance 'of the existence of external bodies; and the first quality which our 'intellect considers in them, is their form; while, at the same time, '*persons are particularly known by their form.* I therefore *reduce* this 'faculty to the *general consideration* of *form.*' p. 359.

21. *Size.* After the existence and figure of any body, the mind considers its dimensions or size. Therefore, there is an innate *Knowing Faculty*, which may be called *size.*

22. *Weight and Momenta.* This also is the well contrived name of an original faculty, adapted for the ideas of weight and resistance, of consistency, density, softness and hardness. These peculiar conceptions cannot be attributed to the sense of feeling; we must therefore admit a particular internal operation of the mind for them.

23. *Colouring.* As in man the faculty of colouring is not in proportion to the sense of sight, nor to the understanding in general, it seems evident that there is some particular faculty which perceives different colours, recollects them, and judges of their relations. This faculty, therefore, is properly called *Colouring.*

24. *Locality.* This faculty measures distance, and gives notions of perspective; it makes the traveller, geographer, and landscape painter; it recollects localities, and judges of symmetry. It conceives the places occupied by external bodies; and it makes space not only known to us, but is also fond of this kind of knowledge. It is this faculty, too, which makes certain birds migrate.

25. *Order.* This is the faculty which enables us to conceive order. It gives method and order in arranging objects as they are physically related. It is fond of putting particulars in order, according to physical considerations. Dr SPURZHEIM asks, 'Is *cleanliness and tidiness* dependent on the same faculty as order?' This is a difficult question; we cannot answer.

26. *Time.* This faculty may exist without either order or number.

27. *Number.* Whatever concerns unity and plurality, or

number, seems to belong to this faculty. Hence, its object is calculation in general. As it merely calculates however, arithmetic, algebra and logarithms belong to it, but none of the *other branches* of mathematics. It is not quite certain whether animals possess this faculty. GEORGE LE ROI, however, has observed, that *magpies can count three;* and DUPONT DE NEMOURS declares he thinks they can count *nine*. This is the DUPONT to whom the cow that opens the gate belongs.

28. *Tune.* This is the faculty which recollects tones, and judges of their relations; perceives the harmonies of sound, and is the origin of music. 'Sometimes in *epileptic fits*, in de-'lirium, and *syncope*, certain individuals sing continually, and 'with great precision; and then this faculty is alone active, 'while the functions of all the other faculties are destroyed.' With all humility, we would observe, that we suspect there is some mistake here. In this country, at least, people in a *fainting fit* or a *convulsion*, make it a rule never to sing.

29. *Language.* This is the faculty which learns the artificial signs for the operations of the mind;—which enables us to perceive the connexion betwixt any sign, audible or visible, and the thing signified, and to understand the symbols of Algebra;—which has memory of arbitrary signs, and judges of their relations.

The second genus of the order *Intellect*, viz. *Reflecting Faculties*, contains the following species.

30. *Comparison.* This is the faculty which compares the sensations and ideas of all the other faculties; and points out their difference, analogy, similitude or identity.

31. *Causality.* This faculty examines causes, considers the relations between cause and effect, and always prompts men to ask, *Why?*

32. *Wit.* It is the essence of this faculty to compare in such a manner as to excite gaiety and laughter.

The last faculty in the list, is one which cannot be referred to any of these orders or genera. It is,

33. *Imitation*, which is a faculty *sui generis.* It enables persons to imitate gestures, voice, manners, and, in general, all the natural manifestations of man and animals.

Such are the internal faculties of man. These are acted upon by the external world, through the medium of the external senses; and they, in their turn, operate on the external world, by means of the five external senses and voluntary motion. But to this classification of them, DR SPURZHEIM has added a dissertation on their *different modes of action;*—a kind of consideration which, he says, DR GALL 'has *altogether quite* over-

looked.' We will not attempt to abridge this discourse, because we think it quite unfair in any one, to think of epitomizing what he is obliged to acknowledge he does not at all understand. There are some observations in it, however, upon the use of the good old terms sensation, and perception, and memory, and imagination, and judgement, which we can perceive are truly original; and if our readers can make any thing of the summing up of the whole, here it is in the author's own words.

'Every faculty may be more or less active, and the activity of 'every faculty may result from its internal energy, or it may be ex- 'cited by corresponding impressions; and, in this respect, I have 'considered the different names given to the different degrees of ac 'tivity. Moreover, every faculty may be affected differently; and 'these different affections, or different modes of action, bear equally 'different names.' p. 430.

Such are the opinions of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM on the *Functions in general* of Man, and on his *Intellectual Faculties* in particular. We have been the more minute in our sketch of them, that their absurdity might be the more apparent. To enter on a particular refutation of them, would be to insult the understandings of our readers. Indeed we will flatter the authors so far as to say, that their observations are of a nature to set criticism entirely at defiance. They are a collection of mere absurdities, without truth, connexion, or consistency; an incoherent rhapsody, which nothing could have induced any man to have presented to the public, under a pretence of instructing them, but absolute insanity, gross ignorance, or the most matchless assurance.

II. With their *System of Morals* we shall be very brief.

The *recapitulation* of about forty pages of observations on this subject in SPURZHEIM's book, to us perfectly unintelligible, is the following.

'In this chapter, I have considered the moral part of the faculties of the mind. With this view, I have ascertained that our doctrine does not lead to fatalism. I have stated, that, according to a general law throughout all nature, inferior laws are subordinate to superior ones; that, therefore, the faculties proper to man ought to govern the other faculties common to man and animals; that, for this reason, man must be free; that liberty begins with understanding, and requires will, motives, and the influence of the will upon the actions; that motives are of two kinds; that the faculties proper to man procure moral motives; and that, therefore, man alone has moral liberty. By these considerations, I have explained the origin of moral evil. I have shown why moral evil has always existed; why man is inclined to it; why it is unavoidably punished; why it is said

'that man consists of two natures, which combat one another; and 'why *one can do what he would not do.* I have elucidated how *the* 'law has begun; how persons without the law, can do the things 'contained in the law; *how virtue is possible and meritorious*; and 'what is the difference between the *kingdom of law and that of love.* 'Finally, I have stated the aim of our actions, and observed that 'there is not any one simple moral motive of our actions, but that 'all the faculties proper to man furnish moral motives, and that 'they altogether constitute a perfect morality.' p. 523.

All this is so clear and so unanswerable, that it would be a shame to embarrass it with any comment.

III. Passing over a quantity of incredible nonsense on the physiology of the five external senses, disgraceful to any one who had studied the common elementary works on the animal economy, or even his own feelings with the slightest attention, we proceed to examine the doctrines of these gentlemen relative to the *Functions of the Nervous System* in general, and of the *Brain* in particular; and this will lead us to consider those *craniological* or *physiognomical* opinions, by which GALL first brought himself into notice, and which, according to his own confession, led to all his other speculations.

1. In the first place then, the said Drs GALL and SPURZHEIM declare, that they make no inquiry into the *nature* of the faculties of the mind; they observe only their *manifestations.* It is only by their *manifestations* that the faculties are known; but they exist in every individual whether they be *manifested* or not. When a man sees or hears, or moves a limb, he *manifests* the faculty of sight or sound, or voluntary motion; but then he possesses all these faculties independent either of seeing or hearing, or motion. When a person forms an attachment to punch or to poetry, as very worthy men will sometimes do, he only *manifests* in a pleasing manner the faculty of *adhesiveness;* but the faculty of *adhesiveness* exists in that man, whether he has actually given in his *adhesion* to the bowl or not.

On this piece of metaphysic and definition, we have nothing to remark. GALL and SPURZHEIM say that these things are so, or should be so; and that is quite enough.

2. In the second place, they observe, that it is granted that the five external senses and voluntary motion, cannot *take place* without *organization*; and in conformity with this, they have established that all the *manifestations* of the mind—feelings and intellectual faculties—depend on organization too. Here follows the demonstration.

1. 'The manifestations of the faculties of the mind are modified in both sexes.' Do the souls of women therefore differ from those of men; or is it more probable, that the manifestations of

the faculties are modified because the organs or instruments vary? 2. The manifestations of the mind, are modified in every individual. Is it probable that the soul of each individual differs? No; *it is said* that all mankind have descended from the same original parents. 3. The mental manifestations are modified in different ages; some sentiments and intellectual faculties appearing or disappearing sooner than others. Either the soul itself therefore changes, or its instruments are changed. 4. The mental manifestations correspond exactly to the growth and general development of the brain. 5. The faculties of the mind cannot continue to act incessantly with equal energy; rest is necessary; and this inactive state of the faculties is sleep. Now, *corporeal* organs alone are susceptible of being fatigued and exhausted. 6. The faculties of the mind may be exercised and trained; but how can an *immaterial* being be exercised? 7. All that disturbs, excites, or weakens the organization, chiefly of the nervous system, changes also the mental manifestations. 8. The organs of the different manifestations may be actually demonstrated; so it is impossible to deny that they depend on organization.—*Therefore*, ' by incontestable facts,' and ' reasoning thereupon,' it *has been shown*, that the manifestations of the mental faculties depend on organization.

3. In the third place, having satisfactorily demonstrated, that all the functions of *animal life* depend on *organization*, our authors maintain that they have ascertained, in a manner equally satisfactory, what the particular parts of the organized frame are, which are destined for the manifestation of each faculty.

It is *certain*, say they, that none of the functions of *animal life* are dependent on any other part of the body but the Nervous System; *because* this is generally admitted. This point, therefore, is set at rest; and the only question which remains to be decided is, whether the whole Nervous System, or only some particular part of it, is the organ of these functions.

Now, we confess we do not find it very easy to discover, after all, what the opinions of these gentlemen are on this subject, in so far as the five senses and voluntary motion are concerned. In the chapter relating to these functions, a faculty called *consciousness* is introduced, sometimes said to be *active* and sometimes *passive*, which puzzles us a good deal; and we have been exceedingly disconcerted to find, that we have been all along entertaining a very inaccurate notion of the faculties of *thinking* and *willing*; for the learned Dr SPURZHEIM assures us, that these faculties ' *certainly are Sensations.*' p. 123.

' After every consideration,' says he, ' it remains undecided, at

'least in perfect animals, in what respect the brain is necessary to 'the *passive consciousness* of the external senses. It is, however, cer-'tain, that the *will*, and consequently the *voluntary* motions and re-'flection, depend on the brain; for no phenomena of this kind take 'place without a brain. Thus it is necessary to distinguish the re-'gular motions into those which are regular, but only automatic, and 'into those which are both regular and voluntary: The latter depend 'on the actions of the brain; the former take place without it. It 'is *similarly* necessary to make distinctions respecting the functions 'of the five external senses. It is undecided whether this *passive* 'consciousness takes place by the assistance of the brain, or by means 'of their respective nerves alone; but it is certain, that their *active* 'consciousness, accompanied by attention, reflection, and will, can be 'effected only by the operation of the brain.' p. 127.

On the subject, however, of the organs of the manifestations of the thirty-three Internal or Mental Faculties, our authors are abundantly explicit. This is obviously their favourite topic; one which they cherish as a child of their own; and of which, perhaps, it is in some degree excuseable for them to be vain, since it is one *great discovery* from beginning to end.

They admit, that for many centuries the brain has been considered the organ of the soul; but they affirm, that every one who has maintained this hypothesis, has endeavoured to combine with it evident contradictions. They choose, therefore, to show, that the brain is exclusively the organ of the feelings and intellectual faculties, by a demonstration *in their own way*. The outline of the demonstration, as it is given by SPURZHEIM in about forty pages, is the following.

1. All parts of the body may be wounded or destroyed, except the brain, without immediately destroying the feelings and intellectual faculties; but if the brain be *compressed* or destroyed, the mental manifestations are suspended or annihilated. 2. Large portions of the brain proper, even half the cerebellum, may be destroyed; nay, the brain may be entirely wanting, yet the functions of the five senses, and of automatic life, not be affected. Hence the brain must be intended for superior functions, else it would be useless. 3. When animals are compared with each other, it will be found that the number of their faculties increases in proportion to the number of their cerebral parts. 4. The perfection of the manifestations of the faculties is proportional to the *development* of the brain; the greater the development, the more perfect the manifestations, and *vice versâ*. If a man's brain be large, he manifests his *Inhabitiveness*, and *Adhesiveness*, and *Destructiveness*, his *Ideality* and *Individuality*, his *Tune* and his *Colouring*, his *Weight* and *Momenta*, and his *Locality*, &c. very energetically; if small, very feebly. If the

brain be defective, as is the case in idiots, the mental manifestations are also defective. The manifestations also may be distinctly seen to follow the growth of the brain from infancy to maturity, and its decay in old age. In children the brain is *pulpy*, and *therefore* the functions of *animal life* cannot be manifested; in the state of maturity, the brain has acquired the highest degree of development, and the manifestations the greatest energy; and, in proportion as the *organization* of the brain decreases, the energy of the moral sentiments, and of the intellectual faculties decreases also. 5. Certain faculties are more active in men, and others in women; and there is a difference in their cerebral organization. 6. In proportion as the brain is altered by disease, the mental manifestations are weakened. 7. '*Every one feels that he thinks by means of his brain.*' *Therefore*, the brain is exclusively the organ of the *thirty-three mental faculties*, viz. the *nine Propensities*, the *nine Sentiments*, the *eleven Knowing Faculties*, the *three Reflecting Faculties*, and *Imitation* by itself *Imitation*. Q. E. D.

Now, we must essay a reply here, however hard and unpromising the task may be; for, as we have already remarked, the ratiocination of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM is of the most difficult species to combat. Perhaps we might content ourselves with saying, that the whole doctrine of the *thirty-three faculties* to which the argument relates, is downright nonsense; and so put an end to the discussion at once. But we see sufficient reason for declining this summary method on the present occasion; and, therefore, we shall take the liberty of substituting for the names of the *thirty-three faculties*, two very simple and intelligible terms, viz. *Intellect* and *Inclinations;* and proceed.

In the *first* place, then, we maintain, that it is not true that partial destruction of the brain is invariably followed by a proportional destruction of Intellect. The cases in which portions of various sizes have been removed from almost all regions of this organ, without the slightest affection either of Intellect or Inclinations, are numerous and most unequivocal. * DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM seem quite aware of this; and if there be any one part of their works better calculated than another, to show at once the incomparable conceit of these men, and the inconceivable absurdities they can maintain, it is the section in which they endeavour to explain away these cases. How can any man pretend, they argue, that he had seen the half or the fourth of

* For a partial illustration of this, we refer to Art. X. of our last Number.

a brain destroyed, until we published our system of the anatomy of that organ?

'It was evidently impossible to make exact anatomical observations upon an organization, which was not only unknown, but in respect to which were entertained notions, not only quite erroneous, but entirely opposite to its real structure; and it is *beyond doubt*, that this hitherto was the case with the internal structure of the brain.' *Spurzheim*, p. 140.

Or how could any physician venture to pronounce whether his patient's intellect were affected or not, until we discovered that every man is endowed with *thirty-three* faculties?

'It follows, also, that it has hitherto been impossible to judge accurately of the effects of diseases and injuries of the brain, because all physiologists considered only the general attributes of the understanding, and were quite ignorant with regard to the *special faculties*.'—*Spurzheim*, p. 147.

Our authors, however, have been imprudent enough to record some cases themselves precisely similar to those which they are so little disposed to admit on the authority of others; and in order to reconcile these, therefore, with their doctrines, they have recourse to an exquisite stratagem. In all injuries of this sort, say they, the *duplicity* of the nervous system must be kept in recollection. One half of the brain may be destroyed, and the other half still continue to exert the manifestations of the mind. In fact, *it is evident*, that the opposite hemispheres of the brain are sometimes in a different or even an opposite state. 'A great number of madmen hear angels sing, or the devil roar, only on one side.' TIEDEMAN relates the example of one MOSER, who was insane on one side, and who observed his insanity with the other. And GALL himself attended a *minister* who had a similar affection for three years. This minister was cured; but when he fell into a passion, or *got drunk*, there was rather a tendency to a recurrence of the disorder.

Secondly, If it is meant to be affirmed, that *total* destruction of the brain is uniformly followed by total loss of intellect, we demand where the cases are by which that point has been established? Is there a single instance on record, in which a complete destruction of this organ had been observed, and in which a total cessation of intellect immediately followed *as the effect* of that destruction? We will not pretend to affirm that there are no such cases recorded; but if there be any, we are altogether ignorant of them.

Thirdly, Were it even ascertained, that partial or total loss of intellect invariably succeeded to a partial or total disorganization of the cerebrum, we maintain, that it would not necessari-

ly follow that the brain was the *organ* of intellect; if, by the term *organ*, be here meant (what alone we presume it can be employed to mean) the part of the body, upon changes in which, the intellectual operations immediately depend. As well might it be argued, that all sensation depended ultimately on some change of condition in the heart; because, when all the arteries leading to any part are divided, and its connexion with the heart thus cut off, it immediately loses its sensibility. The *organ* of intellect may reside in some other part of the nervous system, or in some other region of the body; and that part or region may be continually receiving from the brain a supply of something necessary to the healthy discharge of its functions; or they may be so constructed, that whatever disorders the structure of the one, injures the constitution of the other. These things are obviously possible; and there is nothing in the phenomena of wounds of the brain, which renders this hypothesis a bit less probable than the other. We will not say that there are any facts which absolutely *demonstrate* that the brain *is not* the organ of intellect; the subject is still involved in the utmost obscurity; and our physiological readers will see, from an article in our last Number, how far, purely for the sake of exciting investigation, we are disposed to carry our *opinions* or *conjectures* upon this point. But we will maintain, that such cases as we have alluded to, afford no proof whatever that the brain *is* the *organ* of intellect.

Fourthly, We deny that there is any connexion or proportion whatever to be observed, on a comparison of animals with each other, between their intellect or inclinations, and the number of parts in their brains; and if there were, this is no demonstration that the brain is the intellectual *organ*.

Fifthly, We deny that there is the slightest approach to a uniform proportion or connexion between the vigour of intellect, or the strength or peculiarity of inclinations in man, and the size of his brain. If it be said, that this is a point which can be determined only by an actual examination, after death, of the brains of persons whose talents and moral character have been the subject of observation during life, then we affirm, that there is no physician or anatomist, who has practised this piece of dissection in such circumstances twenty times, who does not know that the assertion of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM is utterly groundless. Intellect of every degree and of every kind, and inclination of every variety, is found combined with brains of all sizes.

But our authors, for reasons which will be immediately obvious, do not choose to be over nice in their modes of ascertaining the

real size of the cerebrum, with a view to this inquiry. They have a method, indeed, which is much better, because it is applicable to the living man: By a proper gauging of the head without, they can tell to a trifle how much it contains within. They have always found, that the larger the cranial part of the head measured upon the outside, skin and all, the greater the quantity of brain lodged in the cranial cavity. So it is the simplest process in the world: Shave a man's head, and you have the 'measure of his mind' in a moment: Multiply the length by the breadth, and the product by the thickness; and his philosophy and feeling will come out to the fraction of an inch. The remark is as old as it is said to be true, that no real hero is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. Let all those whom it may concern, now remember, that no man can be a pretended philosopher to his barber.

Were we disposed to be captious, we should perhaps object to this application of the Solid Measure; because it hath appeared to us, that human heads are rather like unto hazel nuts, whereof many that be equally large to look upon, do yet possess, some a thicker, some a thinner shell; some a smaller, some a larger kernel. But we will acquiesce implicitly for the present in the proposition, (familiar to physiologists long before the age of GALL or SPURZHEIM), that there is in most instances a general correspondence between the size of the cranium and the quantity of cerebrum; that large heads usually contain large brains, and small heads small brains. Nevertheless, we again deny, that there is any constant correspondence, or any connexion whatever, between the dimensions of a man's head and his intellect and inclinations, either in kind or degree. We do not even subscribe to the ancient proverb, '*Large head, little wit;*' although this obviously goes to establish, by vulgar observation, a species of connexion, directly the reverse of that maintained by our authors; and although the maxim seems to derive no small credit from the fact, (for such we affirm it to be), that idiots in general have *uncommonly* large heads. We are aware, that it is sometimes necessary to unsay 'old sayings;' and this we believe to be the case in the present instance. Much less are we disposed to allow any weight in this discussion to the familiar banter of *thick skull;* for it admits of no application to the inquiry, unless GALL should choose to interpret it as meaning, that when the sides of the cranium are thick, the cavity of the cranium is small, and the brain small in proportion, and consequently the understanding poor. But we demur at this explanation; and humbly submit, that the jeer in question is founded entirely on a false hypothesis; the vulgar very natural-

ly, but very erroneously conceiving, that when there is more than usual difficulty in forcing sense into a man, there must be a greater than usual thickness of wall to keep it out. GALL and SPURZHEIM, in fact, in affirming that the vigour of intellect is always proportional to the size of the head, seem to have been desirous of trying how far their effrontery might be carried. If they succeed in convincing a single individual of common parts and observation, that this assertion is a truth, they will find little difficulty, we apprehend, in persuading mankind in general, that they hear by their eyes and see by their ears.

But we will even indulge these gentlemen so far as to admit, that the relation they assert is true. Will it, therefore, follow, that the greater size of the brain is the *cause* of the peculiarities in the intellect or inclinations of the individual? Certainly not. Can it be possible that the great DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM have not observed, in the course of their multifarious inquiries into nature, that phenomena may coincide, without being related to each other as cause and effect? Were it established, that all great mathematicians had black eyes, and all poets blue ones, would any sensible man, from this alone, think of ascribing the mathematical talent in the one case, or the poetical genius in the other, to the colour of the iris. In the course of our own experience, we have observed, that persons who have a lurking affection for port wine, have uniformly a certain redness of nose; and yet we are far from conceiving ourselves warranted to infer from this, that the nasal hue is the *cause* of the vinous partiality. Some, on the contrary, are disposed to maintain, that it is rather the *effect*; but this we hold to be quite wicked and calumnious. Again, it is a remark which we have never found to fail, that all great lawyers have long and very mobile fingers, '*digiti prehensiles*,' as LINNÆUS would have called them, with a remarkably smooth cuticle or epidermis on the palms of their hands. Shall we therefore conclude, that this length and flexibility of finger, and this exceeding smoothness of palm, are the cause of eminence in the law? No; this may be a case of mere coincidence; nay, the professional eminence may, indirectly, be the *cause* of some of these phenomena:—But this is dangerous ground.

Sixthly, We deny that the brain uniformly diminishes in size in old age; or that when it does undergo diminution, the intellect is uniformly affected in proportion; or that, when the intellect is affected, there is any proof whatever that this is owing to the diminution in the brain.

Lastly, We solemnly declare, that we, for our parts, have never yet known what it is to *feel that we think by means of our brains.*

4. The investigations of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, however, have not led merely to the demonstration, that the brain is the general and exclusive *organ* of the manifestations of the thirty-three special faculties: They have conducted these ingenious men to discoveries of still greater interest in a physiological point of view, and of infinitely higher practical importance. They have ascertained, not only that each of the faculties has a particular part of the brain appropriated to itself for its *organ*, and that, in proportion to the size of each part, is the perfection of the manifestation of the faculty to which it belongs; but they have discovered the precise portion of the brain, which constitutes the organ of each particular faculty.

That the brain is an aggregate of many *organs*, and that each faculty has its own, is matter of easy demonstration. Every salt and every metal has its own crystallization; every plant and every fruit-tree has its particular organization; even the parts of the same tree, as wood, bark, leaves, flowers and fruit, possess somewhat varying qualities. The beaver builds a hut; the dog hunts; the blackbird sings; the swallow migrates. Certain men excel; others are middling in all: Some are endowed with genius; others are idiots. The understandings of animals increase in proportion as their brains become complicated. Certain faculties are more active in women and females; others in men and males. In the same individual, certain faculties manifest themselves with great energy, while others are scarcely perceptible. All the faculties do not manifest themselves simultaneously; Several appear earlier; others disappear more lately. Study, too long protracted, produces fatigue; but we may continue to study by changing the object. Some persons *dream* during their sleep; others *walk* during their sleep. Some persons are subject to inspirations, visions, and similar phenomena. And, lastly, some men are insane only on particular points. From all this, our authors conceive it cannot for a moment be disputed, that the brain consists of thirty-three *organs*, one for each faculty.

It is no less easy to show, that the energy or perfection of each faculty is proportional to the size of its *organ*.

'There is, indeed, throughout all nature, a general law, that 'the properties of bodies act with an energy proportionate to their 'size. Thus, a large loadstone attracts a greater mass of iron than 'a small one of a similar kind. The fermentation of the same fluid 'is more energetic, if its quantity be more considerable; and a great 'muscle of the same kind is stronger than a small one. If the nerves 'of the five external senses be larger on one side of the body, the 'functions also are stronger on that side. Why should it not be the 'same in respect to the brain?' *Spurzheim*, p. 215.

Can any thing in Euclid be plainer than this? Was ever demonstration *neater*, or more satisfactory?

We should now be desirous of stating to our readers the particular parts of the brain, which are appropriated to each faculty. But it would be in vain to attempt this, without the aid of the plates, with which our authors have *illustrated* this part of their subject. It will be no difficult matter, however, to give them a general idea of what they are to find on consulting these engravings, and on reading the valuable remarks which relate to them in the text.

In the two first plates, then, of *Spurzheim's* work,* there will be found different views of the surface of the brain, when deprived of its membranes; one from above, another from below, and two lateral views. On different points of the surfaces thus represented, will be seen engraved, the various numbers, from one to thirty-three; and on turning to the table of explanation, the reader will discover, that each of these numbers refers to the *organ* of the faculty corresponding to it, in the enumeration of the special faculties formerly given;—number V, for example, marking the *organ* of *combativeness;* and number X, of *self-esteem;* and so on. Number I. makes its appearance on every surface of the laminated part of the cerebellum; and all the other numbers are scattered over the convolutions of the brain proper;—none, however, appearing on the lower surface of the middle or posterior lobes; and none on that surface of the hemispheres, which looks towards the falx of the dura mater. It deserves, also, to be remarked, that not a single number is to be seen on the medulla oblongata, or the annular protuberance, or the peduncles either of the cerebellum or brain proper, or the mamillary eminences, or the infundibulum; or, in short, any of the parts which lie between the middle lobes.

These numbers or figures, as they are said to refer to the different organs, are of course situated on particular parts of these organs; but they cannot of themselves, it is obvious, mark the whole dimensions of an organ; and no attempt has been made to do this in the engravings, by the usual contrivance of dotted lines, such as are to be seen in all maps and diagrams. The plates, therefore, leave the reader in utter ignorance as to

* We refer to this work alone, because it is the latest; and because, in the large French work, with folio engravings, the conjoint production of GALL and SPURZHEIM, neither the number nor the place of the *organs* accords exactly with the representation now given of them by SPURZHEIM himself. Let GALL and SPURZHEIM settle this point between them.

the superficial extent, the internal direction, and the total bulk, of any one organ. Whether the *organ* of *Hope* goes upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards; whether the *organ* of *Order* stands quite clear of that of *Tune*; whether the *organ* of *Combativeness* does not intertwine with the *organ* of *Destructiveness*; whether the *organ* of *Wit* does not run the *organ* of *Imitation* through the body; whether one might not scoop out the *organ* of *Covetiveness* from end to end, as a cheesemonger with his wimble does a bit of Stilton, and yet not interfere in the least with the organ either of *Benevolence* or of *Veneration*;—these, and many other questions of equal importance, would be in vain determined, by an inspection of the engravings alone. The reader, therefore, will naturally turn to the text, for more minute and precise information on these points; and there we have the pleasure of telling him, he will find the following very satisfactory *detail*.

'It is indeed true, that the organs are not confined to the surface 'of the brain; they extend from the surface to the great swelling 'of the occipital hole (medulla oblongata), and probably include 'even the commisures; for the whole mass of the brain consti-'tutes the organs.'—*Spurzheim*, p. 239.

Such is the trash, the despicable trumpery, which two men, calling themselves scientific inquirers, have the impudence gravely to present to the physiologists of the nineteenth century, as specimens of reasoning and induction.

But let us now attend a little to the ingenious methods, by which these gentlemen have discovered the precise situation of each of these *organs*; and to the external signs by which they assure us that it may be known during life, whether any particular *organ* be unusually large or small. This leads to the most important part of their doctrines perhaps; the practical part, as it may be called; the *physiognomy*, *craniology* or *cranioscopy*; the part which teaches us how to find out, by the shape of the head, whether a man loves his children or kills them, whether he steals or is very benevolent; whether he has much hope or little; whether he believes in a God, or is a freethinker; in short, what he is remarkable for, in knowledge, talent, or dispositions; or whether he be remarkable for any thing at all.

In the *first* place, then, our readers must know, that, according to DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, when any portion of the surface of the brain happens to be more prominent than usual, there is always a corresponding eminence on that part of the osseous shell which covers it; and not only is this prominence obvious, whatever structure the shell may chance to have at this part, but it is invariably of sufficient size to be perceptible by

sight or touch on the living head, with whatever soft textures the part may happen to be covered; whether with tendinous substance, cellular substance, adipose substance, muscular fibres, or common integuments with the hair; or two or three of these, or all of them together. Now, as it has been already shown, that the brain is the general *organ* of all the faculties, that each faculty has a portion of the cerebrum appropriated to itself, and that the perfection or vigour of each faculty is proportionate to the size of its *organ*; it obviously follows, that the aforesaid bumps on the head are infallible signs of peculiar energy in some of the special faculties. When, therefore, any uncommon bump of this sort presents itself on the head of an individual, it is only necessary to ascertain what faculty that person is remarkable for; and thus the particular part of the brain, which constitutes the *organ* of that faculty, is at once demonstrated. By a steady application of this method, to the skulls or busts of the celebrated dead, and to the heads of the living, unshaven as well as shaven, in all classes of society, and in different nations; in establishments for education, in hospitals for idiots and madmen, in houses of correction, and in prisons; DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM have had the merit of ascertaining the exact site of the thirty-three organs. Nay, of such amazingly precise application does this method seem to be susceptible, that although our authors found it impossible to define the superficial boundaries of the different organs on the brain itself, they have marked out the limits of each organ with the utmost distinctness, on the outside of the whole head. Accordingly, in the frontispiece to SPURZHEIM's book, a most extraordinary and engaging spectacle presents itself. The human head there appears in different aspects, cleanly shaven, with the whole of its upper surface divided into regions, like the maps of revolutionized France. The regions are of different sizes, from a quarter of an inch, perhaps, to two inches; and of very various shapes, some being rhomboidal, others elliptical, others almost circular, some like a half-moon, some like the point of a scymitar, others distinctly heart-shaped, but by far the greater number, as it appears to our eye, like the scales of a salmon magnified. The facilities which these diagrams must afford, in the application of the intellectual topography to practice, must be very great. When we discover any unusual projection or depression, any remarkable specimen of hill and dale, on the head of a stranger, we have only to consult a copy of the frontispiece quietly; and, without a moment's delay, we shall be enabled to decide, whether we ought to approach him as an honest man, or shun him as a knave.

If we must reply gravely to all this, which it requires some

effort to do, we have briefly to observe, that not one of the assertions are true, and that not one step of the reasoning is correct.

It is not true, that there are ever such eminences on the surface of the brain, accompanied with projections of the cranium, as GALL and SPURZHEIM have affirmed. It is true, no doubt, and we presume it was known to anatomists before our authors were born, that the different regions of the brain, differ in their relative proportions in almost every individual. But the difference, whether it be confined to one dimension, or extend to all, is at the utmost very inconsiderable; seldom we believe amounting to half an inch, and never, we are confident, exceeding an inch, over an extent of six inches; and very often it is so small, as just to be perceptible, and no more. In this last case, as might be expected, it is difficult to discover any corresponding difference in the proportional capacity of the cerebral cavity of the skull; but in all varieties which exceed the ratio of a quarter of an inch in five or six inches, this cavity is in general obviously larger in the same proportion. Now, our anatomical readers are not to be informed, surely, that the two surfaces of the bones which form the cerebral cavity of the cranium are not everywhere parallel to each other. They know very well, that there are often considerable depressions within, where the corresponding surface without, does not exhibit the slightest appearance of projection, but is quite flat, or even hollow; and that there are often large prominences without, where there are no corresponding concavities within; so that when the outer surface of the walls of the cerebral cavity are compared with a mould in Paris plaster or in wax, of the cavity itself, the greatest difference is perceptible between them. All anatomists know, too, that this difference is not the same in degree, in any two skulls; the distance of the two surfaces of the bones from each other is so various. When, therefore, any particular region of the brain is considerably larger than usual, compared with other parts, although the corresponding region of the cerebral cavity be always proportionally larger also, this increased capacity within, is far from being uniformly accompanied with any greater prominence of the osseous shell without. Such correspondence does often occur, no doubt, particularly in those cases where the greater proportional size of the particular regions of the brain approaches to the maximum we have stated; but even in these instances it is not constant. Moreover, we must observe, that, admitting it were uniform and invariable, still as the prominences and depressions on the outer surface often vary, without any corresponding variety within, the examination of the outer surface

alone never can lead to any certain conclusions as to the proportional dimensions of the brain.

The whole of what we have now stated, the ingenuous DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM must not only have been aware of from the beginning, but must have felt to be strictly true. We looked, therefore, with perfect confidence for a denial of its truth, somewhere in the volumes before us; for there is nothing sufficiently certain in nature, which these gentlemen will not call in question, if it be hostile to their views. Were the fact in any degree unfavourable to their system, that heavy bodies fall to the ground, we should, without doubt, have these fearless craniologers demonstrating, by 'incontestable facts,' by 'reasoning thereupon,' and by the 'refutation of all objections,' that such a phenomenon never can happen, and, in point of fact, never has happened since the world began. But we were not a little surprized to find, that not only are the facts, in the present instance, not contradicted, but that no other attempt has been made to evade them than is to be found in the following short and unintelligible sentence;—

'It is not necessary to appreciate any minute differences of size, 'in order to determine the development of the organs.' *Spurzheim*, p. 234.

We venture to affirm, therefore, that such prominences on the head, as GALL and SPURZHEIM have described, indicating certain eminences of the brain within, and uniformly accompanying some peculiarity of intellect or inclinations in the individual, never have been observed; and that all they have been so good as to write on this subject, is a mere fiction. Were it worth our while, we could even undertake to show, without much difficulty, that this piece of invention is inconsistent with itself, in various circumstances, and that it presumes a degree of blindness and ignorance in those to whom it is addressed, which it was really very cruel in DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM to suppose. How could these gentlemen, for example, think so poorly of the eyesight of their readers, as to imagine, that by the aid of their beautiful engravings they could fail to discover, that some of the prominences in the skull which they describe, are said to be caused by elevations on portions of the brain, which are not even in contact with the skull at these parts? Then, in point of extravagance, we do think, that since the integuments of every sort, covering the skull, seem to present so little impediment to the exercise of their acute vision and their erudite touch, in the discovery of the bumps, it would have made very little difference to them, and been vastly more convenient for their *customers*, if they had affirmed, that they could discover a

man's character through his nightcap, or his hat, or a wig of *four stories*, or even through both hat and wig, at the distance of twenty miles, provided they had a good telescope, and the weather were clear.

IV. We are so heartily tired of the mass of nonsense we have been obliged to wade through, that we could now most willingly have done. But the *Anatomical Discoveries* of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM yet remain to be considered; and these are on no account to be passed over in silence. It appears to us, that in this department they have displayed more quackery than in any other; and their bad faith is here the more unpardonable, that it was so much more likely to escape detection. These gentlemen are too knowing not to have perceived, that the science of anatomy is in general cultivated with most zeal, by those who have the least leisure to devote to it; that is, by persons who are toiling with weariness through medical practice; and that those whose *profession* it is to improve this department of human knowledge, are usually content to bequeath it to their sons, just as it was handed down to them by their fathers or grandfathers. They calculated, no doubt, that as the number of individuals is inconsiderable, who are not only zealous in anatomical pursuits, but, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, are enabled to bestow their whole time on them, the chance that a few bold affirmations respecting the structure of a delicate and complicated organ would be put to the test of experiment, was proportionally small. Perhaps it would occur to them, too, that as unprofessional people are in no respect aware how very little familiar even physicians of the first eminence are with the structure of the brain, it might contribute materially towards their reputation with the public, to delude a few of the medical tribe, who are naturally looked up to as judges in questions of this sort. No doubt, also, they had observed with as much pleasure, as we have done with surprise and regret, how easy a thing it has become of late years, to obtain the good opinion, in all physiological matters, of that strange association of talents and obsequiousness, the Institute of France; every youthful essayist who has dissected a few living dogs, and drawn hasty conclusions from his experiments, being sure to be held forth by the committees of that body as the *Haller* of his day, provided he has merely had the address to submit his memoirs to their consideration. Seeing this, it was no great adventure on the part of our authors, to solicit a Report upon their discoveries, from the Institute. Accordingly, although the committee appointed to examine into their doctrines, consisting of TENON, PORTAL, SABATIER, PINEL and CUVIER, did themselves the

credit, in this instance, of returning a Report so little agreeable to DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, that these gentlemen thought it necessary to reply to it in a quarto volume; yet they acquiesced in enough of their claims, to secure to them some place as anatomists in the estimation of many persons, who looked upon their craniological doctrines as little better than the ravings of disordered imaginations. We are resolved, however, to do what, in us at least, lies, to enable our countrymen to appreciate the true merits of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, in this department also.

1. Our anatomical readers will recollect, that the substance of the brain is made up almost entirely of two kinds of soft matter, the one called Medullary, and the other Grey, Cortical or Cineritious. We have been accustomed to denominate the former *White*, and the latter *Brown*, *Nervous Matter*. When a section of the White Matter is made with a sharp scalpel, the divided surfaces are found perfectly smooth, without any appearance whatever of cells, or globules, or fibres; only here and there a few reddish points and striæ, which are obviously occasioned by the division of small bloodvessels. When flocculi of it are subjected to microscopical examination, they are seen to be composed of minute globules: We have repeated the experiments of PROCHASKA and the WENZELS relative to this point, and found them to be correct. But what we have chiefly to attend to at present with respect to this substance is, that when a portion of it is plunged for a few minutes into boiling oil, or steeped for a few days in alcohol, or certain acids diluted, or mixtures of these acids and alcohol, or a solution of corrosive sublimate, its consistence is greatly increased; and when it is afterwards torn in particular directions, it exhibits a *fibrous* appearance. These effects were known to MORGAGNI, MAITREJEAN, PETSCHE, BAYLE, VIEUSSENS, and PLANCARD long ago; and REIL, in particular, of late years, has directed his attention to them. In many experiments we have found, that from the fibrous surfaces which are thus exposed, slender white threads may be raised, with the point of a pin, almost as fine as a hair; and that the whole seems to be formed of such delicate fibrils, placed closely together, and without any connecting medium. The delicacy of the fibrils, and the closeness with which they are compacted together, render it impossible either to ascertain their actual length, or to form even a conjecture as to their smallest diameter. We are by no means satisfied, either from our own experiments, or the experiments of others, how much of the White Matter throughout the brain is capable of exhibiting this fibrous appearance when coagulated. This point, as well as the cause of the fibrous appearance in general, requires

to be further investigated; but in the mean time, the facts already ascertained render it very probable, that the White Matter actually consists of fine fibres in the living body, which, however, are too delicate to maintain their form in sections and lacerations after death, unless coagulated and rendered firmer by the means already mentioned.

Let us now see what DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM say upon this subject. They affirm, without scruple, that it is possible to demonstrate the White Matter to be fibrous in all parts of the Brain, merely by tearing or lacerating the different portions of this organ, while it is yet in a recent state, with the handle of a scalpel, and without previous coagulation of any sort. We not only maintain, however, that this is incorrect, but that they must have known it to be so. There are many portions of the White Matter, without doubt, which tear more readily in one direction than in another; and this direction, we have found, corresponds to the direction of the fibres which appear in the same part when coagulated; but we deny that there is any unequivocal, far less uniform, appearance of fibres, on the lacerated surfaces, even in these instances. Over a great extent of the brain, on the other hand, the White Matter seems to tear as readily in one way as another, and in all these cases, there is not the slightest appearance of a fibrous structure. It must be remembered too, that a fibrous appearance, and a fibrous structure, are two different things; that the former is not always caused by the latter; and therefore, though the fibrous appearance were quite obvious and invariable, the cause of it might still be matter of conjecture. The fact then, at present, merely is, that when a recent cerebrum is dissected with the handle of a scalpel, certain portions of its White Matter separate more readily in one direction than in another. *

The Brown Nervous Matter of the brain exhibits globules

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* How comes it that REIL, who was so anxious to demonstrate the fibrousness of the brain, did not avail himself of this sure method of our authors? 'Galls methode langt nicht aus;' says REIL. 'Das Gehirn ist ohne Vorbereitung zu breyigt und zerfleissbar, und 'lässt sich deswegen nicht im Zusammenhang zerlegen.' Arch. f. d. Phisiol. B. ix. H. 1.

We suspect that when our authors are desirous of *demonstrating* to their less knowing pupils, that the White Matter is fibrous, they exhibit some portion of the brain, where, in consequence of the alternations of the two kinds of Matter, the White is disposed in threads through the Brown. Our readers will perceive, however, that this is quite a different species of *fibrousness* from that of either kind of Matter taken by itself.

like the White, when examined with the microscope; and we have found that when a portion of it taken from the convolutions of the brain proper, or the laminæ of the cerebellum has been coagulated by any of the agents already mentioned, its laceration has a fibrous appearance also, which REIL has represented pretty well in a small engraving.* SŒMMERRING pronounces the Brown Matter to be fibrous in general terms; † but we have not yet ascertained what other portions of it, than those we have mentioned, do really put on this appearance when coagulated. On this subject, DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM choose to be entirely silent.

2. The two kinds of Nervous Matter are intermingled in the brain in various ways. In some parts, a covering of the one surrounds a mass of the other, as a capsule encloses a nucleus; in others, they are alternated in laminæ or strata; and, in others they traverse each other in the form of cords or fibres of various sizes. Now, it is the opinion of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, that wherever the White Matter is to be found, it is *formed* or *generated* by the Brown; that the one is the *matrix* of the other; that all the White filaments are *produced* from the Brown substance, and, therefore, that a mass of this substance ought to be denominated a *Ganglion*. SPURZHEIM's *demonstration* of this is the following.

'At first, the whole fœtal brain consists of a cineritious mass, 'and, by degrees only it is that even fibres appear; and then they 'appear at certain places sooner than at others, the nervous fibres 'always going off from the cineritious substance. There is, moreover, an uniform proportion between the grey substance and the 'nervous fibres which are derived from it. Even in worms, insects, and crustaceous animals, the ganglia wherein nervous fibres 'arise, contain a proportionate quantity of greyish substance. This 'substance is sometimes accumulated at particular places, and 'and sometimes it accompanies the nervous fibres in their course. 'These circumstances equally occur in the cerebellum and in the 'brain.'—SPURZHEIM, p. 20.

Were it not that this precious piece of absurdity afterwards appears in the particular description of the brain, as a point clearly established, we should pass it over altogether. We shall only observe with respect to it, however, that admitting the statement in the quotation we have given to be true, which it is not, the inference deduced from it is pretty nearly as logical, as if our authors had argued, Black is not white, there-

* Arch. f. d. Phisiol. B. viii. H. 3.

† De Corp. Hum. Fab. iv.

fore, two and two make four. It is surely not imagined by these gentlemen, that the White Matter consists of a multitude of streams of a white fluid continually flowing from the Brown, which alone possesses the power of secreting it from the blood; and yet this is the only hypothesis, which could sanction the use they have made, in the present instance, of the words *formation* and *matrix*. Neither is there any thing in the mere circumstance of connexion or juxta-position between these two kinds of matter, which could possibly lead any sensible person to maintain, that the one generated the other. As well might it be affirmed, that the bones generate the muscles, or the trunk of a tree its branches, or the foundation of a house its walls; or that, once a city has been built, this *urbs condita*, of itself, without the aid of any power dead or living, *forms* all the roads which lead from it. In truth, we are the more out of humour with this hypothesis, that it is in direct and alarming hostility to a theory of our own upon this subject, which we have long cherished with some degree of fondness. We conceive that your Brown Matter is a great *destroyer* of your White; that when a portion of the latter comes into contact with a mass of the former, it is either instantly eaten up, or only runs a short way into it, and then disappears; that the intention of the Brown Matter is to prevent the accumulation of the White; so that when there is much White to get rid of, in any particular part of the brain, there is always a large quantity of Brown to devour it. We are ready to defend this hypothesis by 'incontestable facts,' by 'reasoning thereupon,' and by the 'refutation of all objections.' In the mean while, we may observe, that it is, in fact, only a particular illustration of a general law of nature, by which all things dead and living are made to be destroyed, eaten up, subdued, or moderated by other things. The trunks of trees devour their branches; the foundations of houses, their walls; the cities of the earth, the roads which enter them.

3. The greatest anatomical discovery of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, is the origin, *reinforcement*, and distribution of the *fibres* of the brain. These *fibres*, according to them, form two orders; one *diverging*, the other *converging*; the former constituting what they denominate the *apparatus of formation*, and the latter the *apparatus of reunion*; and both orders, they profess to demonstrate, in the clearest manner, by dissection of the recent brain with the handle of a scalpel.

All the *diverging fibres* take their origin, it seems, in the Brown Matter of the medulla oblongata. Some go to the cerebellum; others to the brain proper.

Those which are destined for the cerebellum, form, immediately after their origin, on each side of the medulla oblongata, a bundle or fasiculus, called corpus retiforme. Each bundle enlarges as it ascends, and enters at last into the corresponding hemisphere of the cerebellum, into which it has scarcely penetrated a few lines, when it meets the corpus dentatum. This body is a mass of Brown Nervous Matter; but its tissue is so dense, that it is impossible to follow the direction of the white *fibres* which enter it. These *fibres*, however, in passing through it, receive a great reinforcement; and then the whole come out together, and are expanded into the various laminæ of the cerebellum. The corpus dentatum is thus 'a large point of increase for the cerebellum;' and the prominences on its surface, are owing to the increased quantity of Brown matter, which is found at the origin of each principal branch of white filaments, which it sends off.

The *diverging fibres*, which are distributed on the brain proper, form two sets. The first set, at their origin in the medulla oblongata, constitute the prominences called corpora pyramidalia. These, as soon as they enter the annular protuberance, divide into a number of fasciculi, some of which are disposed in laminæ, while others decussate the *fibres* of the commissure of the cerebellum afterwards to be taken notice of. In their progress upwards, they receive continual reinforcement from new fibres which are formed by the Brown Matter existing in large quantity in the protuberance; and at last they emerge from this *ganglion* so enlarged, that they form the two outer and anterior thirds of the peduncles of the brain proper. These portions of the peduncles contain a great quantity of Brown Matter also; so that the *fibres* mentioned, in passing through them, are still further reinforced by many new filaments. The whole leave the peduncles at the anterior border of the tractus optici, and are prolonged into fibres of various lengths, which expand into laminæ, and are finally distributed on the inferior, anterior, and exterior convolutions of the anterior and middle lobes. The second set consists of a fasciculus of *fibres*, which spring from the corpora olivaria, (two bodies which have the same structure as the corpora dentata in the cerebellum), and of *some other fibres* posterior to these. They pass through the annular protuberance also, and receive a great reinforcement during their passage; and, when they emerge above, they form the posterior and interior part of the peduncles of the brain proper. Here they receive their greatest increase from a thick mass of Brown Matter, or *ganglion*, which has usually been known under the name of the thalamus opticus, but which contains a great number of very

fine *fibres*, all of which ascend *divergingly*, and unite at the upper margin of the ganglion into large bundles. The anterior of these bundles traverse a large mass of Brown Matter, viz. that part of the corpora striata which is situated in the great cavities, and receive a considerable increase from it; such an increase, as enables them to form, by their expansion, the whole convolutions of the posterior lobe of each hemisphere, and all the superior convolutions, and those which are situated towards the median line of the other lobes.

The *converging fibres* of the brain take their origin where all the *diverging fibres* seem to terminate; that is, in the layer of of Brown Matter, which covers the convolutions of the brain proper, and the laminæ of the cerebellum. Uniting into larger fasciculi, and forming various layers, they all incline towards the median line of the brain; and there joining with the corresponding *fibres* from the opposite hemisphere, they constitute various *commissures*, which connect the two sides of the brain with each other.

The *converging fibres* of the cerebellum, arising from the Brown Matter on its surface, pursue various directions, through the *diverging fibres*, towards the anterior and external margin of the cerebellum, where they terminate at last in the annular protuberance; uniting with the corresponding fibres of the opposite hemisphere, and so constituting a large commissure. The anterior fibres of this commissure form a layer on the anterior surface of the annular protuberance, while the middle and posterior ones pass transversely through the *diverging fibres*, which run through this prominence to the brain proper.

The *converging fibres* of the brain proper, form several *commissures*. All those which are derived from the superior convolutions of each hemisphere, from the inferior convolutions of the anterior lobes, and from the internal convolutions of the posterior lobes, unite to form the great commissure called the corpus callosum. The *fibres* of the anterior convolutions of the middle lobe, form the cord which has usually been denominated the anterior commissure. A few of the *converging fibres* of the internal convolutions of the posterior lobe, form the fornix with its lyra. Lastly, the *fibres* of the inferior convolutions of the posterior lobe, and those of the posterior convolutions of the middle lobe, bend behind the peduncules of the brain proper, and behind the '*pretended*' optic thalami; and inclining obliquely towards the median line, unite with the corresponding fibres of the opposite side.

At the bottom of each convolution of the brain proper, the *diverging* and *converging fibres* cross each other, and form a

'tissue,' from which, however, they are soon afterwards disengaged. Beyond this tissue, *therefore*, each convolution may be easily separated into two layers, the surface of each layer remaining perfectly smooth, without any division of bloodvessels, or any trace of fibres passing from one side to the other. Between the two layers, there exists an adhesion of contiguity, maintained perhaps by a fine cellular substance; but there is no connexion of continuity produced by an intermixture and confusion of substance. In the affection denominated Hydrocephalus Internus, where in consequence of a morbid secretion of serous fluid within the ventricles, these cavities are often enormously enlarged, and the sides of the ventricles or substance of the brain rendered proportionally thinner, Drs GALL and SPURZHEIM have discovered, that there is in fact no destruction of cerebral matter, but that the convolutions are merely unfolded by the gentle and regular pressure of the accumulating fluids, which gradually separates their two layers from each other along the line of 'contiguity,' just mentioned.

Such is the grand system of the *diverging* and *converging fibres* of the brain, of which Drs GALL and SPURZHEIM are the sole inventors and proprietors; a discovery truly, which, at some future time, may throw light on the most obscure operations of the microcosm. In the mean while, it is our painful duty to remark,—that the system is a complete fiction from beginning to end. The incorrectness, too, of these gentlemen, on this occasion, admits of no explanation or apology on the score of ignorance; their unceasing professions of the time and labour they have bestowed on the dissection of the brain, entirely preclude this excuse; we must ascribe their inaccuracies solely to intention.

It is a wilful misrepresentation in them, therefore, to affirm, that in portions of the brain which are composed purely of White Nervous Matter, either *diverging* or *converging fibres* can be shown by the method they have described. They have represented such fibres, it is true, in various plates of the folio engravings; and we have been not a little amused to observe, that the same fibres are represented absolutely larger, and of course greatly more distinct, in the reduced copies of the same engravings which accompany the English octavo work of SPURZHEIM, which is now before us. Whether the artist was himself deceived in this case, or whether he has not shared with our authors in the deception, we do not know; but we can confidently affirm, that no such appearance as they have thought proper to represent between them, is capable of being demonstrated, in the human brain, by the manipulations which our

authors all along profess to practise. What system of *fibres* may hereafter be developed in the *coagulated* brain, we will not venture to predict: that, as we have before said, remains to be tried. A good deal is already known on this subject; and DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM are quite aware, we apprehend, of all that has been done. Whatever these gentlemen, however, may choose to assert to the contrary, we deny that their notions respecting the structure of the convolutions, receive the slightest support from the effects of coagulation upon these prominences. We affirm it, as the result of many experiments, made under every variety of circumstances, that there is no foundation whatever for the supposition, (for supposition at best it is), that the convolutions consist of two layers, contiguous only in the middle. When these prominences are coagulated, they are divisible, in the longitudinal direction, into innumerable laminæ, all of which are alike smooth on their surfaces; and we have never found that they were more easily separable towards the middle than towards the sides, when every source of fallacy in the experiment had been sufficiently guarded against. Their conjectures, too, about Hydrocephalus Internus, are quite of a piece with their other discoveries and demonstrations. In a *large* Hydrocephalus, say they, there is found instead of the convolutions, only a very thin membrane of cerebral substance, of which the fibres are horizontal, and covered on the external surface with Brown Matter. '*It unavoidably follows,*' therefore, that in *all* cases of Hydrocephalus, the two layers of the convolutions are merely separated from each other and unfolded, by the gentle, but constant, and regular force, of the accumulating fluids. Further, as hydrocephalic patients of fifty-four years of age, have manifested the intellectual faculties in a pretty high degree, the conclusion is equally unavoidable, that in Hydrocephalus in general, the brain suffers no destruction or disorganization. It is vexatious to be obliged to reply to this, after the sickening dose of such like reasoning, which we have had in the preceding pages; but this is the last instance of the kind that will require any notice, and our reply shall be short.

In a *large* Hydrocephalus, certainly, the convolutions disappear; and in the layers of Brown and White Matter which occupy their place, we should expect to find, *upon coagulating* them, laminæ and fibres horizontally disposed, although we have not yet tried the experiment, and although we are far far from considering the point as determined by the affirmation of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM: But it by no means follows, that these changes are produced in the manner main-

tained by these gentlemen. In the first place, there is no proof that the convolutions are naturally composed of two layers. It is quite ludicrous to tell us, that it is possible to imitate the extension or unfolding of the convolutions, by introducing the fingers into the great cavities, and pressing against the convolutions. This experiment, we presume, would equally succeed, if the brain were made of putty, or tallow, or soft wax. Nay, with a little pains, we engage to show most satisfactorily, by this modelling process, that when all the convolutions of the Hemispheres are properly prepared, they exhibit, in the plainest possible manner, the form of the letters in the words GALL and SPURZHEIM. Secondly, it is not conceivable that the secreting vessels should pour out the serous fluids with a force sufficient to account for the distending power in this case. Thirdly, it is the very height of improbability, that any such distending power as is here maintained, should not produce insensibility, or even death, in the individual, the instant it began to operate; for it is obviously inconsistent with the effects ascribed to it, to suppose it to be a force that operates in a *gentle* manner. Fourthly, it is quite incompatible with the physical properties of the cerebral matter, as far as they are yet known to us, to imagine, that the parts immediately forming the sides of the ventricles, can admit of a degree of extension such as this theory supposes, without great and obvious laceration. Fifthly, if there be merely a stretching and unfolding of parts in *large* Hydrocephali, as much cerebral matter, surely, ought to be found distributed throughout the sides of the extended, as of the unextended cavities, though somewhat differently disposed; and yet we believe there never was an instance of a *large* Hydrocephalus, in which, upon attentive examination, a greater or less deficiency of cerebral matter was not exceedingly obvious. Lastly, with respect to the argument deduced from the observation, that persons with Hydrocephalus often retain their intellectual faculties, it is so manifest a *petitio principii*, as not to require pointing out. That in certain comparatively moderate cases of this affection, there is merely a distension of parts, and unfolding of the convolutions, other persons, perhaps, might have been found foolish enough to maintain, as well as DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM; but it certainly required the hardihood of these never-to-be-appalled gentlemen, to endeavour to *demonstrate*, that in *all* cases of this disease, not a particle of the cerebral mass is removed. That numerous unequivocal instances are on record, and are even occurring every day, in which large portions of the brain, nay almost the whole, if not actually the whole, of this organ, have been completely

destroyed by the progress of this very affection, we hold to be a fact just as certain, as that there are many persons now alive whose legs have been removed by the knife of the surgeon. To be sure, the said Doctors may be able to prove, by 'incontestable facts,' by 'reasoning thereupon,' and by the 'refutation of all objections,' that there is no such thing as a living man without a leg; but, till we see this accomplished, we must remain persuaded of the truth of our position; and we have only to add, that we have always been accustomed to consider the changes produced on the cerebral mass, in every degree of Hydrocephalus, as the effects of an increased and peculiarly regulated absorption; and that we never dreamt of any other agent being concerned in the process, or ever heard of any other explanation of the phenomena being suggested, by persons whose opinions have the least weight in physiological matters.

Hitherto we have confined our objections to the system of the *diverging* and *converging fibres*, chiefly to this, that it is incapable of demonstration on the uncoagulated brain by the handle of the scalpel, as our authors have so confidently affirmed. But are there no circumstances, these ill-used Doctors will ask, relative to the internal structure of this organ, which it is possible to unfold in it, in its recent state, by this simple instrument? We answer, there are; the whole relative arrangement of the White and Brown Matter may be displayed with some clumsiness by the handle, but with the utmost neatness and precision, by the sharp edge, of the scalpel. Let us now see, therefore, how our dexterous anatomists have acquitted themselves in the demonstration of these more obvious points.

Be it known, then, to the reader in the first place, that the corpus dentatum which they have described, and represented in their engravings, as a great *ganglion* for the reinforcement of the *diverging fibres* of the cerebellum, does not contain one particle of Brown Matter. Every thing within its dark-coloured capsule, is pure White; but this White substance contains a good many bloodvessels of considerable size; and the division of these may give to the eye of a careless observer, the appearance of a mixture of Brown Matter: And the error will be much more likely to be committed, if the brain be not examined in its most recent state; because a transudation of blood never fails to take place through these vessels into the pure White Matter after death, so as generally to tinge it of a reddish hue in the course of forty-eight hours. Drs GALL and SPURZHEIM will in vain plead that this mistake is common to them with most other anatomists; their descriptions and representations of this substance are so particular, that we must either suppose them to

have been aware of the fact we have stated, and to have concealed it, or to have taken credit to themselves for dissections which they have never performed.

We have precisely the same thing to state with respect to the corpus olivare. Its structure is exactly similar to the corpus dentatum; and yet our authors have described and figured it, as filled with Brown Matter, and as the *ganglion* of certain *diverging fibres* of the brain proper.

These infallible anatomists have also described the annular protuberance as another large *ganglion*, containing much Brown Matter. This, too, is incorrect. It is composed chiefly, if not entirely, of White substance; of which, however, there are two kinds; one sort appears White when divided vertically, but of a greyish hue, when cut in the horizontal direction; the other is White only in the horizontal section, and greyish when divided vertically. This difference is of course owing to a difference of internal arrangement; but, whatever be the cause, such is the fact; and it is easy to see from this description, what it is that has given rise to the idea, that the proturberance contains a large quantity of Brown Matter. It is only at a very few points that there is any appearance of this kind of Matter, and even in these it is exceedingly small. We have only to add, that the representation which Drs GALL and SPURZHEIM have given of a vertical section of the protuberance in Plate XII. is exceedingly incorrect.

The substance which is immediately continuous with the annular protuberance behind, has neither been accurately described nor represented by these gentlemen. It contains a small quantity of a very dark-coloured matter, of which they do not seem in the least aware.

These very confident persons speak with exceeding pretension, of the representations they have given in their engravings, of different sections of the cerebellum, exhibiting the arborescent appearance of the Nervous Matter. We venture, however, to affirm, that there is not one of these figures which accords with nature. The representation of the section through the median plane, in Plates VI. and XI. are particularly inaccurate. The middle part of the arborescent appearance in these, and the branches which spring from it, are exhibited of a magnitude and form, which we are quite certain they never possessed in any human brain.

There is not one accurate or even intelligible description or representation in their whole works, of the peduncles of the brain proper, or of the stratum of White Matter which extends from these, in each hemisphere, on the outside of the optic

thalami, and through the middle of the corpus striatum. The same may be said of the whole of the parts which are situated directly between the two peduncles.

Their description of the optic thalami is very incorrect and incomplete. There are coverings of White Matter in these bodies, and nodules of Brown, of which they take no notice. And how comes it, we would ask, that there is no representation in their whole engravings of a cross section of the optic thalami?

Of the structure of corpora striata, there is neither a description nor a figure, in the least degree approaching to accuracy. No notice is taken of the numerous white filaments which are seen shooting into its substance, but without reaching its surface, from the white stratum already alluded to, as continuous with the peduncles; and which, so far from reinforcing the *diverging fibres* they have spoken of, run in a quite contrary direction;—and no notice of that paler brown nucleus, of so peculiar an appearance, which is closely connected with the inferior surface of the same stratum, and which sends so many fine laminæ and filaments of White Matter upwards and outwards into the lower part of the corpus striatum. Here again we would ask, why DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM have not represented a transverse section of the corpora striata;—why they have not favoured us with a figure of a transverse section of the whole brain proper, such as VICQ D'AZYR has attempted so unsuccessfully in his XXVIth plate? Not, surely, because they feared that this section would exhibit appearances not easily reconcileable with their system of *diverging* and *converging fibres?*

Lastly, we affirm, that they have neither represented nor described accurately, the structure of the Hippocampi, the Colliculi, the anterior and posterior commissures of the brain, usually so called, the corpora bigemina, the corpora geniculata, the infundibulum, nor the mammillary eminences.

We pass over the observations of our ingenious authors on the *intermediate layers of the commissures*, as they call them, and the *transverse bands*, and the septum lucidum: they are equally novel and correct with those we have just considered. We cannot omit observing, however, that it is in no small degree entertaining to find DR SPURZHEIM, who, in 1810, could look for what he is pleased to call the *foramen Monroi* in the septum lucidum, indulging, in his English book, published a few weeks ago, in a criticism on a description of the same foramen, which has been given by DR BAILLIE in his Morbid Anatomy. He has still to learn, it would appear, the true nature of this communication; and with that view we venture, with diffidence, to re-

commend to him, the perusal of DR MONRO senior's essay upon the subject, and thereafter to dissect one recent brain. DR MONRO was mistaken, it is true, in supposing that his description of this passage between the ventricles was original; it had been known to anatomists long previous to his time, under the name of the *foramen commune interius*; nevertheless the description itself is exceedingly accurate and perspicuous. The very illiberal and unjust comments on some pathological observations by SIR EVERARD HOME, with which SPURZHEIM has chosen to accompany his pert criticism of DR BAILLIE, render it abundantly plain, that there are at least two persons in the metropolis, who have not the credit of ranking among the disciples of the New Craniology;—the first physician, and one of the first surgeons, in Europe.

But we find we are transgressing all tolerable limits, and must have done. The descriptions which these gentlemen have given of the Spinal Cord, and of the origins of the Nerves, abound as much in conjectures, and assumptions, and inaccuracies, as the part of their anatomy, of which we have just given a more detailed account. And as to their engravings, although we meant to have copied a long list of memoranda for their consideration, respecting the merits of each of them individually, yet we must content ourselves with stating, that there is not one view of the parts on the external or internal surface of the brain, which is in all respects correct; in several, the omissions are great; and in a considerable number the errors extravagant. In the four plates in which perpendicular sections of the cranium occur, the representation of the parts at the basis are grossly inaccurate.

DR SPURZHEIM concludes his book in the following modest and comprehensive terms.

'From all that I have stated in respect to the knowledge of man, 'it results, that the method of studying his nature must in future 'be different from what it has hitherto been;—that we have shown 'the real structure of the Nervous System of animal life, established a physiology of that organ, and of the external senses, and reduced the physiognomical knowledge of the mind, and its natural language or pathognomy, to positive principles;—*that the philosophy of the mind must be entirely changed*;—that our doctrine does not tend to materialism and fatalism, but elucidates the reality and determinate meaning of moral liberty;—that thereby our judgment is guided in every social intercourse;—that its application is indispensable to artists;—that education, and the reform of criminals, ought to be founded on the knowledge of man;—and, finally, that no pathology of the manifestations of the mind can be established, before the conditions of their healthy state are

'determined. Thus, with respect to the subject of our inquiries, 'I believe, I have justified the assertion, that it seems impossible to 'point out an object more interesting to natural philosophers, ana-'tomists, physiologists, physicians, artists, teachers, moralists, and 'legislators.'

We must needs indulge ourselves with a summary paragraph too. The writings of DRS GALL and SPURZHEIM, have not added one fact to the stock of our knowledge, respecting either the structure or the functions of man; but consist of such a mixture of gross errors, extravagant absurdities, downright mistatements, and unmeaning quotations from Scripture, as can leave no doubt, we apprehend, in the minds of honest and intelligent men, as to the real ignorance, the real hypocrisy, and the real empiricism of the authors.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1815.

No. L.

ART. I. *Remains of the late* JOHN TWEDDELL, *Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; being a Selection of his Letters, written from various parts of the Continent; together with a Republication of his* Prolusiones Juveniles. *To which is added, an Appendix, containing some Account of the Author's Journals, MSS., Collections, Drawings, &c. and of their extraordinary disappearance. Prefixed is a brief Biographical Memoir by the Editor, the Reverend Robert Tweddell, A. M. Illustrated with Portraits, Picturesque Views, and Maps.* 4to. pp. 660. London, Mawman. 1815.

THIS minute and prolix title-page may convey to the reader as much information of the nature of the work as a table of contents usually supplies; and, in so far, it abridges the labour of analyzing the volume, and enables us at once to enter upon the discussion of its merits.

The name of Mr Tweddell stands very high on the melancholy list of those scholars, whose untimely fate has disappointed expectations formed from their premature attainments. His admirers have regarded him as the Marcellus of English literature; and the strong testimony which the publication of his *Prolusiones* bore to his extraordinary progress before he left college, was perhaps sufficient to justify, in the eyes of the world, the partial decision of private friendship. The letters contained in this volume, and now for the first time given to the publick, are rather to be considered as sustaining those hopes which the *Prolusiones* had raised, than as proving their fulfilment. They abound in traces of the same uncommon industry which had distinguished him from his childhood, and are filled with proofs that he had an almost equal talent for the acquisition of modern as of ancient languages. They indicate a great accumulation of knowledge upon the countries in which he travelled; and afford

the clearest evidence of his having collected valuable stores for illustrating their history and description. But they are the effusions of private friendship, dictated by the feelings of the moment, and written without the most remote idea of publication; and if they contain a reference to his more severe occupations, it is only because, next to the duties and affections of the heart, these studies always filled his mind. If, indeed, his journals shall at length be found, and given to the world, there is every reason to believe that we may regard his memory with gratitude as an important benefactor to letters, instead of only viewing it with the interest excited by an early promise of excellence.

The Memoir of Mr Tweddell, the only part of his task which the Editor has performed with any degree of selection or conciseness, informs us that he was born in 1769, near Hexham; and was the son of a very respectable country gentleman in that district. His earliest years were passed under the care of a pious and affectionate mother, of whose great merit, as well as of her son's unceasing and tender attachment to her, the correspondence in this work contains ample evidence. At the age of nine years, he was sent to the excellent school near Richmond, in Yorkshire, then kept by the Reverend Mr Raine, father of the late Dr Raine of the Charter-house, a man to be praised as often as he is named, for his extraordinary learning and integrity, and who, like Paley, has been suffered to die unmitred, because his political principles were too liberal for the governing faction of the day. From thence he was taken to Cambridge, after having spent some time under the tuition of the celebrated Dr Parr, who, as might be expected, assiduously and successfully cultivated his rising talents. At Cambridge he received, in a succession we believe unprecedented, all the honours with which the system of that University encourages and rewards literary excellence; and his *Prolusiones* (a collection of prize essays) have enabled the publick at large to judge how superior his productions were to the common run of Academical effusions. A German professor, we apprehend, how prone soever to dole out his superlatives among authors of folios and quartos—men who have run the established course, and lived the regular time for attaining celebrity—is not apt to bestow much commendation upon the incursions of youth into the sacred field of literary fame. Yet Heyné, a man of undoubted taste as well as the greatest learning, says, in a letter to the venerable Bishop Burgess—'Eruditionem ejus exquisitam ex prolusionibus juvenilibus perspexi;' and he then lauds that generous love of liberty which breathes through these and all his other writings. We cannot

refrain from quoting a passage or two from one of the essays, not so much upon account of the accuracy of the opinions stated in them, as of the remarkable fact of their having been tolerated, and even crowned with the highest honours, by the illustrious University before whom they were delivered. The dissertation from which these passages are taken, was thus distinguished, not at the beginning of the French Revolution, but in July 1792; and one of them contains a vehement, and, we certainly think, in many respects, an unmeasured and unfounded attack upon the celebrated work of Mr Burke, sounding the alarm against Jacobinism. It alludes, too, very plainly to the writings of Mr Burke's adversaries, including, of course, his most formidable antagonist Paine, as having successfully attacked him.

'Quibuscunqe tandem fatis Galli dimicaverint, qualiscunque fuerit exitus militiæ non satis pro voto meo auspicat, illud tamen mordicus teneo, facinus illos fuisse ausos, quod sit maximum et pulcherrimum, carosque semper animæ meæ intimis in præcordiis gestabo, quod æquæ omnium libertati acceptissimum munus consecrarint.

'Animus mihi in dies incandescit, quoties plebis in aures insusurrari audio falsos nescio quos rumusculos earum rerum, quæ in Gallia geruntur, quo scilicet ab æquæ libertatis patrocinio cæteri homines absterreantur. Cur autem hi latius percrebuerint, præcipua causa stetit magni olim nominis orator, qui, animo ad causam tyrannidis adjecto, mirabiles quasdam excitavit tragœdias, et putidis ampullis somnia mentis suæ decoravit. Grandi pagina turgescens, et læsam antiquitatis majestatem specioso verborum exercitu gestiens ulcisci, quantum erat in ulla unquam lingua intemperiarum et conviciorum, omne virus acerbitatis suæ, in gentem de iis omnibus, quibuscumque cordi est libertas, optime meritam, evomuit ac penitus exantlavit. Quippe spes de se pridem conceptas nihil reveritum, non illum puduit regium tanquam buccinatorem videri, et conscelerate illi tyrannorum colluvioni, quæ bellum atrocissimum in Gallos jam nunc movet, classicum inhumaniter præcinuisse. Gaudeat sane et gratuletur sibi, si potest, de diris illis et imprecationibus, quibus populum laudatissimum devovit. Gaudeat, si potest, emendicasse luctum illum, quem non commoverit, et tyrannos plus vice simplici vociferationibus suis unos demeruisse. Est interea et nobis, *turba quanquam simus suilla*, unde gaudeamus, siquidem hominibus jam tandem innotuerit, ea quæ scripserit, non integrorum fide testium scripsisse, sed fide exulum, fide perfugarum, fide perditissimi et exoleti peregrinantium monachorum gregis, fide patriæ perduellium suæ. Et nos quoque ei gratulamur, quod furorem ei et insaniam Deus injecisse videatur, hoc utique consilio, ut a partibus suis sanos omnes abigeret, et conculcatæ a se libertati invitus ipse opitularetur. Formidolosissimum enim provocavit in se scriptorum agmen,

qui exilia ejus argumenta turpissimam in fugam verterunt, fregerunt, trucidarunt.

'Macti igitur estote, cives Gallici, O digni nomine revera civium, macti novis virtutibus, conservatores civitatis vestræ, universæ libertatis vindices! Si enim fœdum illud teterrimumque gemituum et lachrymarum domicilium expugnastis, ac solo æquastis: Si litteras illas exitiabili auctoritate consignatas penitus delevistis: Si æquabilitatem juris propter perdices, leporesque, et id genus omne, periclitari noluistis, &c. &c. Si sint hæc, uti sunt, peracta a vobis omnia, hominibus ad servitutem paratissimis tuto licebit concedatis, desipere et ringi. Pusilli isti obtrectatores gloriæ vestræ strepitu magis numeroque sunt, quam dignitate et eloquentia reformidandi.' *Prolusiones*, p. 148–50.

Whatever opinion men may form of this passage, judging by the event, and allowing their sense of the horrors afterwards perpetrated in France, and by the French in foreign countries, to recall or modify their decisions, with respect to the earlier and purer stages of the Revolutionary story, all must, we think, admit that the liberality shown by the University towards so stout a defence of doctrines, from the very first unpopular at Court, is highly honourable to this learned Body. The following remarks upon the partition of Poland, must, at all times, have been favourably received, by every man whose opinion was worth considering:—But, undoubtedly, we have seen times, in which the expressions would have been reckoned dangerously strong and pointed for a prize dissertation.

'Hinc adversum seditiones et clandestinam vim firmissime munitum. Adde, quod magno imperio id insitum est robur, ut ægrius opprimatur ab hoste extero, minusque igitur libertati illius sit periculum ex iis calamitatibus, quæ te, miseranda Polonia, tuaque jura omnino omnia, vereor ne brevi infringant, penitusque gravissimo interitu subvertant.

'Enimvero, a teterrimis istis Russiæ et Borussiæ tyrannis, istis versutis veteratoribus, istis, pene dixerim, efferis carnificibus, in æquam libertatem, in omne quicquid est jus gentium, in ipsum denique humanum genus, incredibili atque immani more et modo sævitum est. Pavet interea, totaque mente ac totis artibus contremiscit ipsa Polonia. Obstupescunt, mista cum dolore et metu indignatione, gentes vicinæ. Quin Britannia, libertatis illa quondam violatæ et quidem periclitantis ultrix et acerrima vindex, tyrannorum inter minas et strepitum horrendorum armorum silet torpetque.—' *Prol.* p. 173, 174.

In 1792, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College; and soon after, in compliance with his father's wishes, rather than from any taste for the profession of the law, he was entered of the Middle Temple, and for some time continued to pursue that study, notwithstanding his repugnance to it. But the natural bent of his

mind finally prevailed; and, with a view at once to indulge his love of letters, and to qualify himself for the diplomatic line, towards which his wishes seem to have greatly inclined him, he resolved to pass several years abroad. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1795, he went to Hamburgh, and, after remaining some time there, visited most of the principal towns in Germany. He spent many months in Switzerland, a country which appears to have exceedingly attracted his attention, and to have been examined by him with the utmost diligence. In Russia, Poland, and several parts of the East, he continued his indefatigable course of study and observation: And, after visiting the Greek islands, he had fixed his residence at Athens for four months, investigating every minute particular of its interesting remains, when he unhappily fell a sacrifice to an aguish complaint, as his medical attendants conceived, acting upon a weakness (or more probably some peculiar affection) of the chest, contracted in the course of his fatiguing exertions, while travelling among the Swiss mountains. He died in July 1799, after a feverish illness of four days, which appeared not to be dangerous, in consequence of a sudden attack of some kind, exasperated, it should seem, by his injudicious treatment of himself; and it is difficult to say, whether the event was a greater shock to his relatives and friends at home, or to those strangers among whom he expired, and whose affections he appears to have won in a singular degree, by his various accomplishments, and his upright and most amiable character. He was buried in the Temple of Theseus; and a plain marble, with an elegant and classical inscription in Greek verse, by the Rev. Robert Walpole (a gentleman well known to all lovers of ancient literature) has been erected upon the spot. We shall close our short account of him with the following sketch, drawn unquestionably by a partial hand; but, from the evidence before us in these remains, and from the united voice of those surviving friends whose connexion with him was less intimate than that of the Editor, we are inclined to think by no means destitute of resemblance.

'Mr Tweddell in his person was of the middle stature, of a handsome and well proportioned figure. His eye was remarkably soft and intelligent. The profile or frontispiece to the volume gives a correct and lively representation of the original; though it is not in the power of any outline to shadow out the fine expression of his animated and interesting countenance. His address was polished, affable, and prepossessing in a high degree; and there was in his whole appearance an air of dignified benevolence, which pourtrayed at once the suavity of his nature and the independence of his mind. In conversation he had a talent so peculiarly his own, as to form a very distinguishing feature of his character. A chastised and inge-

nious wit which could seize on an incident in the happiest manner—a lively fancy which could clothe the choisest ideas in the best language—these, supported by large acquaintance with men and books, together with the farther advantages of a melodious voice and a playfulness of manner singularly sweet and engaging, rendered him the delight of every company: his power of attracting friendships was indeed remarkable; and in securing them he was equally happy. Accomplished and admired as he was, his modesty was conspicuous, and his whole deportment devoid of affectation or pretension. Qualified eminently to shine in society, and actually sharing its applause, he found his chief enjoyment in the retired circle of select friends; in whose literary leisure, and in the amenities of female converse, which for him had the highest charms, he sought the purest and the most refined recreation. Of the purity of Mr Tweddell's principles, and the honourable independence of his character—of his elevated integrity, his love of truth, his generous, noble and affectionate spirit, the Editor might with justice say much: But the traces and proofs of these, dispersed throughout the annexed Correspondence, he cheerfully leaves to the notice and sympathy of the intelligent reader.' p. 21.

It would gratify us much if we had room for a tribute to his memory by Mr Abraham Moore, which, for chasteness and beauty of composition has scarcely been surpassed among the writers of modern Latin. Indeed this volume is indebted for several of its most valuable ornaments, to the pen of that very ingenious and elegant scholar. No man could have been more fortunate than Mr Tweddell in his friendships, which were formed among men of congenial dispositions and accomplishments. To them, and his own amiable family, the letters are addressed, of which it is now necessary that we should say something, as well as of the Editor's share in their publication. Next to his near relations, Mr Losh, the barrister, of Newcastle, appears to have possessed the largest share of his confidence; and, from all that appears in these pages, to have well deserved it, in point of character, principles and attainments.

It would be extremely absurd to try these letters by the severe test usually applied to this species of composition, when it finds its way to the public.—They were written not merely without the least idea of publication, but probably under the conviction that they had no chance of being kept a year after they were received and read. They were written, for the most part, in a great hurry, when Mr Tweddell was fatigued with the laborious exertions to which three-fourths of his whole time were usually devoted; and though they are the letters of a traveller, during his journey, or frequently relate to the scenes and persons around him; yet they differ in one most material respect

from, we believe, all the other compositions of this sort, which have been presented to the world. The peculiarity is this;—and we state it fully at present, because it will form the subject of further discussion in the sequel of this article. The epistolary communications of former travellers have, generally speaking, been their journals thrown into the shape of letters; and if they kept any other register of their proceedings and observations, it has either been as merely subservient to the preparation of their letters, or for the reception of some particular branch of inquiry, generally of a scientific nature, not adapted to their epistolary work. Mr Tweddell's journals, on the contrary, occupied his whole attention;—they formed the business of the day, and are proved incontestably to have contained the greatest and richest fund of materials, for the description of the interesting countries in which he resided. Some of those journals were not merely mines, from which he might afterwards have completed a book of Travels, but consisted of the materials already worked up into a finished state, and ready for meeting the eye of the public. On his decease, there were inventories taken of his effects at Athens, by the British Consul and Vice-Consul. These inventories are published in the volume now before us, with the attestations of the witnesses who accompanied those official personages in their search; and it appears from thence, that during his travels in Greece, and his stay at Athens, he had collected materials and drawings for the illustration of these countries—so numerous, at least, as to make us anxiously inquire first into their probable merits, and then into their subsequent fate. There were five journals in his own hand; sixty sheets of notes; four note-books; and four volumes of Greek inscriptions, copied by him in various parts of the country. There were also seven port-folios and paper-packets, containing three hundred and sixty-four original drawings and sketches, in Greece, Egypt, and Turkey; five books of his own drawings in the East, and three books of his drawings in Greece,—besides a parcel of drawings, which the Consul did not open, and eighteen vases, and about two hundred coins. The greater part of these drawings were the work of Mr Préaux, a most admirable French artist, whom he had engaged to assist his inquiries at Athens, and who was constantly employed with him during the four months of his residence there. There seems hardly to have been a stone left unsketched. The ordinary size of the drawings was thirty inches in length; but there were a number of larger ones, of the principal temples, and other more interesting objects, from four to five feet long. The qualifications of the artist may be estimated from the following account of him by Mr Tweddell.

'You may felicitate me on a considerable acquisition which I have made. I found at Constantinople, some time before my departure, a very celebrated painter, who had been invited thither by the Comte De Choiseul, in order to assist him in the completion of that magnificent work, of which he has given the first part to the public. The Revolution, however, put an end to these projects; and this man had remained there ever since, meeting with that scanty encouragement which might be expected in such a country, and unable to return into his own from the unhappy state of affairs which has long prevailed there. I found him eagerly disposed, from this concurrence of circumstances, to embrace my proposal of making the tour of Greece with me upon very moderate conditions, when compared with the extraordinary talent which he possesses. He had studied eight years at Paris, under Robert, at the Royal Academy, and ten years at Rome, at the expense of the late king, under the most celebrated masters; and, had not the Revolution taken place, he was about to have been appointed the king's painter for the department of architecture. I could not possibly have been more fortunate.'—'*My collection of Levantine Dresses* (I mean drawings of them) *is already very considerable, amounting to nearly two hundred*—and will soon be greatly augmented;—so that I hope one day to show the richest port-folio perhaps that was ever carried out of Greece, Asia, and Turkey. But Athens, especially, is my great object. I promise you that those who come after me shall have nothing to glean. Not only every temple, and every archway, but every stone, and every inscription, shall be copied with the most scrupulous fidelity.' p. 267, 268.

From various passages in his subsequent letters, it appears that Mr Préaux more than answered these expectations, and that he had been labouring at the drawings with the most exemplary assiduity during the whole period of their connexion. With respect to Mr Tweddell's observations and researches, it would be difficult to imagine any one, whose previous habits and acquirements rendered him more fit for the task of elucidating the remains of classic times in those celebrated countries. His zeal for the subject, too, was unbounded; and these letters contain perpetual proofs of the diligence with which he devoted himself to his researches, and of the satisfactory progress which he and his coadjutor had made. Thus—

'There is an abundant crop, and the promise of a rich harvest—at least, I can answer for the diligence of the reapers.—From sunrise till eleven o'clock at night we labour uniformly; Mr Préaux in copying every thing which is to be copied, and I in determining the locality of ancient buildings, and in describing and comparing what is with what was. I am highly satisfied with our several progress. Notwithstanding the four years' residence of Mr Stuart, and the laborious investigations of Mons. Le Roy, I persuade myself that my drawings will represent many objects in a new and much bet-

ter light, than those of either one or the other, and that there will be a wide difference in the taste with which the points of view, especially the general ones, are chosen, and in the accuracy of perspective. I also flatter myself with being able, before I leave Athens, to correct many imperfections in the map of these environs, which the Abbé Barthelemy has published in the *Travels of the Younger Anacharsis.* Exclusively of much curious exhibition of antient architecture in its highest perfection, I make a point of collecting a variety of small scenes, representing the manners, usages, dresses, and attidudes of the inhabitants—their ceremonies of marriage and interment,' &c. (p. 288.)—' Préaux has taken drawings of almost every building and monument of interest without-side the citadel.' (p. 291.)—' Je suis très-content, cher ami, de mon séjour ici, et du profit que j'en ai tiré. *J'ai une superbe collection de desseins de chaque monument qui existe, et de tous les points de vue les plus intéressans.*' (p. 292.)—' Independently of a very fine collection of drawings, I have *two volumes full of ancient Greek inscriptions,* which I have copied, having turned over almost every stone in the environs.' (p. 296.)—' J'ai fait un très grand recueil d'anciennes inscriptions—il n'y a ici guères de pierre que je n'ai tournée et retournée.' (p. 306.)

There was, besides, a collection of admirable drawings by Mr Fauvel, which he had purchased of that gentleman.—We believe there are few readers who will not admit, that the question as to the value of the journals, notes, and drawings, above enumerated, has been satisfactorily answered. The other question, respecting what became of them, we shall discuss presently.

Now, hitherto, we have only adverted to the collections found at Athens, and comprising the result of Mr Tweddell's labours after he left Constantinople in autumn 1792. But it appears that he deposited there, before leaving it, the results of his previous travels during above three years. The volume before us presents some evidence also of *their* extent and value. They appear to have consisted of a great mass of drawings and manuscripts. Among the drawings, there were many of the Crimea, executed by himself, or under his direction, by an able artist, in the service of Professor Pallas. These he describes (p. 188.) as having been finished ' in a very masterly manner.' There were also about one hundred drawings of Constantinople, and the neighbouring country (p. 315.) He describes his notes and papers, ' upon the different countries through which he had passed,' as having been ' very voluminous' (*ibid.*) But his ' different journals' he speaks of as still more valuable, ' especially those of Switzerland and the Crimea, which were composed with much care; and which (he adds) I will venture to ' say, contained some very good information, and many details ' not yet known.' He speaks of these MSS. as ' the fruits of

'three years and a half of unremitted application to every ob-'ject of curiosity that had come before him,' (p. 317.); and adds, that to have made another copy of his Journals, 'would 'have required half a year of constant writing,'—as he had found when he began such an attempt, (*ib.*) Again.—'During 'the three years and a half which had intervened between my 'arrival at Hamburg and my departure from Constantinople, 'I had registered the occurrences of every day with much mi-'nuteness. I had neglected no species of information, and had 'collected a variety of details very interesting, and some little 'known. My papers and notes of this kind were become vo-'luminous.' (p. 318.) And he then states his having, from their bulk and value, been induced to deposit them under the care of his friend Mr Thornton, afterwards British Consul in the Levant. Lastly,

'But exclusively of an accession of health (from walking), I have by this means seen the country in a very superior manner. In each of the cantons through which I have passed, I left nothing unseen behind me. I have travelled where neither carriage nor horse could have followed my route;—and General Pfyffer* of Lucerne, who is better acquainted with his own country than any other man in it, told me that my course was one of the completest that he had ever known to be pursued.' p. 92.

We might multiply the evidence on these points from the letters of Mr Tweddell, and other documents now before us; but we presume that enough has been stated to prove the extent of his collections, and the extraordinary diligence with which they were daily and hourly made during his travels. They engrossed, in fact, the whole of the time which was not passed in society and in actual observation; the completion of them formed his principal, or rather his only object, to which every thing he did and saw was made subservient; and when he sat down to write lettters, it was only in a moment snatched from his severe and habitual occupation. Unfortunately, the letters only are now to be found,—the collections have most unaccountably disappeared: But in judging of what is before us, we should act most unfairly if we did not take into our account the relative situation in which it stands to what is suppressed. We see, in truth, little more of the sculpture than the chips and the dust,

* 'General Pfyffer—a native of Lucerne, and officer in the French service. He constructed a very curious model (formed of a composition of charcoal, clay and other materials) 20 feet and a half long, and 12 in breadth, exhibiting a topographical representation of the most mountainous parts of Switzerland, in an accurate and minute detail, and of extraordinory beauty. The execution of it cost the General nearly 20 years, before it was brought to entire perfection.'

and here and there a rejected fragment half finished. Thus much it was necessary to state respecting the merits of the Correspondence, as connected with Mr Tweddell's travels and literary pursuits:—As illustrating his private character, it requires neither apology nor vindication.

Of these letters, however, the reader will naturally require a specimen or two; and we shall extract several passages of nearly the average degree of interest which the collection possesses. The Editor has certainly been ill advised in publishing so many. Above three hundred quarto pages are occupied with them; and unless every hope of recovering the journals and other more valuable remains of Mr Tweddell is abandoned, we hardly think the printing of so large a portion of his private correspondence was justified by its importance. All the letters containing material evidence of the existence and nature of those journals undoubtedly deserved to be laid before the publick; but many letters are here to be found which neither throw any light upon those points, nor carry with them any considerable degree of interest to the bulk of readers, persons unconnected with the author. We touch very reluctantly upon this topic, aware of the amiable feelings which have led to the error we are noticing; feelings quite sufficient for his apology, if not for his justification. The following remarks on Swiss liberty we believe to be very just.

'In Switzerland, believe me, there is much less liberty than people imagine. I give you my word, that few places exhibit more of despotism than Zurich. The government of that canton is iniquitous in a very sublime degree. But I should be laughed at for saying this, by every traveller almost who runs through Switzerland—"Oh! Switzerland is free—happy Switzerland!" Now, nothing is more idle than to talk of the liberty of Switzerland, as if it were one state. It consists of thirteen governments, exclusively of numberless subdivisions of government; and the liberty of one often borders upon the tyranny of another. The aristocracy of Zurich raised my indignation while I staid there—I speak not of the form of which one reads, but of facts which passed under my own eyes—I have some damning documents upon that subject. The government of Zurich cannot last 20 years: I think it will not live above half that time. As for Geneva, it is on the eve of another revolution.' p. 111.

Our readers may like, perhaps, to be introduced into the family circle of the Neckers and Staëls at Copet, near Geneva.

'I left Lausanne about ten days ago, upon an excursion. I had an invitation to pass a few days with Mons. Necker, formerly minister of France: this invitation was too interesting to be refused, and I spent with him first of all near a week.—I then went to Geneva for

a day or two, and am now on a return to Mr Necker's, in my way back to Lausanne.—My visit here has been highly agreeable. We have had a very small party in the house—a Madame Rillet, Mr Micheli de Chateauvieux, and Mr and Mad. de Stael. Necker talked to me a great deal, and with much interest, about England. Upon France he said less, and wished in general to avoid the subject. He is generally thoughtful and silent—but I have had the good fortune to contribute to his amusement, by recounting to him different circumstances in our political affairs; so that Madame De Stael tells me that she has never seen him for many years so much interested, and so abstracted from himself and his own thoughts. He was anxious that I should give him an idea of the different manners of style and oratory of the first speakers in our House of Commons. As I recollected speeches of almost all of them, and possess the base faculty of mimicry, in some measure, without being (I hope) what is called a mimic, I repeated to him different speeches of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Dundas, in their respective manners: He understands English perfectly well; and you cannot conceive how much he was delighted with this. He desired me to go over them again; and almost every day we have passed several hours upon similar topics, either touching upon Hastings's trial, or the examinations and trials of the state-prisoners; or other subjects, relating to the constitution and government of England. Thus he has been, many of these days, quite lively and cheerful; and instead of passing the greater part of his time in his own cabinet, reading and writing, he used to enter soon after breakfast into his daughter's room, and spend with us the greater part of the day. He was, indeed, pleased to say, that nothing had interested him so much for many years.—Mr De Stael, whose conduct in France had given umbrage at the Court of Sweden, and who apprehended that his functions might in consequence be suspended, received, while I was at Copet, a courier to confirm him in the exercise of them. Mad. De Stael is a most surprising personage: she has more wit than any man or woman I ever saw. She is plain, and has no good feauture but her eyes; and yet she contrives, by her astonishing powers of speech, to talk herself into the possession of a figure that is not disagreeable.' p. 117, 118.

The following extracts bring us into an equally interesting society in a remote corner of Europe, Tulczyn, in the Ukraine, where Mr Tweddell spent some time at the country seat of Countess Potozka, and in the company of her numerous guests, and her neighbours the very amiable and distinguished family of the Duc de Polignac.

'The Countess has a very princely establishment indeed—about 150 persons daily in family. The Marshal Suvarrow, and a great number of his officers occupy a wing of the palace, which is a very large and magnificent building. I have an apartment of three rooms to myself. The family never unites before dinner time. Each per-

son orders breakfast in his own apartment, and has all the morning to himself: This is very convenient; a perfect liberty of conduct upon all these points is thoroughly established. The Countess sends a servant to me every morning, to know if I want any thing; to bring fresh linen, &c. and to ask at what hour I choose to ride out. I have a carriage and four horses, and one of her servants to attend me whenever I please; and, in short, she has omitted nothing to make my residence here in every respect pleasant and commodious. I have all the morning for study, except what I give to exercise: and in the evening there is always society without the trouble of seeking it.——The Duke of Polignac's house is at the distance of half-an-hour's drive: I go thither upon what is called a *traineau; i. e.* a carriage embarked upon a sledge; and the road is one entire sheet of glass, over which the horses gallop almost the whole of the way. I have dined twice there; and was, the day before yesterday, witness of the arrival of news which gave me the most cordial joy, and which, from the knowledge you have of the friendly attentions I have long received from the Duke and his family, will not fail to give you also pleasure:—During the time of dinner a courier arrived from Petersburg, bringing a letter to the Duke, written by the Emperor himself, and containing nearly these words—

" I have this day made a grant to the Duke of Polignac of an estate in Lithuania, containing a thousand peasants; and I have the pleasure of signifying it to him with my own hand. (Signed) PAUL."

' We are just restored to tranquillity after a mighty bustle—There has been a great wedding in the family, which has sometimes consisted of 150 persons. We have had a great mob of Russian princes; and all the feet of Ukraine have been summoned to dance. At present we are reduced to about 16 persons, and our society is somewhat select and pleasant. Among these is the Marshal Suvarrow, the hero of Ismäel. He is a most extraordinary character. He dines every morning about nine o'clock. He sleeps almost naked. He affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold—and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer of Reaumur is at 10 degrees below freezing. His manners correspond with his humours. I dined with him this morning, or rather witnessed his dinner—he cried to me across the table, " Tweddell! (he generally addressed by the surname, without addition) *the French have taken Portsmouth. I have just received a courier from England. The* King *is in the Tower; and* Sheridan *Protector.*" A great deal of this whimsical manner is affected. He finds that it suits his troops and the people he has to deal with. I asked him, if after the massacre of Ismaël, he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the day? He said, he went home and wept in his tent.' p. 132—136.

That the intercourse of the great world had no evil effect on Mr Tweddell's feelings and character, we may infer from the following remarks.

'I supped with the King of Poland last night. We had a very small party, about ten persons. His manners are very engaging, and his person very interesting; but he is much dejected. I am going there again to-night.

'All that I see of the great world, of its pleasures and of its vanities, has no other effect upon me than that of convincing me that the little of happiness which is made for man must be found in the other extreme. I see every where so much folly and so much wickedness, such a mad appetite for vitiating the wholesomeness of Nature, that she has become doubly dear to me since I see so little of her. The ambitious projects which I will confess that I once had, are dead within me. All that surrounds me in that way is calculated to make a feeling and reflecting mind groan and weep. After having seen the part which fools play upon the great stage, a few books and a few friends are what I shall seek to finish my days with. In the mean time, being in the bustle, I mix with it—I swim with the tide, and mark how it ebbs and how it flows, and all its various eddies and directions. There are many things in this world which it is worth while to see, merely to know that they were not worth the pains of seeking.

'I have seldom passed my time so pleasantly as in the Ukraine. In my last letter I gave you a long account of our way of living, and of the persons whom I saw there. But the greatest treasure to me was the society of the Polignacs—with whom I dined always three or four times a week, and spent the whole day. It is truly a rare thing to see women who have lived so much in the great world, and on its pinnacle—and who while they appeared made only for that—so highly possessed of every thing which gives a charm and a relish to private life. The Duchesse De Guiche and the Comtesse De Polignac are among the few women whom I could live with for ever; with every grace of person and manners they unite more solid accomplishments—and so attached to each other, not a sentiment of rivalry ever entering into the imagination of either. I shall see them once more in passing to the Crimea, and then, perhaps, never more:—this is, I assure you, a serious regret.' p. 146, 147.

We may, however, observe, that his opinions upon political subjects received a very considerable softening from his new habits of life. The author of the Dissertation from which we have above extracted opinions concerning the French Revolution, was not likely to have passed over the mention of the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, with the simple epithet of '*unfortunate*,' which is all he says of it, after receiving some civilities at that prince's court. His intercourse with emigrant ladies appears materially to have increased his disgust at the subsequent progress of the Revolution, and its fatal wars; and he expresses himself in language extremely violent, as often as those topics come across him. We admit, of course, that no real friend of

liberty could hesitate in proclaiming his abhorrence of the revolutionary crimes, and of the oppressions exercised by the French arms; but the manner of the following passage, (rather perhaps than its substance), betokens either that he had become somewhat tinctured by the prejudices of the society in which he principally lived, or that, conscious of having begun in one extreme, he felt a disposition to run into the opposite.

'I am the most decided enemy of the *great nation;* their monstrous and diabolical conduct makes me ashamed that I ever could imagine that their motives were more pure, or their ends more salutary. My opinions are not changed with regard to our mode of commencing the war, and the views of dismemberment, &c. &c. but they are most completely changed with respect to the nature of French principles, French morals, French views, and the final result of the French Revolution. The conduct of the present government towards America and Switzerland, but especially Switzerland, is the *ne plus ultra* of barbarous despotism, rioting in the consciousness of impurity and the lust of evil. There is no longer any good to be expected from these ruffian trumpeters of false freedom. I am strongly convinced, and have the best and most melancholy proofs, that there is less liberty in France than in almost any country of the earth. In short, I lose all patience upon this subject. I abhor and execrate the pretended republic, with all her compulsory affiliations, in the exact proportion of my former hopes from her efforts in the cause of mankind. I prefer the downright sincere despotism which avows its nature and publishes its maxims, to the hollow workings and masked designs of an hypocritical liberty.' p. 239, 240.

While we intimate the doubts suggested by this and several other passages, we desire not to be understood as confounding Mr Tweddell with those false friends of liberty, who having once, and by some accident, been led to profess perhaps, rather than to hold, free opinions alien to the baseness of their natural disposition, seized the first opportunity to shake themselves loose from such troublesome incumbrances, that they might run unshackled the profitable race of servility; and, resolved by their peculiar speed to make up for having started somewhat later than their fellow slaves, display a zeal for every thing base and sordid, which the more discreet enemies of independence regard as overdone. Mr Tweddell had nothing in common with this mean and pitiful tribe; it was because he really loved liberty, and viewed the French as its enemies, that he hated them; and he hated them upon the true ground too,—because he saw in their proceedings checks to the necessary reforms in our own establishments.

The following passages from a letter to his mother, contain proofs of that kind and affectionate disposition which we have

frequently mentioned as one of the remarkable features of Mr Tweddell's character. They also show it to have been slightly tinged with melancholy, which indeed repeatedly appears in the course of the correspondence, though the Editor ascribes it to some temporary disappointment.

'I assure you a great part of the pleasure which I receive from this part of my travels, results from the idea of *that* which I shall be able to convey to you and to my father on my return. We shall thus, I hope, all travel over the same ground together. Believe me, I begin to feel the interval very long which separates us. It is now more than three years since I took leave of Threepwood, and of so many objects which that place contains that are most dear to me. On leaving England I hoped that in about that time I should be returned, or nearly so; but the times have been most unfavourable—and events impossible to foresee. What consoles me is, that you will be convinced I have neglected nothing to draw profit out of every circumstance during the period that has separated us. I am still in hope that a year more will see me in England.

'If, however, you or my father should wish me at any one moment to return to England, and to abandon the plan which I propose, and the object of my inquiry, I shall certainly not scruple to sacrifice my own wishes to yours. The fame of authorship is no longer of the same value in my eyes that it was formerly;—it is added, in my estimation, to the long list of other worldly vanities, the sense of which is augmented by every day and almost every hour that passes over me. I would never consent to publish any thing that I myself felt to be very imperfect;—but, on the other hand, I would readily agree to abandon any prospect of literary success for the remotest hope of contributing to your and to my father's satisfaction. There are few things to which I now attach any extraordinary value; and, when I recollect the ardour with which I once meditated upon different little projects of vanity and ambition, all of which now are dead within me, I sometimes think that you will find me changed in more than one respect from what you knew me. But, provided that you and my father are content with the plan which I have given you; such, I think, it is likely to remain, for the greater part;—and I flatter myself that when once again we are reunited, we shall long remain so, at least, with few intervals of separation. You tell me that your health is good upon the whole—my father's is not likely to undergo any variation; for all which I am thankful to God, who will, I hope, permit us to converse together many ensuing years, upon the different objects which have, severally, most interested us during our separation;—and then, perhaps, we shall none of us regret that a few months more were added to an absence which, however sometimes painful, will in the end, I trust, prove to have been salutary and useful.' p. 282—284.

For the gloomy colouring of passages like these, and particularly his letter to Mr Digby, we may be disposed to make great

allowance, if indeed such sentiments are not rather to be admired, as flowing from an exalted spirit, and a wise and well founded indifference to the accidents or evils of life, without any improper rejection of its enjoyments. But we cannot help viewing some of Mr Tweddell's letters, those in particular where he argues, rather than expresses his feelings upon certain subjects, as partaking of another character, and bordering upon a self-denying system, wholly contrary, in our apprehension, to the soundest views of human virtue, and of the order of the universe. We allude especially to such observations as the following.

'I no longer eat flesh-meat, nor drink fermented liquors. As for the latter, it is merely because I do not believe that they can ever be good for the constitution, and still more especially with a vegetable diet. With regard to the flesh of animals, I have many times thought upon the subject. I am persuaded we have no other right, than the right of the strongest, to sacrifice to our monstrous appetites the bodies of living things, of whose qualities and relations we are ignorant. Different objections which struck me, as to the probability of good from the universality of this practice, have hitherto held me in indecision. I doubted whether, if this abstinence were universal, the animals, which we now devour, might not devour, in their turn, the fruits and vegetables reserved for our sustenance. I do not know whether this would be so—but I do not believe it; it seems to me that their numbers would not augment in the proportion which is apprehended: if, on the one hand, we now consume them with our teeth, on the other, we might then abandon our schemes and inventions for augmenting the means of propagation. Let nature follow her own course with regard to all that lives. I am told that they would destroy each other:—In the first place, the two objections cannot exist together; if they would destroy each other, their numbers would not be excessive. And what is this mutual destruction to me? Who has constituted me dictator of the realms of nature? Why am I umpire between the mistress and her servants? Because two chickens fight till one dies, am I obliged to worry one of them to prevent their engagement? Exquisite and well imagined humanity! On the other hand let precautions be adopted against famine, when experience shall have shown the necessity of them; in the mean while, we are not called upon to bury in our bowels the carcases of animals, which, a few hours before, lowed or bleated;—to flay alive and to dismember a defenceless creature—to pamper the unsuspecting beast which grazes before us, with the single view of sucking his blood and grinding his bones—and to become the unnatural murderers of beings, of whose powers and faculties, of whose modes of communication and mutual intercourse, of whose degree of sensibility and extent of pain and pleasure, we are necessarily and fundamentally ignorant. The calamity does not appear to me to be suffi-

ciently ascertained, which warrants so barbarous a proceeding, so violent a remedy, upon suspicion and by anticipation.' p. 215, 216.

Now, not to mention the many decisive answers which might be given to such reasoning, more particularly from the acknowledged fact, that we are so placed in the midst of animal life on all hands, that destroy it we must, every hour, whether we will or no, unless we mean to surrender our own:—We object to the general system out of which all such sentiments arise; a system of selfdenial and mortification, nearly allied to that which many very excellent and amiable persons pursue, or rather try to pursue, at the expense of their whole happiness, and many of their duties; a system generally connected with religious feelings, and always founded more or less in an excessive, and unquestionably a criminal, aversion to the occupations and the pleasures of the world. The patrons of these doctrines, perhaps we should rather say the victims of these morbid feelings, consider every thing that passes in life as unworthy of a reasonable being's regard, as exceedingly trivial in itself, and calculated, by winning our affections, to turn them away from those sublime contemplations and magnificent prospects which are held out by futurity. To be much engrossed, therefore, with the present, they hold a great offence; and, not quite aware how far they must go in order to be consistent, they deem every care bestowed upon worldly affairs, beyond what absolute necessity requires, as at the least debasing, perhaps criminal. There cannot surely be a greater perversion of reason, nor one involving consequences more unhappy; because, nature having implanted in all mankind passions and feelings which rivet their affections to the world, in spite of themselves, the utmost progress which can be made towards unfettering them, amounts to little more than a struggle; and the principles to which we are alluding, always terminate in unavailing regrets at losing what is unattainable, and selfcondemnation for having yielded to inflexible and overruling necessity. The evil appears still to be greater, if we reflect that it falls entirely upon the most amiable and virtuous spirits,—the rude mass of mankind being secured against its inroads by the sturdy, unthinking constitution of their minds; and even those delicate and sensitive beings are mightily injured by it in their conduct, as well as their happiness, because they confound together feelings and actions, involuntary and wilful errors—and in straining after some fantastic, excessive, and unattainable perfection, almost always neglect the solid practical excellence which is within every person's reach, and not unfrequently fall into serious offences. The cure for such mistaken notions is nevertheless extremely obvious. Let those who labour

under them only reflect on the manifest plan exhibited in the universe, with respect to human conduct—on the abundance of enjoyment scattered over the face of nature—on the desires and aversions implanted in our minds—on the connexion between present gratification and worldly virtue—on the certainty and clearness with which every thing present is unfolded to us, and the obscurity purposely thrown over the future; and they will admit, that the evidences of intelligence in the system are hardly more obvious than the proofs of what it intended for man; and that we have almost as strong indications of the duties cast upon him with respect to the scene he is placed in, as we have of the existence of design in his formation. Such considerations as these, are quite sufficient to reclaim any reasonable understanding from the errors we have mentioned; to raise it up from prostration before a god of sacrifice—an idol of the Cloister—an image of terror, caprice, cruelty and injustice, fashioned by fearful men, after the likeness of their own vices and frailties, to the adoration of the Supreme Author of Nature, from whose power have proceeded all the beauty and harmony and fragrance that delight the senses, —all the capacities and feelings that make the mind susceptible of enjoyment in every fortune.

We have hinted at want of selection as one of the errors committed by the Editor of these letters. Not only he has printed a considerable number without any adequate reason, but he has inserted one or two which ought undoubtedly to have been suppressed. The wisest of men will sometimes write thoughtlessly, and even foolishly to their most intimate friends, in moments of hurry and fatigue; but it is only of such first-rate personages that the public ought ever to see the productions of every careless hour. Men of an inferior, though highly distinguished stamp, cannot afford, in point of reputation, to be so exhibited, and the display is not sufficiently interesting to the multitude. So, the best of men, in the confidence of private friendship, will frequently express themselves respecting others, with a severity painful to its objects if known, yet almost as innocent and indeed unavoidable as thought itself, where there is no idea of a disclosure. The rash publication of such effusions, come from what quarter they may, is no doubt interesting enough to the world, ever greedy of invective; but we can never too severely condemn it as a breach of duty both towards the authors and the subjects of them. The editor has erred in both these particulars, and especially in the latter.—Why was the Seventeenth Letter published? It consists entirely of abuse, either of himself or others. The melancholy tone of his own mind, how

amiable soever, presents the strength of his understanding to us in an unfavourable light, and, from the information in the note, we should think an unfair light; for the editor there says, that such was very far from being 'his real and habitual temper.'

'As for the scenes which I have passed, I know of none which bring pleasure to my memory;—only my own family, yourself, Losh, Mrs W. and one or two other friends, are all that I would except from oblivion. Every thing else presents to me either a duty neglected, or a folly committed, or a loss of time, or abuse of the few powers which I have, or hopes madly conceived and cruelly frustrated. I recall no year, no month, no week, scarcely an entire day, passed without some feeling which has embittered all the rest of it. You think I exaggerate—I assure you I do not. I do not talk of the time I passed at school. I was then thoughtless; and, though not particularly happy, yet I was not otherwise. When I first went to college I was dissipated, and regretted every day what I committed every day: I spent more money than I ought, and again regretted that I put my father to so much expense. During this period I was half the day very comfortless; reproaches and exhortations made me endeavour to redeem, what I never have done, my lost time. I was then ambitious—and no one can conceive with what fretful impatience I waited for the time of trial, and with what fears and pains I expected the decision of those trifling honours. I should have been ill if I had not succeeded—and when I did, I was not happy for three moments, because I recollected that more would be expected of me the following year. Before I left college, as evil things always grow fast, I felt a much higher ambition, but equally foolish—till, all on a sudden, without being either disappointed or gratified, it nearly died away of itself.' p. 104, 105.

The remaining part of the letter is chiefly filled with very unmeasured invectives against the diplomatic gentlemen whom he he had met with in his travels, and who, as we learn from other parts of his correspondence, had, without any exception, treated him with peculiar kindness and attention. It is true the Editor does not print their names at full length, except one, who is only described as 'a simple, plain man,—fat, good 'humoured and unaffected,'—and therefore named distinctly. But, by means of initials, titles, asterisks, and the red-book for the year, every one of those whom he lashes in blank, becomes easily discoverable, and as well known as the individual who is *spared* at full length. And how, we must ask the Reverend Editor, does he think that a gentleman who had lived on habits of friendly intercourse with his brother, and to whom in the same sentence, the brother admits his obligations, will like to see himself described by him as 'full of pretension, sin-'gularity and mystery—affecting openness, without a spark of

'ingenuousness in his character—imposing on people, who think 'him frank—a humorist, first by plot, latterly by habit—one 'for whom no diplomatic artifice is too gross'—and so forth?—Or how is another of our ministers likely to be pleased at seeing himself held up as 'an empty coxcomb of seven feet high, fit 'object to sit in state under the clipped wings of the imperial 'eagle;'—and therewithal likened unto 'a stuffed thing in a 'naturalist's cabinet of outlandish rarities,' the more like, 'because it has no entrails.' (p. 107). Mr Robert Tweddell surely must have forgotten the pain which such abuse may give; otherwise one so strict in his moral and religious principles as he shows himself to be, never could so far have forgotten the first of christian duties. He must have forgotten, at all events, the feelings towards his brother's memory, which such disclosures may excite; otherwise, one so affectionately attached to that brother, and so zealous for his fame, never could have so wantonly contributed to impair it. He makes some kind of apology for the hastiness of these decisions in another passage; but would it not have been better to suppress the hasty abuse, and save the apology?—It is truly painful to make such reflexions; but our duty is imperative, and we should betray it by suppressing them.

The Editor has accompanied the letters with a very ample commentary in the notes. These are, no doubt, convenient, for they leave nothing unexplained. Every person and thing referred to in the text, that could raise any doubt or difficulty in the reader's mind, is fully described in the notes,—and we may add, not a few persons and things that could have created no sort of embarrassment, had they been left without annotation. Thus, in p. 136, Mr Tweddell happens to make mention, in a letter, of a cold at 10 degrees of 'Reaumur;'—whereupon the learned Editor gives us an account of Reaumur and his thermometer, with a couple of *formulæ* for converting degrees of Fahrenheit and Reaumur into one another. So, the mention of Anselm Banduri, having very properly led to an account of that antiquary, the editor cannot tell us that he was born at Ragusa, without adding, that it is 'a small republic situated in Dalmatia, on the coast of the Adriatic;' and that 'Meleda or Melita,' is 'perhaps the Melita of St Paul.' (p. 271.) We have another instance of simplicity or prolixity (we hardly know which it is) in p. 131.; where an ordinary jest in the text occasions this note.

'The *quadruple* estimation of any moral or physical quality possessed by an individual in an eminent degree, is a familiar idiom of the French language; but is more usually applied to bodily strength. The first sarcastic application of having "*de l'esprit comme quatre,*"

is said to have been made by Piron to the French academy, consisting of forty members (and usually styled "*Les Quarante*"); and it is here adopted as a figure of speech by Comte O'Donnel, who had much of the playfulness of Parisian conversation, importing, that 25 English possessed amongst them the *entire brains of* 4. (Ed.)' p. 131.

But perhaps the note in p. 50. exceeds all the others. Mr Tweddell having, in one of those letters to his father, which there was no occasion for publishing, described the uniform which he used as a court dress, unfortunately speaks of its 'blue lappel,' which he thought sufficiently intelligible and accurate. Not so the more accurate and most intelligible Editor, who thus annotates—

'Lappel is called in French *revers*; being merely the reversing or turning back of the front lining; *facing* seems to be the proper equivalent in English; *lappel* applying more specifically to the *cut* or *outline* than to any difference of colour. (Ed.)' p. 51.

A consideration of the Appendix now brings us to resume the question of the MSS. and drawings; and having already shown the great amount and bulk of these remains of Mr Tweddell, we are next to inquire, how such literary treasures have disappeared. In performing this most important part of his task, the Editor deserves almost unmingled praise. He might have brought forward his proofs in a more distinct and luminous order, but he has at any rate manfully produced them; and though we would fain hope that he passes too harsh a sentence on those whom he accuses of detaining the collections, and are willing to believe that they will yet be produced, we must admit that the case is a strong one as it now stands,—that an answer on every point is most imperiously called for,—and that the Editor has not shrunk from the faithful discharge of a duty attended with much trouble, and possibly with some risk. Anxious with him and with the whole literary world that this mystery should be cleared up, and sincerely desirous that the explanation most satisfactory to all parties should be obtained, by the discovery and production of the papers, we shall contribute all that lies in our power to the accomplishment of this object, by stating distinctly the manner in which the documents before us, forming the Appendix, show those papers to have been disposed of.

The reader will recollect, that the papers consisted of two portions; the notes, journals and drawings, found in Mr Tweddell's repositories at Athens after his decease—and those which he had deposited with Mr Thornton before he left Constantinople; the former containing the fruits of his researches in

Greece; the latter consisting of his collections from the time of his landing on the Continent, till the commencement of his journey to Athens. We shall pursue the history of these two portions in their order.

As soon as Mr Spencer Smythe, then resident British minister at the Porte, heard of Mr Tweddell's death, (with whom he appears to have been in habits of intimacy), he sent instructions to the Consul and Vice-consul at Athens, who had taken an inventory of the property, as we have already stated, and who had officially reported, that they held them in deposite until further directions should arrive. Mr Smythe's orders were, that they should be sent by sea to him at Constantinople; and they were shipped accordingly about the end of November 1799, consigned to Mr Smythe. The vessel was unfortunately wrecked in the sea of Marmora; but the property in question was all saved, and carried by the person under whose care it was sent, to Constantinople, where it was taken possession of before it reached Mr Smythe, by an order of Lord Elgin, who had just arrived as ambassador. Under this authority it was retained in custody of the English embassy; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr Thornton, was suffered to remain in the cellars for eight weeks unopened, although suffering extremely from damp since the shipwreck. At length, about the end of January 1800, the papers were unpacked, and artists were employed to inspect the drawings. They appear to have been a good deal damaged, though the evidence is contradictory as to the extent of the injury: But Signor Lusieri, a well known Italian artist, then under Lord Elgin's patronage, having inspected them, has since asserted distinctly that they were 'in a recoverable state, and might easily be copied.' It is also known that some of them *were* copied, and that the copies are in the hands of a gentleman in this country. The evidence of the MSS. and drawings having come into Lord Elgin's possession is clear beyond all cavil; Lusieri admits it; and Dr Hunt, chaplain to the embassy, states his having seen them. Simeon, too, under whose care they were sent, deposes, that he saw MSS. and drawings spread out to be dried on the ambassador's table; and that among them was a gold watch, which he recognized as part of Mr Tweddell's property.

The other, and more bulky portion of Mr Tweddell's collections, which he had left in Mr Thornton's custody, was happily saved by that gentleman's strenuous and disinterested exertions, from a fire which destroyed part of his premises; and it was retained by him until Lord Elgin ordered it to be sent to his residence, about the same time that he began the examina-

tion of the Athenian collections. Together with this order, Mr Thornton received a notice to attend himself, and he saw the packages, of which he had the care, opened and examined. He recognized the Swiss journal, and other manuscripts, and the different articles which he had seen Mr Tweddell put up in the trunks. The contents of the packages were all taken out, and exposed on the table and chairs of the room, where Mr Thornton also saw the collections from Athens. Of this room Lord Elgin kept the key; and he locked it up himself when they left it, the different articles remaining exposed. Some weeks after this period, Mr Thornton going to his warehouse, saw several of the boxes which had been sent from the English residence; and, upon opening them, he found that they contained many of the things which had been in Mr Tweddell's trunks; but *all the drawings and manuscripts were missing*; nor could they be found by the most diligent search, nor was any further communication made to him upon the subject of them.

A short time previous to his taking possession of Mr Tweddell's property, Lord Elgin had written a letter to a friend, in which he says—'His correspondence, and his papers, as well 'as the collections he had made, shall be carefully sent home; 'and I will direct any trifle of expense which I believe to be due 'on his account, to be paid, that no delay may arise, on this 'pretext, in transmitting his effects home to his parents. From 'the industry and knowledge Mr Tweddell displayed in his literary pursuits, his loss is considered to be as serious a one as 'could have happened to those who set a value on the riches of 'Greece.' (p. 355.) But he made no communication whatever to Mr Tweddell's family, who waited with some impatience for the fulfilment of the intentions kindly expressed in this letter. Although a good deal alarmed by a letter from Mr Spencer Smythe in April 1801, complaining that all his attempts to procure an arrangement of the affair were frustrated, and that 'he had been 'doomed to become an impotent spectator of so much mismanagement as rendered the topic very ungrateful,' they commissioned Dr Clarke, who was then at Constantinople, to wait upon his Lordship; and he is here called upon by the Editor to say 'whether his representations, made in the most respectful and 'earnest manner, were not met with rudeness and rebuke.' The only answer, it seems, which the ambassador would give, was a general and positive declaration 'that the property had 'been sent home in compliance with the instructions of Mr 'Tweddell's father; and that the interference of the gentleman 'referred to was equally superfluous and unauthorized.' (p. 358.) Upon Lord Elgin's return to England, and these inquiries be-

ing renewed, all that could be obtained from him was, that he could add 'nothing to the account he had already given of the 'embarkation of Mr Tweddell's property at Constantinople.'

It is natural then to inquire, upon what grounds this very general account of the matter is supposed to be a correct one; whether his Lordship's recollection, thus vague, though peremptory, is likely to be accurate; how far circumstances and evidence concur in raising a suspicion that he has not sufficiently taxed his memory, and that, if he gave himself the trouble (which his known love of letters, and more especially his attachment to the monuments of antient art, must incline him to think light), he might bring other particulars to his mind, and perhaps be able to trace the valuable remains so much sought after, and to produce them to the lawful owners, for the benefit of the world. Now, in answering these questions, it is most material to observe, that the Noble person gives no reference to any ship, or captain,—no invoice or bill of lading, certificate of health or letter of advice;—in short, he supports his statement by no documentary evidence whatever. Dr Hunt, indeed, says he thinks the collections were shipped in the *Duncan*, and consigned to the care of Mr Losh at Newcastle, under the superintendance of Professor Carlyle. But, in the *first* place, Dr Hunt's account is replete with inaccuracy, and clearly appears to be the result of a very obscure recollection of the circumstances. *Secondly*, That gentleman was intimately connected with Lord Elgin in the whole course of the transaction. *Thirdly*, Mr Thornton in his letter distinctly asserts, that he never heard of the shipment on board any vessel bound to England; although, from his having had the custody of the papers left in Constantinople, and having been requested by Lord Elgin to be present at their examination, it was most natural to give him notice of their embarkation. He adds that the *Duncan* was there during 1800, but sailed for Smyrna and Egypt on military service, not for England. This also appears from a letter of Mr Werry the British consul at Smyrna. *Fourthly*, though Dr Hunt says, in his first letter, that '*he saw* the papers put on board an English vessel, he thinks 'the *Duncan*,' including the Swiss Journal by name (p. 450.), yet, in his second letter, he only says that 'he *most firmly be-* 'lieves it was transmitted, with whatever else was thought likely 'to be interesting, to Mr Tweddell's family' (p. 452.); an alteration of his testimony which, according to every rule in use for sifting the correctness of a witness's recollection, is quite fatal to it. *Lastly*, he says, that he 'most firmly believes' the shipment was made 'under the superintendance of Professor Car- 'lyle, whose connexion with Mr Losh, and with the north of 'England, rendered him the fittest person in the embassy to

'fulfil that duty;' although, in the first letter, he had said, distinctly, that 'Professor Carlyle directed them to Mr Losh's care, 'for Mr Tweddell's family.' So that, at first, he recollects as a fact, Professor Carlyle directing them to Mr Losh; and afterwards, when he is desired to be more particular in his recollection, he can only give the consignment to Mr Losh as a matter of inference, and the interference of Professor Carlyle as a matter of belief. He also says, that 'he believes' the Professor consulted Mr Thornton as to the shipment, and that it was made in the Duncan, by his advice. We have seen that this is positively denied by Mr Thornton; and Professor Carlyle has been dead many years. However, Mr Losh has furnished the substance of his conversations with him upon this matter, from which it is quite clear that he could not have packed up and directed the papers to Mr Losh; for he only told that gentleman that 'he had seen packed such papers as Lord Elgin thought pro-'per;' whereas, if he had consigned them to Mr Losh, he must have told him so at once. It is perhaps material to add, (from the circumstance of Lord Elgin and Dr Hunt both appealing to Professor Carlyle), that he expressed himself to Mr Losh in such terms of his Lordship, as we are under the necessity of suppressing. (p. 460.) We presume the foregoing remarks are sufficient to destroy the whole weight of the evidence supposed to be afforded by Dr Hunt's letters in support of Lord Elgin's recollections.

We have already stated the substance of his Lordship's answer to Dr Clarke's inquiries, and to the applications of Mr Tweddell's friends after his return in 1806. For several years the matter was dropt; but in consequence of some circumstances coming to light in 1810, a correspondence was opened with him, and questions put in considerable detail. His answers contain, it may be presumed, his whole case; and therefore we cannot avoid regretting that the Editor did not insert them at full length, instead of giving their substance. The following is the statement.

'His Lordship politely acknowledges the interest which he feels in the subject submitted to him, and most happy would he be to have it in his power in any way to contribute to elucidate those topics to which the inquiries are directed. His memory, however, he is sorry to say, does not supply him with any recollections sufficiently precise for that purpose; though he is not without some "impressions" remaining on his mind, by the help of which he ventures to state, in substance, as follows:—

'That certain effects of Mr Tweddell, sent from Greece by sea, were brought to the residence of the English mission at Péra, after having first suffered shipwreck; that among them were several drawings executed by a French artist, some memoranda of inscriptions,

and a few "trifling notes" on his Tour in Greece; and that the whole had been so much damaged by salt water as to warrant the description (for so it is expressed) of being "in a very deplorable state." His Lordship's "impression" further is, that some of the gentlemen attached to the embassy did charge themselves with the more immediate care of the property in question; and he believes that it was sent home, either under the personal care of the late Professor Carlyle, or, by his direction, in a merchant ship called the Duncan, along with several boxes of presents to Mr Pitt and Lord Grenville.'

'The noble Earl being subsequently requested to consider more particularly, what might be the number and peculiar description of the packages received from Athens, with particulars relating to their embarkation on board the "*Duncan*," confines himself to a simple declaration, that he had already taxed his recollection to the uttermost, and is unable to discover, either in his mind or amongst his papers, any memorandum alluding in any way to the circumstances of this transaction. To certain questions proposed at the same time, Whether Lusieri was not permitted to make copies from some of the Athenian drawings? and, Whether any transcript was ever made of the journals, or any notes or extracts taken from the various manuscripts? His Lordship replies to the former, by intimating, that Lusieri was not at that period in Turkey; and of course he feels confident that he never did copy any of the drawings alluded to, or any others which were found in Mr Tweddell's collections. —Adverting to the latter, he observes, that he has no "guess or belief" that any copy was taken of the journals, or any extracts or notes from the manuscripts: "It is possible (his Lordship adds) that some of the notes or inscriptions may have been copied, being in the hands of the several gentlemen of the embassy engaged in similar researches; but he has none in his possession, nor does he know of any."

'Being solicited once again to recollect, Whether he did ever receive from Mr Thornton two trunks, which had been confided to him by Mr Tweddell, containing his journals of Switzerland and the Crimea, and other literary effects? My Lord Elgin briefly and distinctly replies, "that he has no recollection of any such delivery being made by Mr Thornton:" But he would wish it to be understood, "that any deposite made into the custody of the mission, by no means necessarily came under his own individual observation; that he did not take charge of the effects, while there were persons in the embassy who, from their connexions in England and their situation, more naturally could see to them." He insists on the length of the interval which has elapsed since the date of the transactions: And, having intimated how "very transiently" the matters in debate originally came before him, and how anxiously he has availed himself of his fading "impressions" to give all possible information on a subject so extremely interesting, the noble Earl takes his leave, by expressing a general persuasion, that every thing relat-

ing to Mr Tweddell's concerns "must" have been sufficiently explained at the time, in one way or other.' p. 361—365.

We have hitherto seen Lord Elgin's general statement only in the light of an account wholly unsupported by evidence; but when he gives a more particular narrative, he is not merely unsupported, he is contradicted—and his story is, moreover, full of improbability. In the *first* place, it seems quite unaccountable that the incidents should have made so slight an impression upon him as he represents. They were of an extraordinary nature, and of rare occurrence; they had happened indeed at a considerable distance of time; but his recollection had been taxed very early by Dr Clarke, and a few years later by other friends, on his arrival in England:—they related to the subjects of his favourite pursuits, which had occupied much of his time in Turkey, and had continued to interest him warmly at home. Besides, he is proved to have paid particular attention to the papers and drawings, both by the facts formerly stated, and by what we are presently to add. *Secondly*, as he had, in a letter already cited, professed his intention of transmitting the property to Mr Tweddell's family, and of defraying any expenses which might be incurred to avoid all delay, it is very unlikely that he should, so soon after, have abandoned all care of it; that it should have been shipped without a line of advice being sent to any one, or any document taken to vouch the shipment. *Thirdly*, he states that they were sent at the same time with some presents to Lord Grenville and Mr Pitt:—now it is ascertained that Lord Grenville received his packages safe, as it may be presumed Mr Pitt did also. *Fourthly*, the *Duncan* and her lading have been most minutely traced by official documents, and the statements of the persons entrusted with the care of the ship and her cargo; and it appears that the whole of it reached England in two other vessels on which it was transhipped; that there was not one package for either Mr Losh or Mr Tweddell's family; and that the only private property, out of the ordinary course, consisted of some packages for Mr Nesbitt, Lord Elgin's father-in-law. *Fifthly*, his Lordship speaks most lightly of the value of the property, particularly of the Greek collections, which he calls 'several drawings,' 'some memoranda of inscriptions,' and 'a few trifling notes of a tour,' all completely damaged. Whereas Mr Thornton, who assisted at the examination of them in Lord Elgin's presence, not only gives a very different account of them, as we have already stated, but mentions his having had a conversation in 1801 with Lord Elgin, who described Dr Hunt as having been 'prepared for superintending 'his (Lord E.'s) artists then employed at Athens, by looking 'over Tweddell's papers.' (p. 380.) This is a very material

fact; and still more so is that assertion of the editor in p. 369, if correct, that many of Mr Tweddell's original drawings were seen in his Lordship's possession long after the period in question; and that copies from these, taken by Lord E.'s permission, have been actually inspected by the editor himself. *Lastly*, his Lordship's recollection respecting Lusieri and Mr Thornton is peculiarly incorrect—the former having been in Turkey at the time, and the latter having seen the Swiss and other collections left under his care, in Lord E.'s own keeping. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable, that Lord E. should, in his letters to the Editor, deny all knowledge of the latter portion of property, when he had acknowledged to Mr Hamilton, of the Secretary of State's office (p. 382.), the accuracy of Mr Thornton's statement, in which the several articles of that portion are described as having been taken out of their packages in his Lordship's presence, after being sent to the residence by his orders. (p. 372. *et seqq.*)

We are now drawing towards the close of these details. In November 1813, the Reverend Editor presented a memorial to the Levant Company, in order to obtain a search of their records and depositories at Constantinople, (a search which proved quite fruitless); and in the statement of facts upon which he grounded this application, he preferred substantially the same charges against Lord Elgin, which the volume before us contains at greater length. In particular, he asserted, that his Lordship had seized the Athenian Collections in an arbitrary manner, and without any lawful right to them; that he had obtained possession of those left in Mr Thornton's custody; that his account of having sent them home by the *Duncan* was supported by none of the usual documentary evidence; and that the whole of the property in question, after being in Lord Elgin's 'immediate keeping and sole administration,' had utterly disappeared. These assertions relative to Lord Elgin, it may be observed, were not essentially connected with the desire of the memorial; and therefore, they could only be regarded as charges against him. The Company transmitted a copy of it, in the first instance, to that noble person; and his letter, upon receiving it, is deserving of observation. He gives no denial whatever of the plain and obvious imputation contained in the assertions of the memorialist; but contents himself with calling upon that gentleman to 'furnish distinct and formal proof,' not of all the assertions, but of the first only—which involves almost as much matter of legal dispute as of fact. Mr Tweddell, in a long, and extremely confused and ill written letter, produces his proof; and we hear no more of this correspondence with Lord Elgin. But, at any rate, we must admit, that his silence as to all the

other parts of the memorial which related to him, either directly or by obvious implication, is exceedingly strange. It seemed an occasion for downright, unequivocal denial; and, considering the colour of the insinuation that had been made, the most fastidious observer might even have pardoned a little warmth and vehemence in the manner of meeting it. Besides, this was not the first time that the noble Lord had heard of these things. He had been pretty bluntly attacked in print, more than once, upon the score of Mr Tweddell's property. He had lost his temper when applied to by Dr Clarke for an account of it. He had been involved in a correspondence about it with the nearest of kin, who had put the most minute and harassing questions respecting it. The official communication, therefore, of the memorial, containing the charges embodied, seemed to present a favourable opportunity at least for broadly affirming that they were utterly unfounded from beginning to end; instead of this, we only find a suggestion to the Company that they should call for proofs of one of the statements. Nor is this a case in which distance of time and imperfect recollection can be held of much avail—for the things, plainly insinuated at least, if not directly alleged, are such as, we hope and trust, the noble person must *know* himself to be, and to have always been, incapable of, without any effort of memory. The details he may have forgotten; but, when the question is, whether he kept possession of another man's property, and whether, during the last fifteen years, he has appropriated it to his own use—we answer for him—no; and deny the charge, if it were dated fifty years back. It is to be lamented that he did not adopt this course himself, and follow it up by instituting such a rigorous examination, both of his recollection and his repositories, as might set the controversy at rest, by producing the valuable remains so anxiously sought after, or at length explaining the manner and causes of their disappearance.

We most earnestly hope, that the merits of this question being now fairly brought before the publick, the general interest excited by it may have such an effect on his Lordship's feelings, should the statements in these pages have failed to persuade him, that some reparation is due to himself, as well as to the literary world. That no legal measures have been instituted for bringing the matter to a final settlement, we can hardly regret, if the object shall be accomplished in this more amicable way. What the ultimate result may be, we presume not to conjecture, because we know not the whole of the case; much, in all probability, remains to be disclosed on Lord Elgin's part. The only thing which may safely be asserted is, that things *cannot* rest where they now are; and this we do very confidently affirm.

In the mean time, we cannot close this volume, without expressing our regret that the Editor should have used in several parts of his long Appendix, language with respect to this noble person, of an extremely scurrilous nature. We cannot quote it, nor allude to it more particularly. What his writings want in precision, clearness, and arrangement, in all the constituent parts of luminous and powerful statement, cannot be supplied by the insertion of mere abuse. An excuse may perhaps be sought in the wounded feelings of so near a relative,—and unquestionably this consideration has its weight: But feelings may be regulated, if they cannot be stifled; otherwise they seem to disqualify those, whom they overpower, from discharging *public* duties.

ART. II. *Reasons for Establishing a Registry of Slaves in the British Colonies: Being a Report of a Committee of the African Institution. Published by Order of that Society.* 8vo. pp. 118. Hatchard. London, 1815.

WE ought regularly to have devoted this article to the consideration of the Annual Report of the African Institution, and the other publications more immediately connected with it. But the subject announced in the title is of such great importance, and so urgently pressed upon our attention by its approaching discussion in Parliament, that we are obliged to interrupt the usual course of our proceeding, and devote ourselves, for the present, exclusively to the question of Registry. We have more than once had occasion to notice it generally, and to express the hope, entertained by us in common with all who have well studied West Indian affairs, that it might speedily be brought forward in the Legislature. This proceeding has now been begun, and we trust the next Session will witness its completion.

Although the tract before us appears in the shape of a Report, it is, of course, like all such productions, substantially the work of an individual. It is fit on every account that we mention his name. His recent conduct in retiring from Parliament, upon grounds of a nature purely conscientious; his great and powerful services in the cause of the Abolition, but more especially in reference to the subject of the present Report; and the modesty which has always prompted him to withhold his name from his many admirable publications upon colonial questions, render it a duty peculiarly incumbent upon us, in this place, to commemorate Mr Stephen. We have every reason to believe

that the plan of a Slave Registry, now adopted in the conquered islands, originated with him; and that he unremittingly watched over its execution. The extension of the plan to the old settlements, is likewise his proposal; and it is understood that he has performed the task of unfolding its grounds in this Report. Had he continued a member of the legislature, in all probability he would have brought forward the measure, which, after his honourable retirement, has been introduced by Mr Wilberforce: And we have no doubt, that when the bill passes into a law, Mr Stephen's name will, in common parlance, be annexed to it. This is an honour richly due to him; for no man ever laboured or sacrificed more in behalf of a measure adopted by him from principle alone. It is also worthy of his acceptance;—it is a simple but dignified tribute, almost the only one reserved by the practice of the country, for civil worth;—it carries a statesman's name down to after ages, inscribed upon the lasting columns which he has reared to prop the publick weal;—and bestows upon him, in his own day, honours which a patriot may accept, and a sage may prize.

It is manifest, that so material an alteration in the law as is here contemplated, ought not to be attempted without the fullest examination of its grounds, its nature, and its probable consequences. The object of the work before us is to facilitate this investigation, by an ample statement of the reasons which have convinced the Committee of the African Institution, that the measure in question, is not only desireable, but essentially necessary; and that the change will be not only safe, but beneficial. In a critical point of view, we should not easily praise it too highly. A more distinct, argumentative, and eloquent tract, has rarely appeared upon any political question. But our attention is principally drawn to the subject matter; and we hasten to lay the substance of the reasoning before the reader.

The Report begins with a description of the fatal effects which may be expected to arise from an illicit importation of slaves into the colonies since the law has made the traffic a crime. With respect to the voyage, it is plain, that negroes carried clandestinely are, on that very account, in a much worse predicament than if the trade were permitted. The contraband commerce is driven with tenfold greediness; and without any of the regulations which were enforced to mitigate the horrors of the middle passage. The utmost lading that can be stowed into a vessel will always be risked; and the supply of provisions be as scanty as that of space for the wretched cargo. The slave trader, too, is a person of a worse description, if possible, than in times when the law strangely lent its sanction to his crimes; so that

the very worst of the worst parts of society are now alone engaged in these enormities. Nor does this rest upon conjecture. 'It is' (observe the Committee) 'fully attested by experience. '—The contraband slave traders of America notoriously crowd 'their ships beyond any example to be found in the same com-'merce while it was allowed by their laws. Several shocking 'instances of this inhumanity have come under the cognizance 'of our prize courts. The same dreadful distinctions also have 'marked the cases of ships under Portuguese and Spanish co-'lours, which have been proved, or reasonably presumed, to 'belong to British or American smugglers.' p. 3.

But this topic is slightly touched upon in the very judicious statement now before us, and with much propriety; for it is a necessary consequence of the abolition, and was indeed one of the arguments urged against it from the beginning, by those who denied the possibility of effectually stopping the trade. Abolitionists, therefore, having carried their measure, cannot dwell much upon the increase of evil that has in some sense flowed from the measure itself; they can only urge this as an additional reason for all such supplementary arrangements as are likely to give it full efficacy. They must not—neither do they—deny that a vast amount of the traffic has been destroyed; they only contend, that what remains, being of a peculiarly malignant description, for the very reason that it is left in spite of the law, new means should be devised for enabling the law to reach this remnant likewise.

The effects of the illicit traffic on the condition of the slaves in the colonies, presents more important matter of consideration. The emancipation of those unfortunate beings has never formed any part of the views entertained by the Abolitionists. They have constantly been charged with indulging in such prospects; they have uniformly, peremptorily, and in the end successfully, repelled the charge. Not that any one, attached to the cause of humanity and justice, ever shut his eyes to the ultimate liberty of the negro race, as the result of an improved system of management; or even saw, without infinite pain, the impossibility of hastening so desireable a consummation by direct legislative interference. But, unprepared for freedom as the unhappy victims of our oppression and rapacity now are, the attempts to bestow it on them at once, could only lead to their own augmented misery, and involve both master and slave in one common ruin. A gradual improvement in their condition could alone prepare the way for restoring them to liberty; and this improvement was confidently expected to flow from the abolition of the

slave trade. Such expectations were not founded upon untried theories, but upon all the experience recorded in history. The lot of domestic slavery in Rome was not materially softened, until the universal extension of the empire, precluding new conquests, cut off the supply of slaves. The laws came in, to complete and consolidate what private interest had begun; and the mild spirit of the Christian religion, without any direct precept, hastened the progress of a reformation, already commenced, as the Report observes, before the promulgation of that system. It thus happened, that at the dissolution of the empire, almost all the domestic slaves had become free, and those employed in country work had attained the condition of *adscripti glebæ*. The progress was nearly the same in modern times; the extinction of villeinage in gross, and the final emancipation of the lower orders, having followed by slow degrees the cessation of the warlike customs which used formerly to supply the slave markets. In like manner the colonies in America, where the supply of negroes has been, from various circumstances, the most scanty, are those which have been most remarkable for a mild treatment of their slaves. It was with good reason, then, that the friends of humanity expected, from the shutting of the slave market, an attention to the comforts, the health, the preservation at least, of the stock already in the colonies; an adoption of the breeding system, when buying should be no longer practicable; such a gradual melioration of their condition, as no direct interference between a master and his slaves can effect, but which is absolutely necessary, as it is morally certain to prepare them for the ultimate possession of the freedom so long withheld from them. But it is equally clear, that these hopes are founded entirely in the real and complete extinction of the traffic; and that, as long as any access is left open to the market, however narrow and precarious, the breeding system will be neglected. They who calculate upon a mere rise of price as sufficient, and from thence would expect salutary reforms in the management of plantations, neglect some of the most important circumstances which crept into the question. They forget the situation of almost all planters, speculators, or in debt, or non-resident;—speculators, who must by all means make speedy profits, and, regarding the sugar trade as a lottery, care not whether they pay a little more for their tickets, as long as there are any to be had for money, and as long as the prizes are in the wheel;—debtors, who have not the entire controul of their own property, but are compelled to work out of it, at all risks, as much as will satisfy the immediate demands of their creditors;—non-residents, who must leave the management of their estates to persons on the

spot, having no interest in their pursuing the best system, but preferring the easiest; and anxious, beyond their own ease, only to swell the accounts of present gain. Upon this branch of the argument, we cannot resist extracting the following spirited observations from the Report. They are no doubt substantially correct, although we think the reasoning somewhat exaggerated.

'It is idle to tell men in such circumstances, of benefits to be attained, or savings to be made, fifteen or twenty years hence; and yet they must wait so long at least, before they profit or save through the labour of children yet unborn, and by means of regulations which are to prepare for the obtaining, as well as the preserving, a large native increase.

'Besides, the hope of distant advantages, and the cautious, calculating, patient views of the economist in the walks of European agriculture or commerce, have little or no place in the ardent and adventurous mind of a West India planter. He has staked his capital or credit, and with it his health and his life perhaps, on a game over which chance has far more influence than prudence. It is a game, too, at which the chances are greatly against him. Sugar planting is a lottery in which there are many blanks to a prize; but then the prize is very splendid;—he *may* attain to great opulence, and in a very few years. This is the irresistible excitement, by the effect of which men are drawn into the hazardous speculation of buying or settling sugar estates; and when such dazzling objects are in view, and such risks incurred, slow-growing, and distant gains or hopes can have little to attract or deter.

'The sugar planter, whether he buys or inherits his estate, possesses a property which is the sport of fortune, and has not therefore such inducements as other landholders have, to make sacrifices for its future improvement. The best settled sugar plantation is exposed to such extreme vicissitudes, that the fruits of patient self-denial may be lost, or the waste of improvidence repaired in a single season.

'Hence the peculiar rapidity with which such patrimony is often spent; and hence a strong temptation to neglect the suggestions of prudence in the case we are considering. Convince the proprietor, if you can, that by planting ten acres less this year than before, and consequently diminishing his consignments by ten hogsheads of sugar in the next year, he may save three times the value in the price of slaves to be purchased fifteen years hence: what then? "I shall lose," he might truly reply, "250*l.* in my next year's income, which will oblige me to submit to the painful retrenchment of my present comforts: perhaps, for instance, the laying down my carriage: and, after all, the sacrifice may prove to have been either unnecessary or fruitless. Hurricanes, epidemic diseases, droughts, or other causes, may ruin my estate long before the period you mention; or good crops and good markets may so enrich me within the same time, that the laying out even 1000*l.* in slaves will require no

unpleasant sacrifice, and put me to no inconvenience. Either of these changes is far more probable than that matters should go on in such an equable course, with property of that precarious kind, as to secure to me the distant benefit you propose."' p. 15–17.

The inference deduced from these and similar topics is, that so long as any possibility exists of buying, the breeding system will be neglected; and it is even added, that the abolition, unless perfectly effectual, will aggravate the miseries of the slave population, by furnishing tenants for life, and other temporary possessors of estates, with excuses for not keeping up their gangs, and by removing the check which public opinion imposed upon the avarice of absolute proprietors; thus throwing the labour of the plantation upon diminished numbers of negroes. '*On diminue tout ce qu'on exagere*,' is a proverb of excellent application, both to matters of argument and of taste; and a reasoner who strains after more than he can seize hold of, is apt to lose the firm footing which he had. The Report here proves too much; it is an argument against the most effectual and complete abolition, if it is any argument at all. And we even think, that somewhat too much stress is laid upon the previous, and in general, legitimate topics; but of this we shall speak, after considering the next proposition maintained by the Committee—the insufficiency of the present abolition laws for the purpose of wholly preventing the trade.

This, it is obvious, will be fully proved, if it can be shown that, in point of fact, slaves *have been* smuggled into the colonies notwithstanding the laws in force;—for the change from a state of war to a state of peace, is in every respect favourable to such a contraband, by diminishing the naval force employed, by enabling foreign flags to cover the trade, and by precluding the exercise of the right of search—a right merely belligerent. Since the Report was drawn up, indeed, a part of this statement has lost its groundwork; for the French government under Buonaparte having totally abolished the slave trade, the restored dynasty has subsequently concurred in the same wise and just measure; so that the peace will only operate in a twofold manner, by diminishing our naval force, and preventing us from searching foreign vessels. These, however, it must be confessed, are very material circumstances, especially the latter, which is beyond our controul; so much so, that they suggest a further consideration, viz. that although there should not have been found any illicit importation carried on during the war, no security would be afforded from thence against such a contraband arising in time of peace. Has there, then, been such an evasion during war or not?

'That African negroes have been illicitly imported into some, if not all our islands, since the year 1808, and even since the offence was made felony, there is abundant reason to conclude.

'Direct information of such practices has been several times transmitted to the friends of the Abolition in England, from different quarters. The particular modes, too, have been pointed out, viz. the running the poor captives on shore at night from a neighbouring foreign island; or the carrying them in small numbers, from a more distant port in the dresses of Creole negroes, and under the pretended characters of sailors or passengers.

'Many smuggled slaves were brought by these modes from the Swedish island of St Bartholomew, and dispersed among the British colonies in the Leeward Island government; and more especially in St Croix, then in his Majesty's possession. In the latter island, the practice was so extensive and notorious that the Collector of the Customs found himself bound to take public notice of it, and advertised rewards for the discovery of the importers.

'Letters and personal communications from gentlemen of respectability, to the Secretary and General Committee of the African Institution, would suffice to remove all doubt of the existence of such offences, to some extent at least, if it were not a necessary precaution with that respectable Body, to conceal the names of individuals resident in, or connected with, the West Indies, who send them, from humane motives, useful information. The transmission of it might otherwise dangerously expose the authors to popular odium or private resentment in that country.' p. 22, 23.

To require the highest proof of such infringements, the conviction of the offenders, the Report justly observes, would argue great inattention to the state of things in the West Indies, where almost the whole population being incapable of giving evidence, a smuggler must be heedless indeed if he exposed himself to the risk of legal testimony. Seizures have however been made at sea, of cargoes which there was every reason to presume were destined for the British Islands; and many small vessels have been condemned in the West Indies, found near our colonies with each a few negroes on board;—so few, that they could only have come from foreign islands, and could not have afforded profit enough to defray the costs of an African voyage. In a list of thirty condemnations, printed by order of the House of Commons, sixteen are of vessels which carried, on an average, no more than four slaves each.

The history of the slave population in Trinidad, furnishes strong presumptions, says the Report, of a considerable smuggling there, even since it became a felony. It seems, that the last official returns of the island, before the Abolition act began to operate, gave the numbers at about 20,000, being only an in-

crease of about 300 since 1805, though the importations had been very great. The act took effect from the first of January 1808, and in 1810 the returns were 20,729;—in 1811 they had increased to 21,288. The inference from thence is intended to be, that the importations of 1806 and 1807 having only increased the population about 300, there must have been much smuggling between 1807 and 1811, to increase it nearly 1300: And admitting the census to have been taken with equal accuracy in all these years, the conclusion is irresistible: But the whole rests upon this assumption;—and it is unfortunate, that an authority so extremely unsafe as Sir William Yong, is relied upon for the most material item in the whole account, the numbers in 1805.* In 1812, and 1813, the provisions of the Order in Council establishing a Registry, were enforced in the island; and the result has been, that the numbers registered upon oath in December 1813, were 25,717 slaves. To show that this difference could not have arisen from natural increase, the Report states, that the annual excess of deaths above births, previous to 1805, had been proved by Government returns to be no less than 14 per cent., owing to the mortality uniformly attendant upon opening new lands. It is further said, that no considerable number of negroes could have been legally brought from other British settlements, both because the old plantations could not, after the abolition, have spared their hands, and because such transferences must have appeared in the Customhouse-books; whereas those documents were not appealed to in Trinidad by those who attempted to explain away the fact; but they rested upon other grounds, viz. the inaccuracy of the former returns made under a Spanish law.

We cannot allow this statement to pass without a few observations. It is quite impossible, we apprehend, to adopt the inference to any thing like the full extent; for what would it then be? An increase of above 2200 a year in the black population, notwithstanding bad treatment, clearing of new lands, and all the other causes which used to diminish it 2800 a year—in other words, that the smuggling had introduced about 5000 a year. The Report suggests, that 1000 in six years, legally imported from other islands, would be a large allowance; but still, 4800 a year, feloniously smuggled, is quite incredible; and certainly any such increase by breeding, is wholly out of the question. We must needs suppose, therefore, that the former returns were very much below the truth, as indeed there was even

* See our review of his West Indian Commonplace-Book, in our Number for November 1807, for proofs of his constant mistakes.

reason to expect they would prove, when checked by so complete a piece of statistical mechanism as the Registry, by far the most rigorously exact instrument of enumeration ever yet used. It is said indeed, that the inference partly rests upon a comparison of the old returns under the Spanish law with each other. But much reliance cannot surely be placed upon the result of three trials of so inaccurate an instrument as the Registry clearly shows the old census-law to have been: And besides, even that result proves, we conceive, a great deal too much; for if the mortality of 14 per cent. continued, we should be compelled to conclude, that above 3000 yearly were smuggled after the Abolition acts passed. It is indeed very possible, that the mortality may have decreased, as the difficulties of the times, and the low prices of produce, during the period in question, may have checked, or wholly suspended the clearing of new lands, the great source of waste. But this would also make it conceivable that the numbers had been kept up by breeding, and increased by the importation of a few hundreds yearly from the old colonies; so that, upon the whole, without better *data* to go upon than we seem to possess, we are inclined to repose little confidence in the argument, at first sight so specious, drawn from the Trinidad census. That there have been clandestine importations into the island, and that this has been taking place since it became a felony, no one can doubt. To question it, would prove extreme ignorance of West Indian morals, and of the state to which the administration of the law is of necessity reduced, where nine persons in ten of the inhabitants are incompetent witnesses, and are moreover the property of the remaining tenth. The law then is infringed:—but neither the existence nor the measure of the infringement, can be taken with safety from the returns which have been the subject of these observations.

But it is justly remarked, that the actual extent of the illicit trade is of little moment in the question of treatment, if its existence in any degree is shown; for as long as the planters, or any considerable number of them, believe that slaves are by possibility to be procured, a change in the prevailing system of management cannot be expected. While any considerable number of planters continue to work their stock into sugar and coffee, no planter can, without incurring the risk of total ruin, adopt a more humane, and, in the end, a more profitable mode of treatment; because, in the mean while, he sinks under the unequal competition. To leave all such topics, however, and to come at once upon grounds where no shadow of a doubt can cross our path—where all is

clear and smooth, and no obstacle can possibly be raised to make us falter—what have the colonial assemblies done since the abolition?—those famous bodies whose plenitude of wisdom as of knowledge upon all local matters, it was held almost sacrilege to question?—whose perfect rectitude of intention, vast capacities of government, and indefeasible right of internal legislation, were the standing themes of their own admiration, and the grounds of rejecting every interference of the Imperial Parliament? It might have been expected that the time which has elapsed since the Abolition became inevitable, would have displayed some of the high wisdom and exalted virtue wherewithal those modern Senates are so especially gifted. But, at least, since the general Abolition Act was passed, above eight years have gone by—a considerable space of time for those mighty gifts to have operated in. What have they been doing, then, all the while, to vindicate their lofty pretensions? At least we must suppose they have conformed themselves to the new system laid down for the whole colonial dominions of the Crown; at least they have met that important change by correspondent regulations of internal police—regulations which, we had been told for half a century, they only could possibly make, because they alone were intimately versed in the complicated details of the subject. Of course, when the Parliament of the mother country said, 'You shall no longer import new negroes,' the Colonial parliaments, so thoroughly acquainted with the details, took steps to secure the good treatment of the slaves already under their immediate superintendance;—if not from motives of honour, and justice and humanity, yet from views of West Indian policy;—if not from a childish regard for their sable fellow-creatures, yet from a dignified and consistent tenderness towards their own white selves;—if not through any newfangled horror of murder and torture, yet haply through the more colonial and statesmanlike apprehension of mercantile loss. Some measures, indeed, were so very obvious, that even an ignorant stranger, not enjoying the high privileges of local residence, could hardly fail to perceive their necessity—insomuch, that they had been again and again pointed out in the Imperial Parliament—had even been suggested by that eminently remote and ignorant Body in its addresses to the Crown, and had been, perhaps officiously, submitted by the Crown to those local depositaries of wisdom and knowledge. It required no advantages of West Indian birth or education to see, that attaching the negro to the soil was a safe and obvious measure to adopt; that the law permitting him to be sold for his master's debt should no longer be suffered to exist; that the obstacles opposed to his

acquiring by degrees his liberty should be removed. Now, it does so happen, that it hath pleased the unfathomable wisdom, perfect local knowledge, and real, solid justice, of the whole thirteen Colonial legislatures, to do exactly *nothing at all* since the Abolition was passed into a law; unless it be, that one or two of those bodies, as if to show that such exquisite pieces of mechanism, like the wonders of Nature, though all perfect, are all dissimilar, have made some regulations, of a description the very reverse of what the Abolition system imperiously requires.

'What benefit have the slaves in any one island yet derived from the Abolition Acts, and from the favourable disposition in the Government and Parliament of Great Britain? In their legal condition, certainly none at all. They are still the absolute property of their master; still fed, and clothed, and worked, and punished, at his discretion; a few ostensible regulations excepted, which were demonstrably futile, and have confessedly proved to be useless. Still this extreme bondage is hereditary, and perpetual; and still the slaves are daily subjected by law to hardships and miseries, against which even the champions of the colonial system have exclaimed, as cruel and needless aggravations of their lot. They are still liable to be sold at the suit of the master's creditors, as well as by the voluntary act of the master himself; to be stripped from the domain, and exiled for ever from their homes, their families and friends, without the imputation of a fault.

'The inexorable maintenance of this last acknowledged grievance, is the more worthy of observation, because Parliament was accused of being its author, and was called on by the colonial party to reform it. The change of that part of the colonial code was accordingly prepared for by the repeal of part of the statute 5th Geo. II. cap. 7., which was untruly represented as having given birth to this cruel branch of the law of slavery; but which certainly stood in the way of its reformation. At the instance of the late Mr Bryan Edwards, the act 37. Geo. III. cap. 119, was passed for that purpose; and it was expected that the colonial assemblies, following up the same principle, would repeal their own acts, which made slaves liable to be severed by sale from the plantation to which they belong.

'That reformation was afterwards specifically and earnestly recommended by Government, in consequence of a parliamentary address; but not one colonial legislature, out of thirteen which exist under his Majesty's dominion in the West Indies, has yet thought proper to comply! The slaves are every where still subject, in this instance, to a most needless, unjust, and unmerciful aggravation of their lot, peculiar to the bondage of the British colonies, though eighteen years ago it was reprobated by all parties in Parliament, and renounced by the British Legislature. Not a voice has ever been raised in its defence; not an apology has ever been offered of

adhering to it: yet still, in contempt of the recommendations of Parliament, the odious oppression is maintained.

'The same is the opproprious truth as to every other legal reformation that is necessary to promote the native increase of the slaves, and meliorate their condition. Nothing, in short, has even been ostensibly attempted, but that which the assemblies have admitted to be impracticable, and which every reflecting mind must perceive to be so—the protection of slaves against domestic oppression in the exercise of the master's power. For this idle purpose, indeed, mock laws have been made, have been laughed at, and forgot; and men who dare not complain, who are incompetent to prosecute, and whose evidence cannot be received in any court, against any free person, are referred to the law for redress, when, in the bosom of the master's domain, they are not sufficiently fed, are worked to excess, or receive more than a limited number of lashes *at any one time!!!*

'Even against the more cruel wrongs of strangers, the assemblies admitted that these poor beings are not practically protected by law; because their evidence, and the evidence of all their companions, is rejected. Yet in no island has this legal impediment yet been removed.

'Insular laws, whose policy plainly depends on the permanence of the Slave Trade, also remain unrepealed. Many of them, for instance, discourage the breeding system, instead of favouring it; and that in no small degree. In most colonies, the revenues raised for public or parochial purposes, are chiefly raised by a poll-tax upon slaves, which attaches on them from the birth to the grave, without any allowance for infancy, or for other disability to labour for the master, either through infirmity or age. The planter, therefore, who has the largest proportion of native slaves, bears, in comparison with his ability, the heaviest share of the public burdens. If a mother should be released from field labour on account of her pregnancy, or her duties as a nurse, the master is nevertheless rated for her and for her infants too. If feeble life is kindly cherished after the hope of productive labour has ceased, the poll-tax still continues, and operates in effect as a discouragement to humanity and justice.

'In another instance, loudly demanding the attention of Parliament, the assemblies have not only continued, but in some colonies have very recently originated, laws calculated to perpetuate slavery, by obstructing manumissions.' p. 36—40.

We cannot refrain from adding the following eloquent and impressive passage upon the same subject. After showing that, in ancient times, the progress of enlightened policy was marked by increasing facilities to the manumission of slaves, the Report proceeds—

'In England, if it be asked what cause most powerfully contri-

buted to the dissolution of the degrading bondage of our ancestors, the answer must clearly be, the extreme favour shown to individual enfranchisements by the judges and the laws. That baneful growth of foreign conquest or early barbarism, *villeinage*, had nearly overspread the whole field now covered with the most glorious harvest of liberty and social happiness that ever earth produced, and where not one specimen of the noxious weed remains: yet it was not ploughed up by revolution, or mown down by the scythe of a legislative abolition; but was plucked up, stalk by stalk, by the progressive hand of private and voluntary enfranchisement. Slavery ceased in England, only because the last slave at length obtained his manumission, or died without a child.' p. 40, 41.

It then shows, that even in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, but especially in the former, the liberation of slaves is a favourite of the law, and does in fact take place to so great an extent, that there are in Cuba 114,000 free people of colour, and only 212,000 slaves; and goes on to demand—

'In what country accursed with slavery, then, is this sinking fund of mercy, this favour of the laws to human redemption, taken away?

'Where, by an opprobrious reversal of legislative maxims, ancient and modern, do the lawgivers rivet, instead of relaxing, the fetters of private bondage, stand between the slave and the liberality of his master by prohibiting enfranchisements, and labour as much as in them lies to make that dreadful, odious state of man, which they have formed, eternal?

'Shame and horror must not deter us from revealing the truth: *It is in the dominions of Great Britain.* This foul and cruel abuse of legislative power has been reserved for Assemblies boastful of an English Constitution, and convened by the British Crown.

'Can the case be further aggravated? Yes: In the obstinate rejection of better principles; in a perverse opposition to the voice of a liberal age; and in the contumacy of these petty lawgivers towards the mother country which protects, and the Parliament that has power to controul them. The insular laws alluded to, which in many or most of our colonies restrain, and virtually prohibit, manumissions, have all originated within a very few years. They have, in their odious principle, even been innovations on the former slave codes, which freely permitted, though they did not hold out positive inducements to enfranchisement by the act of the master; and some of these cruel innovations have been made, since the time that humane reformation of the colonial slave laws was the unanimous wish of Parliament, declared in votes and addresses to the Crown, and officially made known to the Assemblies.

'Further aggravation still may seem scarcely possible; yet such is to be found in the hypocrisy of some of those iniquitous laws. With the fraudulent design of concealing from European eyes their true principle, they avoid the positive prohibition of enfranchisement,

but lay a tax upon it, heavy enough to ensure, generally speaking, the same effect; and pretend that the object is to prevent free-coloured persons becoming chargeable to their parishes, or the public. The pretence is not only false, but inconsistent with notorious truth. In the few islands in which a poor rate is ever known, the objects for relief are exclusively white persons; and the authors of these laws might be challenged to show a single instance of a free-coloured person being relieved as a parish pauper in any part of the West Indies. In fact, persons of that class have so many resources, from their capacity of sustaining labour without inconvenience from the heat of the climate, and from their mutual sympathies, connexions, and attachments, that absolute indigence is rarely, if ever, known among them.

'Others of these acts have spoken of dangers, from the enfranchised persons becoming indigent or idle, in a more general way, as if they went on a principle of police. But in neither of these cases is the tax so applied as to prevent the mischiefs pretended to be feared. It is to go into the insular treasury for general public purposes. The freed person may be in want, or be idle and dissolute, just as naturally, and with as little remedy, as if no duty had been laid on his enfranchisement. The only difference is, that by all the amount of the duty, his own ability, or that of his patron, to protect him from future want, is reduced. If he could himself pay or raise the sum imposed, there can be no doubt he would do so to obtain his freedom; and the law would then guard him from indigence, by taking from him all that he possessed, or obliging him to borrow on the credit of his future labour!

'This cruel mockery must enhance the pain of the oppression.' p. 42—45.

These impediments to manumission vary in the different colonies. In some they are enormous. In one, the tax is 500*l.* on each slave set free; in others, it is as high as 300*l.*; and in none less than 100*l.* currency. No exemptions are allowed; and a man who has children by a female slave, if he cannot afford the tax, must be content to be the father of slaves. If the mother is his own property, this hardship is somewhat lighter; but if she belongs to another, he cannot redeem his future children from servitude, but by both purchasing their mother, and paying the tax for her emancipation; and, should she die before her manumission, the tax must be paid for each of the children already born. Free people of colour are very frequently husbands and fathers of slaves; and they used to labour assiduously for the possession of a sum equal to their ransom. That which was formerly hard-earned, now becomes unattainable. The tax imposed by the '*policy of the law*' in those enlightened latitudes, for ever closes the door to perhaps the most natu-

ral and pure gratification which the human heart can receive. Emancipation had often been recommended as a method at once just and prudent, of encouraging slaves to be careful in rearing their offspring; and some intelligent masters had begun to practise it, by enfranchising mothers who had reared so many children to maturity. The necessity of cherishing all such means as might promote native population after the African market was shut, seemed sufficiently apparent to the dull intellects of Europeans; but the more lively apprehension of the colonists took an opposite direction, and cut off this with the other encouragements to the breeding system, at the moment that an end was put to that of buying. The inestimable benefits which had flowed from religious instruction in some of the islands, were of a nature, one should have thought, adapted to the understanding of the tropical parliaments. The reader will immediately comprehend, that we are making no allusion to the salutary influence of Christianity upon the happiness of its followers; nor yet to its effects upon their moral character. We refer to matters of a much more practical and West Indian description—to the admitted fact for example—that in some places the pecuniary value of converted negroes is greatly increased—and to the equally plain and unavoidable inference, that the discouragement of polygamy among the slaves, always found to be vain while they are unconverted, must have a direct tendency to augment their numbers by natural increase. These views, having nothing religious or sentimental in them—nothing which in any way can be denounced as romantic, but being in truth wholly of a pecuniary or numerical cast, might, we should think, have found their way into the sober and calculating councils of our sugar-planting brethren, and might have had some weight with the men 'whose interests all lye in favour of the breeding system.' No such thing. They not only have taken no steps to encourage religious instruction, but have again and again interposed to prevent the black population from receiving it in the only form in which it ever can reach them, as things are at present constituted, namely, by missionary preachers. The Moravians alone have converted any considerable number of slaves; and the admirable effects of their teaching are abundantly testified in the improved condition of the Antigua gangs. The zeal of pious men was beginning to carry the same blessings into other settlements, not sectaries merely, but Church-of-England missions. The wisdom of Colonial legislation took the alarm; the 'Honourable Houses' were in a ferment of 'true policy' and 'accurate local knowledge;' acts were regularly, and in all the forms, passed, to stop, by main force, all such

attempts at illuminating the hundreds of thousands of their pagan subjects: And though the Royal assent has been, of course, refused as often as these choice specimens of Western intellect have been sent over to England, yet they are of sufficient efficacy, during the interval, to accomplish their object—and, as often as one is annulled, another is passed. In which of the colonies have such things been enacted? Where are the assemblies to be found, who, overlooking, in their horror of religious instruction, the direct improvement their favourite property would derive from it, instead of 'blessing the useful light,' sacrifice its benefits to their love of darkness, and abandon their darling wealth itself, rather than allow the solecism, that Unchristian masters should have Christian slaves? Is it in some little settlement recently conquered, or scarcely yet reclaimed from barbarism, where perverse habits, alien to our national character, or half-civilized views, unsuited to the present state of society, might be expected to prevail? Is it on some rock gotten by barter from the Dutch, or some half-cleared forest, out of which a handful of desperate adventurers may have cheated or murdered the native Charaibs?—We are compelled to confess—it is IN JAMAICA.

From the facts to which we have now been adverting, as the groundwork of our remarks, the Report deduces the inference, that none of the colonies regard the abolition as effected by the laws now in force; and it even goes so far as to assert, that the whole of the settlements are confident of having the means of supplying themselves still with slaves, in the proportion of their actual demand for them,—a confidence which we understand the Committee to represent as, in their opinion also, well founded (p. 51.) That twenty thousand negroes, however, should yearly be smuggled, seems not easily to be believed;—and this is indeed by no means the purpose to which we would principally apply the foregoing statements of fact. We hold them as of inestimable importance indeed, and especially in their relation to the question of a Registry: But it is for the strong light which they cast upon the character of colonial legislation, that we chiefly prize them. In this light, we must take the liberty of closing them, by recalling to the recollection of the reader certain instances of a similar nature, and leading to the same conclusions, though drawn from a period somewhat earlier, and therefore not falling within the scope of the argument maintained in the Report. In one of the colonies an act was passed '*For the Security of the Subject.*' This was, however, only half its title;—the security intended was, 'by preventing the forfeiture of life and estate upon killing a negro or other slave.' But although slave murder is no longer capital by that law, it

must not be supposed that it goes unpunished. On the contrary, it is chastised by a fine of no less than ten pounds currency,—we believe about seven pounds Sterling! It may well be imagined, that this *salutary* change in the criminal law could not have happened in any of the principal settlements, and, above all, not in one anciently peopled, abounding in white inhabitants, and valuing itself especially upon possessing the true old English character. Accordingly it was in Bermuda that the law was passed: But then it does so happen, that this monstrous act was only a copy of another passed in Barbadoes, the oldest of our settlements,—the one where the proportion of whites to blacks is by far the greatest,—where the proprietors reside the most generally,—where all classes of whites pride themselves on their genuine Anglicism, to the length of calling their island 'Little England,'—and of preferring it ostentatiously to the larger country. The law of Barbadoes, copied by the Bermuda legislature, enacts, that 'if any master kills or maims his slave in punishing him, or ordering him to be punished, which (it observes) seldom happens, no fine shall be imposed':—'But (it proceeds) 'if any man, of wantonness, or only of bloody-mindedness, or cruel intention, wilfully kill a negro, or other slave,' he shall pay 15*l.* currency,—that is, 11*l.* 4s. Sterling! But such enormities of lawgiving must have belonged to the earliest period of colonial history, and long since ceased to pollute any civilized code? This act was in full force but a little while ago, and a proposition to repeal it in 1802, called down upon the governor of the day, the utmost indignation of the 'Little England' houses of assembly. The idea was treated as pregnant with danger to personal security, to the most sacred rights of property, the existing order of things, and that best of possible states of the law, its present state, in behalf of which we may imagine nearly the same topics to have been urged, which have so often overpowered the voice of humanity and justice among the lawgivers of the older and wider communities.

The argument, then, which must strike every one as irresistible, is this:—Look at the proceedings of the colonial governments; examine their history with reference to the half million of unhappy beings committed to their care; trace their whole conduct towards these, both before the means of recruiting their numbers were cut off, and since that change was effected;—and if you find every reason to distrust their professions, to reprobate their perverse, infatuated system of mismanagement, and to believe that they are now just as neglectful of their duties, or as obstinate in breaking them as ever they were—then cease to trust them—withdraw from them a confidence perpetu-

ally abused—and, whether their acts and their omissions have been owing to a belief on their parts that your Abolition laws are nugatory, or have been persisted in through some strange delusion, in spite of the efficacy of those laws—still give credit no longer to those who have betrayed their own trust, and deceived your expectations. This is the ground upon which we should feel disposed to rest the question, disentangling it as much as possible from the inquiry, whether or not the West Indians act upon a calculation of the slave trade continuing—and, if they do, whether or not their hopes are well-founded. It must at the same time be conceded to the Committee, that their inference from the proceedings of the planters is, to a certain extent, quite legitimate.

'Every unrepealed law adverse to the breeding system, every unrestrained oppression that impairs the health, shortens the lives, or diminishes the prolific powers of the negroes, points to the same conclusion. They collectively afford evidence of the strongest kind, that the assemblies do not regard the Abolition as effectual, but still look to Africa for the supply of their wasting population.' p. 52.

The Report next proceeds to inquire, whether any means remain untried, within the power of the British Parliament, for effectually preventing the clandestine importation of negroes, and for securing the protection of such as have been so imported. It is manifest, and the friends of the Abolition have all along admitted, that the abolition of the slave trade by this country, while other nations continued to carry it on, nations too possessing colonies in the immediate neighbourhood of our own, could not effectually prevent the clandestine introduction of negroes from the former into the latter, unless some security could be obtained for a faithful execution, in the islands, of the laws passed at home. Thus, it never was doubted, that those laws would be much less efficacious in the West Indies, than on the coast of Africa, and at sea. Our cruizers might safely be trusted; but our revenue officers in the colonies, living among planters, feebly supported by some, and openly opposed by others of the constituted authorities, could not so implicitly be depended upon. The law and practice of the courts, furnished, if possible, more serious obstacles to the conviction of delinquents, even if detected and brought to trial,—while one most urgent matter was of necessity left wholly unprovided for, the liberation of persons unjustly detained in slavery, having been illegally imported. The following admirable statement places this important point in the strongest light.

'Perhaps a reader unacquainted with colonial laws and customs,

will be ready to exclaim, " What new provision of that sort can be wanted? Have we not courts of law, " it may be asked, " in these colonies? How then can a man be held there in an illegal slavery for life, without his own consent? "

' A man the most conversant with the laws of slavery now existing, or that ever did exist upon earth, except that of negroes in the Western world, might be posed with the same apparent difficulty. He would conclude, that the oppressed African had only to invoke the civil magistrate, in order to obtain immediate redress, and severely to punish the oppressor. Such a man would know the anxious care with which the awful question of slave or free has been provided for, in point of evidence and trial, by every slave code, ancient or modern, of which the historian or the lawyer is informed. The presumption of law was everywhere in favour of freedom; the *onus probandi* was everywhere cast upon the master; the forms of judicial investigation and rules of judgment, were calculated to favour the claim of liberty so greatly, that it was next to impossible such a claim, when well founded, should fail of success. It may be supposed then, that the West-Indian master would be called on to show his title; and that when it appeared to be derived under a contraband importation, the negro would at once be enlarged, and compensated in damages for his extorted labour, his false imprisonment, and the other wrongs he had received.

' Unluckily, however, these remedies, and the right of even alleging the wrong in a civil action, are barred in the British West Indies by one short objection which the complainant cannot remove: " *The man is a slave.* "

' The ancient lawgivers had weak nerves in framing their slave-codes when compared to our British assemblies. Instead of giving the slave a right of invoking the civil magistrate against all men but his master, and in some cases against the master himself, the assemblies have disabled their slaves from applying to the law for relief in any case, against any free person whatever. They cannot be heard as complainants, prosecutors, or witnesses; except against persons of their own unhappy condition.

' " But here, " it may be replied, " you are on a question of slave or free. The complainant denies that he is in law a slave; and therefore it would be absurd as well as unjust, to turn him away on the ground of his slavery: ' Non valet exceptio ejusdem cujus petitur dissolutio, ' is a maxim not of any particular code, but of universal law; because a plain rule of eternal reason and justice. "

' Very true; but the colonial courts have still one short rejoinder: " *His skin is black.* "

' The assemblies here again have improved wonderfully upon the slave codes of all other countries and times. They have absolved the master from the troublesome duty of proving his title. They have reversed the universal presumption of other laws; placing it, not in favour of freedom, but against it. They have cast the bur-

then of proof on the weaker and helpless party. The English lord, when trying the question of villeinage with his alleged villein or slave, was obliged even to bring into court the near relations of his opponent to prove the hereditary condition. The West-India master need produce only the alleged slave himself. His condition is recorded on his face.' p. 56—58.

The Report then observes, that, before the Abolition, there was some kind of excuse for the adoption of such a principle, at least with certain limitations. The title to the slave must have depended, in most disputed cases, upon facts, and even laws and customs on the other side of the Atlantic. It might have been necessary, therefore, to allow a proof, that any negro in question was parcel of a cargo imported into the settlement, to operate as a presumption of his slavery, and cast upon him the burthen of proving that he had been wrongfully brought there. But, since the Abolition, the case is completely changed; or rather it is quite reversed; for now importation becomes a clear title to freedom, provided it took place since 1807. It was required, therefore, not merely by a regard to justice, but in strict consistency, that the presumption of law should now be changed. Proof of importation prior to 1808 might still be allowed to raise against the negro the presumption of slavery, and throw upon him the burthen of rebutting it. But every title accruing after that period must have arisen in the West Indies, and could be substantiated like the title to any other kind of property. The burthen of proof, then, ought, since the Abolition, to have been so distributed,—the master being required either to show that the negro was imported before 1808, or to deduce his title to him completely. It is needless to add, that the rule of Colonial law stands exactly as it did before; and the Report furnishes us with a few specimens of its operation, and of the branches which so fertile a root throws out.

'To such a cruel extreme does the principle prevail in Jamaica and most other colonies, that a negro is presumed to be, and is dealt with as, a slave, even when nobody lays claim to him as master. Such persons are actually taken up, seized and sold upon that presumption only, and upon the no less inequitable inference drawn from it, that they are fugitives, and of a character dangerous to the police. By positive law a negro, who has no master, may be apprehended by any white person and carried to the nearest gaol. The gaoler, or deputy provost-marshal, is then required to advertise him, with his bodily description: and if he be not claimed by some master who can prove his property within a limited time, the prisoner is to be publicly sold as a slave, and the price lodged in the colonial treasury, to be paid over to the master if he afterwards appears; otherwise to be applied to the public service.

'No exception is made in those acts, in favour of negroes claiming to be free; nor any means whatever provided to enable them to prove their liberty. If a man were to be sold with his deed of manumission in his hand, it would be perfectly consistent with the law; and the purchaser would nevertheless have a good title to hold him in slavery for life.

'Nor are these acts a dead letter. On the contrary, they are in very frequent use; as every man who reads the West-India newspapers must know. In the Jamaica Gazettes especially, it is quite common to see notices from the deputy provost-marshall's office in respect of negroes thus dealt with, who are advertised to be sold, unless claimed by somebody that can prove his property as master.

'In the greater part of those ordinary cases, or nearly the whole of them, it may fairly be inferred that the unfortunate prisoner alleged himself to be a free man; because if he had confessed himself a slave he would presumably also have told to whom he belonged, or given such further account of himself as would have led to the discovery of the master. Men claiming their freedom, therefore, and found in the actual possession of it, and contradicted by nobody, are sold into slavery by the police, merely because they are black. The only additional requisite is a non-claim which tends to make it highly probable that they are lawfully free.' p. 65, 66.

Now, the most obvious remedy for these evils, is to put down at once the maxim which we have been considering. This would give many chances of protection to the negro, and would lead gradually to still further improvements in his condition. Still he would have many difficulties to contend against; the courts would unavoidably, in almost every instance, lean towards the master; and negro evidence is still, by a maxim almost as universal as the one in question, inadmissible against a white man. Even if this also should be amended, and such testimony be made generally competent; for a long time, at least, its credit would be extremely slight, and perhaps not undeservedly disregarded in questions between the two colours. Some method is therefore highly desirable, which may as little as possible depend upon a resort to colonial tribunals; and the regulations of which may, in a great degree execute themselves. The method suggested as answering this description, and as having already been tried in the conquered colonies, is that of a General Registry of slaves, of which, as established by an order of Council in those settlements, the Report next proceeds to give the outline.

Into the details of this measure we do not purpose to enter upon the present occasion; it will be sufficient if we merely state in what it consists, and how its object is to be accomplished. The object is to obtain a public record of the names and de-

scriptions of all persons lawfully held in slavery, comprising, under this head, every particular essential to the recognizing and identifying the individuals, so that the document may at all times be appealed to, as decisive of disputes touching the condition of any one claiming to be free, and detained in bondage by persons claiming property in him. Beside the first, or original registration, all changes, by death, birth, emancipation, transference, and other accidents, are to be recorded periodically. To enforce these registrations, it is only necessary to make the title to every slave depend upon his description being found in the records—and this, whether the title comes in question in disputes between master and slave, or between different masters. By the establishment of this inflexible rule, that the only evidence of slavery and of title, is the record, or a certified extract from it by the proper officer, each proprietor is compelled to return his original schedule, and to note in subsequent years all the alterations which take place, by annual schedules. Proper provisions are made for correcting errors, and supplying accidental omissions; and care is taken to protect the interests of slave-owners under temporary disabilities, as well as persons entitled by way of reversion or in remainder, and persons having the property without the possession. Upon these, and other branches of the detail, many observations might be made; but we are here only stating the general principle of the plan, and shall confine our attention to that. A variety of regulations are added, to prevent fraud and fabrication, and loss of the records; and it is suggested in the Report, that the duplicates, which, in the practice established by Order of Council, are transmitted to the Colony Department, should be kept in an office devoted to the exclusive purpose of keeping them, and allowing access to them. An addition, connected with this arrangement, has been also proposed, viz. that no money should be suffered to be advanced on mortgage in the mother country, excepting on the security of registered plantations; but it is quite superfluous—as no lender would be improvident enough to advance his money, without ample proof that the provisions of the plan had been complied with; and he could not be satisfied of this, without an examination on the spot, in order to compare the record with the stock on the premises.

Now, from the enactment of a law framed upon these principles, many most important consequences will unquestionably follow. In the *first* place, it has the inestimable advantage of executing itself. There might indeed be some chance of the penalties being evaded, or rather disregarded, if West Indian property were, like entailed estates in this country, remain-

ing always in the same hands, unmortgaged, and descending from father to son, without ever either coming into the land market or the money market. But this is the very reverse of being the case. A plantation much more resembles a negotiable, or at least a personal property, than a real; it is perpetually in the market; and requires supplies of money that can only be had by pledging it to the creditor. If the neglect to register a slave by the mortgagor in possession, transfers the absolute property of that slave to the mortgagee, without any allowance for his value in the account, as is the rule in Trinidad, and, still more, if such omission were made a forfeiture of the equity of redemption in the whole mortgaged premises, as is proposed in the Report, it is manifest, that how little chance soever the slave might have of obtaining his freedom by proving the omission, a party sure to be heard is interested in detecting it, and will take effectual care that the penalty is enforced. But as it is a part of the plan, that negroes should have the power of impleading their alleged masters, and that, in trying the issue of slave or free, the evidence of witnesses in a state of servitude should be competent, the detention of a free person in slavery will become impossible without the most shameless misconduct in the courts, inasmuch as they must give judgment contrary to the plain tenor of the entry in the register; and even such gross malversation could only benefit the owner until he had occasion to transfer or pledge his property, when it must be at once detected. We may further observe, that the act of detaining an unregistered negro will furnish at all times a presumption of a felony having been committed, so strong, that men who might not scruple to benefit by it in the dark, would probably be scared from it, by being thus held up to the public suspicion of having been concerned in such a transaction.

Secondly, it is manifest that this system, when enforced, will most effectually cut off the importation of slaves, whatever it may be, which is still practised in many, if not all, of our colonies. This abolition will be yet more complete than that which the laws now in force have already effected at the other end of the voyage; for it will render the article illegally imported of no value, or rather will make its possession dangerous in the extreme. Not only will the means of tracing the perpetrators of the felony be greatly increased, but the possession of unregistered slaves (and all negroes clandestinely imported must be unregistered) will shake the security of a planter's whole title, as often as he has occasion to sell or mortgage. Who, indeed, would either purchase or lend upon an estate, the description of which varied from the record in the most essential and valuable parti-

cular of the property? Even the general non-residence of proprietors, so detrimental in other respects, and which has hitherto been the fruitful source of maltreatment to their negroes, will now be converted into an instrument of good; for it can hardly be expected that managers, having little or no interest in the crime, will run the risk of the severe penalties attached to falsification of the annual returns;—a consideration, the force of which seems not to have struck the Committee in their remarks upon the ease with which the existing laws, especially the Felony Act, are stated by them to be evaded.

But we confess that there is a *third* circumstance, which, more than any other, recommends the proposed measure to our regard—its direct and infallible tendency to improve the condition of the negroes, and this not only by effectually cutting off the hopes of buying, and thus compelling the planters to take care of their stock, but by calling for periodical statements of the progress which the negro population on each estate has made since the last return. All deaths, and all important casualties, must now be faithfully registered every year;—so must almost all elopements and recaptures. The owner, or his manager, that is, whoever has the actual care of the negroes, and incurs the responsibility for their treatment, must render an account annually of the manner in which he has executed his great and serious trust. He will now begin to feel that he has some hundreds, perhaps, of human beings committed to his care, and that he is answerable for the greater part of the ills which may befall them. Unless he can account for their decrease by deaths, or for their maimed and unthriving condition, to his mismanagement must the change be ascribed. At first, perhaps, this may only prevent great atrocities—may only shame such wretches, if such there be, as a Hodge, who murdered his slaves in cold blood by scores—but it will soon spread farther; and no one will be very anxious to have it recorded in his neighbourhood, and the fact also certified in England, that, during the last year, so many of his slaves died of blows or wounds; so many of overwork; and that there remain such and such a number, whose descriptions must be altered, in consequence of scars or mutilations. It would be a most important addition, in this point of view, to require the medical attendant of each plantation to attest all the facts within his knowledge in each schedule; so that, if a violent death is accounted for, by falsely ascribing it to disease, the surgeon may detect the fraud. If any one would form an estimate of the probable benefits to be derived in this way from the Registry, let him only reflect whether Hodge could have gone on above a year or two in his career of blood, if he or his

overseer had been under the necessity of recording each death that happened in his gang, with all its circumstances. It is a happy provision of Nature (we mean, of course, the power which created and governs all things), that those who can do murder, cannot so easily make plausible stories; and that, though one act of darkness may be thus concealed, suspicion is sure to be awakened by the next tale that is told. If Hodge's first return had imputed the extraordinary mortality to various diseases and accidents, even should no inquiry have been in the mean time excited into the particulars, men's suspicions would unavoidably have been awakened when they saw the next year renew the same tale; and it is difficult to imagine, that he could have ventured upon a continuance of his atrocious system during a third year, if he escaped detection and punishment for the past. Besides, all is not black malignant design in the more ordinary cases of bad management. Men's natures are not so completely reversed, changed though they be, by the slave system, as to thirst for the misery of their negroes, and the eventual deterioration of their valuable property. Much is doubtless owing to carelessness and inattention; more still is imputable to the ignorance of the owner, and the bad conduct of his resident managers. The new system will impose new checks upon inadvertency, and afford accurate information to the absentees. It will excite the care, and even stimulate the vanity, of resident proprietors and managers, thus correcting abuses which are not the less extensive for being founded in a comparatively trivial neglect of duty.

To attain all these important ends; to abolish the illicit slave traffic; to encourage the increase of the Negro population by natural means; to mitigate the severity of treatment which at present degrades that unhappy class of our fellow-subjects; and to prepare the way, by slow degrees, and with perfect security both to the rights of the master and the peace of the community, for their at length attaining the happy condition of a free peasantry,—the instrument seems plainly within reach of the Legislature; they have only to extend over our other colonies the Registry Law, already in force by Order of Council in Trinidad, St Lucia, and the Isle of France.

It remains only, that we shortly advert to the objections which may be urged against this important measure. They are candidly stated in the concluding section of the Report; and met, and we think, refuted, very triumphantly.

Most of these objections were pressed repeatedly and vehemently by the inhabitants of Trinidad, when the government were occupied with the establishment of the measure there by Royal authority. It was contended that the plan would greatly

irritate the feelings of the people, who were universally and strongly averse to it. No one could doubt the fact; but by *people*, of course, was meant the very small proportion of about four per cent. of the population, that is, the Whites;—and, as the Report justly observes, if, while this minute proportion were loud against the change, all the rest of the inhabitants, who must have been for it, were silent—'*dum tacent clamant:* Their 'incapacity to speak for themselves is equivalent to a host of 'petitions; and the popular voice is on their side.'

The expense was next magnified; and the moderate fees imposed by the Order in Council to defray it, were complained of as enormous: This, however, if it had been well founded, was not an objection to the principle, and could easily have been remedied. The load of trouble thrown upon planters and their agents, was also exaggerated, and bitterly deprecated. But it is a trifle indeed, compared with what every housekeeper in England has to bear, in making his yearly returns under the Tax acts. It is also of a nature well known in many of the colonies, where returns are required for the purposes of revenue: And it affords many advantages of securities to the title, and of convenience, and security also, to purchasers and creditors. The severity of the penalties was still more violently exclaimed against. 'What! Forfeit a master's right over his slave, because he has omitted to register him?' It is a sufficient answer, to remind the objectors that the same principle runs through our whole law. A ship forfeits her privileges as a British built vessel, if her owner does not comply with the regulations (and they are not very simple ones) of the Ship Registry acts. The grantee of an annuity loses it entirely, if he has failed to register the memorial of it. All contracts are void where writing has been omitted, when the statute of Frauds requires it. This objection seems wholly misplaced; for if the object of the plan is a proper one, and desireable on its own merits, there appears to be no other way of attaining it, than by making its adoption compulsory, in the same manner as all similar measures have been carried into effect. Besides, as the Report observes, the object of the Registry is to protect the rights of free men detained as slaves; and though, in effecting this, 'it explodes 'that more than barbarous maxim, that unprecedented despot-'ism, born of the African slave trade and colonial legislation, 'which presumes a man's slavery from the colour of his skin; 'yet at the same time, it gives a new and very convenient spe-'cies of evidence to the true master, for the proof not only of 'the servile condition, but of his own property in the slave. If, 'through perverseness or negligence, he will not provide that e-

'vidence, in the simple and easy way prescribed to him by the 'law, it is just, and it is necessary, that he should be debarred 'from exercising the rights of an owner. It is impossible to be 'more tender of those rights, without leaving in extreme jeo-'pardy, the far more valuable rights of free men, who have 'committed no default at all.' (p. 87, 88.)—It was farther objected, that the operation of the Registry would occasion so many enfranchisements, as must endanger the peace and security of the colony. To this, a twofold answer is at hand;—the immoderate increase in the numbers of free negroes, far from being an evil, has been found highly beneficial in all the West Indian settlements; and there is not the smallest risk of slave-owners allowing many to gain their freedom by omitting to register them. We might almost as rationally be apprehensive of our mercantile navy losing the privileges of British navigation; and then, where the risk of omission is greatest, as in default by tenants for life and mortgagors in possession, the neglect does not produce manumission, but only forfeiture. But the planters will combine—they will make common cause, and one and all refuse to register;—they will follow the example of the colonists in North America, and enter into Non-Registration Agreements. This was threatened, and even tried, in Trinidad; and the following history of the experiment is exceedingly edifying, and casts abundant light upon the importance of West Indian menace and swagger.

'In Trinidad an opposition the most general, strenuous, and violent, was made to the execution of the Order in Council, from the moment of its promulgation. The opposition was countenanced even by persons in authority there; and many of the largest proprietors, if not a great majority of their body, pledged themselves by public declarations and mutual agreements, that they would never make the prescribed returns of their slaves for the purpose of registration. Nothing could be more apparently hopeless than a general compliance; yet before the expiration of the time first limited by public notification, a very great majority had sent in their returns to the Registry.

'It was thought necessary, by the local government, to enlarge that time, on account of impediments and causes of delay not foreseen by the framers of the law; and, before the extended period had elapsed, all the defaulters complied. It is not known, at least, that any one owner of slaves ultimately stood out; though a few returns came so late, that it was supposed they could not be registered, consistently with the general regulations of the law, unless under a special power given to the governor, in cases of involuntary default.' p. 90, 91.

Thus far the objections used against the Registry introduced

by Royal authority, and which have in part been answered by the event itself. But the argument which is most likely to be relied upon in opposition to the legislative measure, could not be urged either by the planters of the conquered islands, or of Trinidad, where the power of the Crown to legislate was unquestionable. * The inhabitants of the old colonies, however, are understood to hold a doctrine hostile to the right of the mother country to interfere, as they phrase it, in their internal administration. Admitting, say they, that the adoption of the plan in question is desireable, it belongs not to the British Parliament, but to the colonial legislatures, to establish it; they having, constitutionally, the right of internal regulation. While some decorously state the mere question of right, others add insinuations touching the power of the mother country, and, as a case in point, refer her to the resistance which she met with the last time she interfered with the colonial authorities.

For an ample and detailed refutation of these positions, we must refer to the Report itself; but we think a very few words may suffice to show the fallacy of the only one that deserves a moment's attention, the denial of the mother country's right to legislate internally for the colonies. This right is firmly established upon principle, declared by existing and undisputed statutes, and recognized by precedents, in a long, uninterrupted current of practice. It is established upon principle—for can a more monstrous instance of '*imperium in imperio*' be imagined, than each colony having an independent parliament, invested with powers of exclusive legislation? And can any man's subtlety go so far as to draw the line between the cases in which Parliament is on all hands admitted to have the right, and those in which it is denied? It is declared by statute. The declaratory act, 6 *Geo. III. c.* 12. asserts, that Parliament 'had, 'hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to 'make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind 'the colonies'—'*in all cases whatsoever.*' And when an exception was made, not more from prudence in our opinion, than in strict justice to the colonies, during the American war, by the 18. *Geo. III. c.* 12. it was confined to the single case of taxation, the former act remaining unrepealed, and the whole extent of its declaration subsisting with this single exception. The right is no less clearly recognized by constant, we may almost say daily, practice, ever since England had colonies; and as much

* Not that it was not called into doubt; but measures having been taken to raise the question, the opposition upon this ground was found wholly unfounded in law, and speedily abandoned.

since the American revolution as before it. To take only a few instances.—No law in the colonies is more frequently appealed to than 5 Geo. II. c. 7., which makes lands, tenements, and slaves liable to be taken in execution and assets for payment of simple contract debts, contrary to the common law of England. By the 37th of the King, a particular section of this act was repealed; its force being not only left unimpeached, but plainly acknowledged by implication. The 14 Geo. II. c. 37. prohibits certain stock-jobbing speculations in the West Indies; the 13. Geo. III. c. 14. enables aliens there to lend money upon security of real estates, and regulates the mode of enforcing their rights in the colonial courts as mortgagees; the 14. Geo. III. c. 79. giving validity to West Indian mortgages made in England, at more than legal interest, expressly regulates their *registration within the colonies.* All the revenue acts operate within the colonies; and generally by the establishment of judicatures unknown to the common law. Nay, it is admitted that every thing relating to trade is of the imperial cognizance of Parliament; although not an act can be passed relative to such subjects that does not lay down the most detailed regulations to operate in the settlements. The abolition laws, 46 Geo. III., 47 Geo. III., and 51 Geo. III., have never seriously been alleged to be any excess of power in the mother country; and yet the two first subject the colonist's property, and the last his person, to be tried by local judicatures, for things only prohibited by these statutes;—things not merely allowed, but highly favoured by the colonial laws.

The matter of right, then, standing clear of all doubt, we confess that after the remarks and *the facts* which have been stated in a former part of this discussion, we are disposed to waste very little time upon what remains of the question; and are inclined to make a short way through the matter of expediency. We have seen enough surely of the local authorities, to harbour a thought of leaving in their hands any one measure relative to the interests of the black population, unless there be some ground laid for impeaching either the right of Parliament to interfere, or its capacity to act with effect. In the present case, the right and the capacity appear to stand equally clear. Many powerful and ingenious topics are urged in the Report, to evince the absurdity of leaving this great work to the colonial legislatures; and it is satisfactorily shown, that they are not able to accomplish it if they were willing, unless they could all meet in a Congress by deputies from thirteen settlements, to arrange the general plan. But for our parts, we apprehend the unwillingness—the repugnance—the epidemic horror of such

colonies towards every thing like a forced improvement in the condition of their slaves, or what they will term every 'interference between a man and his property,'—afford by far the most irresistible argument for refusing to trust them with the adoption of such a measure. And we shall close this article, by suggesting to those who may be called upon, in their official and public capacities, to consider the question, the topics of clamour and artifice by which they are likely to be assailed, and we will venture to predict, nearly in the same words in which they will be conveyed.

First, They will be told not 'to stir so delicate a question as 'that which lost us our North American colonies.' If by delicate, is meant nice, as a question of law, we have showed that it is one of the plainest which can be mooted; and that it is *not* the question which lost us America. But if a threat of following the example of America be meant, that is, rebelling;—then the answer is, that what was boldness in the one case would be impudence in the other; and that England must be reduced very low indeed, before she can feel greatly alarmed at a Carribbee Island, like Lord Grizel in Tom Thumb, exclaiming, '*'Sdeath, I'll be a rebel.*'

Next it will be said, 'What! interfere between a man and 'his own property—between the master and his slave?' To which the answer is obvious,—that it is exactly because man is the property of man—because the question is between a master and his own slave—that interference becomes necessary; but that the proposed interposition is moderate, systematic, and far from being minute and oppressive, differing signally from the attempts at interference made by the wisdom of colonial legislation—which were indeed mere pretexts, and in their nature incapable of being enforced, such as restricting the number of lashes to be inflicted at one time. But as long as half a million of our fellow creatures are the property of a thousand or two, it becomes us to use all lawful means which are likely to be effectual in preventing a power so awfully liable to be abused, from working the degradation, the misery and the destruction of such a multitude of unoffending human beings.

Lastly, we shall be desired to leave those matters of internal regulation in the hands of the colonial legislators, whose interests must prompt, as their knowledge will enable them, to deal more successfully with a subject so complicated in its details.—To which many answers at once present themselves. All this was said against the Abolition; and had it been listened to, in all certainty the abolition would never more have been heard of. And in order to teach us how far reliance can be

placed upon the course pointed out by 'colonial interests,' and 'local knowledge,' we have only to read the statute books of the most accomplished, experienced, and enlightened of the islands—of Jamaica, prohibiting the negroes from being taught; —of Barbadoes, punishing with a fine of 11*l.* 14s. their cold-blooded murder.

For these reasons, we can have no hesitation in anxiously exhorting all the friends of the Abolition, and the enemies of injustice and oppression, by what names soever they may be called, to rally round the measure brought forward at the close of the last session by Mr Wilberforce, after Mr Stephen, its learned and ingenious author, had retired from public life;—retired, as we are well assured, upon grounds connected with that measure. We have too often had occasion to differ widely with both those eminent individuals upon political questions, especially with the latter, to leave any doubt in the mind of the reader that the feeble tribute which has here been bestowed, is extorted by the conduct of the men and the merits of the measure, without any personal or party feeling. But we might have been liable to the imputation of both, had we stifled the expression of sentiments so unavoidably called forth upon the present occasion, by that important subject which has now occupied these pages for thirteen years of various publick fortune—and which alone, perhaps, of all political topics, has afforded a point of union for the wise and the good of every class,—alone, in the mighty fluctuations of human affairs, has displayed a ground where men might conscientiously hold the same straight forward course, without being inconsistent. *

* The attacks which have recently been made upon the African Institution and some of its active members, particularly upon a gentleman to whose distinguished merits we have frequently borne our feeble testimony, the late Secretary, Mr Macaulay, would certainly have claimed our attention, had we been able to discuss in this Number the Annual Report. The defence, however, both of the Association and the individual, is fully before the publick; and as nothing can be conceived more satisfactory, the result has been so universal a conviction of the charges being entirely groundless, that we deem it unnecessary to do more than unite ours with the voice of all impartial persons who have bestowed any attention upon the subject.

ART. III. *The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.* By the Rev. JOHN LINGARD. Second Edition.

OF all the virtues of an historian, impartiality is the most rare. Contemporary authors are exposed to bias by their enmities or their affections; and, among general historians, we meet with none who are entirely exempt from national partiality, or completely divested of the deep-rooted prejudices communicated by sect or party. Even the candid temper and philosophic mind of Hume were not proof against the influence of those passions. It would be unreasonable, then, to expect that a Catholic clergyman, zealously attached to his communion, should be able to write, with impartiality, the history of a period obscured and perplexed by the controversies of Catholic and Protestant.

Let us do justice, however, to Mr Lingard. His work is the fruit of great labour and research. He has frequently detected, and exposed with success, though not without asperity, the errors of Protestant historians; and if he has sometimes treated his adversaries with flippant and offensive petulance, he has on many occasions pointed out and corrected their misrepresentations and mistakes. We find no fault with the opinions, expressed with freedom and supported with learning, which he has advanced and defended in his history. His subject naturally led him to topics of discussion between Catholic and Protestant; and we cannot blame him for espousing the interests, and maintaining the doctrines, of his own church. The usefulness of confession, the merits of penance, and the advantages of absolution, we leave him to settle with our divines. We cannot say we feel much interest or curiosity about the form of words, in which our barbarous ancestors chose to clothe their ignorance of the mystery of transubstantiation; but we can understand that Mr Lingard annexes importance to such inquiries. We can excuse his admiration of monks, and listen with patience to his eulogies of celibacy. We neither believe in the miracles, nor can give our implicit assent to the virtues and merits of his saints and confessors; but we agree with him in reprobating the rash and illiberal censures of modern historians, who stigmatize them in a body as a collection of knaves and hypocrites. To the clergy of the dark ages, Europe owes much of her civilization, her learning, and her liberty. But though we admire the warmth with which Mr Lingard vindicates the character of these men from unjust aspersions and indiscriminate abuse, we

cannot approve of the artifices he not unfrequently condescends to employ, in order to palliate their faults, or throw a veil over their crimes. Where it serves his purposes of vindication, we find him suppressing or perverting the evidence of our ancient historians, and giving a false and partial colouring to the transactions which they relate. By dealing thus uncandidly with his readers, we fear he has excluded his work, which, in its general character is learned and liberal, from the place it would otherwise have justly merited among the best and most valuable of our modern histories. The instances we are going to adduce of this unfair and disingenuous conduct in Mr Lingard, relate, in general, to points of no great importance in themselves, but they show the spirit in which his book is written, and enable us to judge of the credit due to his conclusions, and of the confidence with which we may rely on his work as a safe and sure guide to historical truth.

The story of Edwy and Elgiva has been told by Hume with his usual felicity of narration; and no one, we will venture to say, has ever perused the history of their misfortunes, in the pages of that inimitable writer, without being inflamed with indignation against the rude violence of Dunstan, and the savage ferocity of Odo. We must confess that Mr Lingard has somewhat dispelled the charm. After the minute investigation he has bestowed on the subject, little remains of the romantic story of Edwy and Elgiva that is deserving of credit. The lady banished to Ireland by Archbishop Odo, and murdered on her return from exile, was the mistress, not the wife of Edwy. Of this fact we can bring evidence more direct and conclusive than that produced by Mr Lingard. In the history of St Oswald by Eadmer, there is the following decisive passage, which seems to have eluded the researches of Mr Lingard, as it had escaped the notice of all our former historians. 'Edwius, qui quartus a 'præfato Æthelstano regni Anglorum sceptra tenebat, voluptatum amator magis quam dei, luxuriæ quam sobrietatis, libidinum quam castitatis, regiam dignitatem obscœnis operibus dehonestabat; ac viros virtutum parvipendens, contra 'æquum exasperabat. Unde beatus Dunstanus tunc temporis 'Abbas Glastoniensis, eo quod ad suggestionem et imperium 'sæpe fati Odonis ipsum regem illicitis amplexibus violenter 'abstraxit, e patria pulsus est; et demum innumera per Angliam mala ab eodem rege patrata. Contra quem Odo armatura Spiritus Sancti præcinctus exurgens, iniquitatum illius 'publicus hostis effectus est; nec destitit, donec sopitis incestibus regnum ab infandæ mulieris infamia, cui rex idem *omissa* '*conjuge sua* sæpius commiscebatur, expurgaret. Eam siqui-

'dem suorum militum manu vallatus, a regali curia in qua 'mansitabat vi abduxit, abductam perpetuo exilio in Hibernia 'condemnavit.' * It is true then, as Mr Lingard contends, that it was not the young and innocent queen of Edwy who was banished to Ireland, but an unworthy rival, that resided publickly in the palace with her husband, and shared openly in his bed. But though the discovery of this fact materially alters the general complexion of the story, it is not the less true that Archbishop Odo was guilty of outrageous violence in breaking into the palace with his band of ruffians; and after he got possession of his prey, it is not the less certain, that he committed a wanton and unfeeling act of cruelty on her person, by disfiguring and branding her face with a red-hot iron, before he dismissed her to her place of exile. What course has Mr Lingard taken to vindicate the Archbishop from this charge of outrage, aggravated by cruelty?

He has told us, in the first place, that the great council of the nation had attempted in vain to interrupt the commerce of this woman with the king 'suspendii comminatione;' though he knew, that this menace proceeded not from the Witenagemote, or from any other judicial tribunal, but from the riotous and drunken party of prelates and nobles, whom the king left at table, when he retired to his private apartment after his coronation dinner. † And, in the next place, he would persuade us, that, in breaking into the palace, and in branding and banishing this unfortunate woman, the Archbishop was merely the executioner of a judicial sentence pronounced by an assembly of the nobility and clergy, in which that prelate had presided, in the absence of the king; though he had before him the life of Odo by Eadmer, in which it is expressly stated, that, '*Pontificali authoritate usus* (*i. e.* Odo) unam de præscriptis 'mulieribus, missis militibus a curia regis, in qua mansitabat, 'violenter adduxit; et eam in facie deturpatam ac candenti 'ferro denotatam perpetua in Hiberniam exilii relegatione de-'trusit.' ‡ We are here distinctly told, that it was by his pontifical authority that Odo acted, and therefore not in his capacity of president of the Witenagemote.

The unfortunate woman, banished in this manner to Ireland, having ventured at a subsequent period to return to England, the retainers of the Archbishop intercepted her at Gloucester; and, to render her further escape impossible, they had the cruelty to divide the nerves and sinews of her legs, and to leave her

* Anglia Sacra, t. ii. p. 192.

† Anglia Sacra, t. ii. p. 105. ‡ Ib. p. 84.

in that miserable state, to expire by a lingering death in acute torments. Mr Lingard is 'not disposed to justify this murder; 'though he believes, that, according to the stern maxims of 'Saxon jurisprudence, a person returning without permission 'from banishment, might be executed without the formality of 'a trial;' but he doubts whether the Archbishop was 'privy to 'her death.' What were the stern maxims of Saxon jurisprudence, that could authorize so atrocious an act of cruelty, we leave Mr Lingard to explain, when he has discovered them; but, with respect to the participation of Odo in her murder, we have only to quote the words of his biographer. Having told us, that after the recovery of her beauty, this unfortunate woman returned to England, he adds, that at Gloucester, 'ab hominibus 'servi dei comprehensa, et ne meretricio more ulterius vaga dis-'curreret, subnervata, post dies aliquot mala morte præsenti 'vitæ sublata est. Erat quippe summus Pontifex Odo vir vir-'tutum robore et grandævitatis maturitate ac constantia fultus.* Malmsbury, too, informs us, that the Archbishop put an end to the intercourse of the King with his strumpet, 'primo expul-'sione, post succisura poplitis:'† And Gervase tells the same atrocious story with the same placid indifference—'beatus Odo 'missis militibus mulierem fornicariam a curia regis violenter ab-'straxit, et in facie candenti ferro deturpatam in exilium misit. 'Quæ cum obducta cicatrice in Angliam rediret, per eundem 'Archiepiscopum iterum rapta et subnervata est.'‡ Mr Lingard ought to have been aware, that the more antient panegyrists of the worthy prelate not only acknowledge, but exult in the deed.

Mr Lingard imputes the prosecution and banishment of Dunstan to the resentment and vengeance of this woman, whom he calls Ethelgiva. But, in the first place, he ought to have told us, that, according to the testimony of many respectable historians, Dunstan was exiled, not for his rudeness and violence to Edwy, but on a charge of having embezzled the treasures of King Edred, which had been entrusted to his care. Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham, and Roger Hoveden, state expressly, that 'pro justicia ascriptus mare transiit;' and Wallingford adds, 'suspectus enim erat Eadwino omni tempore 'Dunstanus eo quod tempore Eadredi thesauros patrum suo-'rum custodisset, sub cujus obtentu suspicionis etiam ipsa mu-'lier impudens licentiam a rege acceperat omnes facultates et

* Anglia Sacra, tom. ii. p. 84.
† De gestis Pontificum, lib. i. p. 114.
‡ X Scriptores, p. 1646.

'supellectilem Sancti proscribendi.'* This sentence was possibly unjust, though it does not appear of what private property a monk could be possessed, that was made the subject of confiscation: But it would have been more candid in Mr Lingard to have informed his readers, that, besides resentment for the interference of Dunstan with the King's amours, there was another reason alleged for his condemnation. And, in the second place, no ancient historian whom we have been able to consult, imputes the persecution of Dunstan to Ethelgiva; and, on the contrary, every one who names the enemy of that celebrated Abbot, calls her Elgiva. According to Mathew of Westminster, it was Elgiva, who rebuked Dunstan for his unseasonable intrusion into the royal apartment, on the evening of the coronation; it was Elgiva who poisoned the King's mind against the holy man; it was the same Elgiva who procured his banishment, and endeavoured to put out his eyes; and it was the same Elgiva who was afterwards separated from the King by Odo, 'vel causa consanguinitatis, vel quia illam ut adulteram adamavit.'† John of Wallingford is in the same story. It was Elgiva whom a forward tongue, and confidence in the King's affection, prompted to abuse Dunstan for his intrusion on the evening of the coronation; it was 'impudens illa mulier' who inflamed the animosity of Edwy against Dunstan and the monks; it was the hand of the Queen which Dunstan found every where raised against him; it was the hatred of the Queen which stirred up discord in the convent of Glastonbury, and excited the greater part of the monks against their abbot: And it was the malevolence of the Queen, as well as of the King, which struck terror in his friends, and left him without aid or advice in his afflictions.‡ What does Mr Lingard oppose to this evidence? He takes no notice of it at all; he keeps it entirely out of sight; and boldly assumes the fact that Ethelgiva was the persecutor of Dunstan. In his indignation against her, he calls her contemptuously 'the woman;' and, having prepared his readers by this phraseology for what follows, he ingeniously quotes, in illustration of his story, a passage from Wallingford, in which that historian says, 'parentela *mulieris* prosequens—sancti oculos eruere disponebat.' But he could not be ignorant, in making this quotation, that the 'mulier' of Wallingford was not his 'woman,' but the Queen.

Mr Lingard is confident that 'Edwy was not married to Elgiva at the time of his coronation;' but he is willing to admit,

* Scriptores XV. tom. i. p. 542. † p. 196. Edit. of 1601.
‡ Scriptores XV. tom. i. p. 543.

that, ' *after* the banishment' of Ethelgiva, the King ' took Elgiva to his bed, as his mistress, or married her within the prohibited degrees.' Of these two positions the first is doubtful; and the second, as far as relates to the date of the marriage, certainly erroneous. That Edwy was married at the time when Odo broke into his palace with a band of soldiers, we are expressly told by Eadmer, in the passage formerly quoted from the life of St Oswald. That he was married before the exile of Dunstan, appears from the narrative of Wallingford, who repeatedly mentions the Queen among the enemies of that holy personage. Malmsbury informs us of his marriage before he gives an account of his coronation; from which it seems reasonable to infer, as modern historians have done, that his marriage preceded that event. Mr Lingard, it is true, calls the expression ambiguous, which speaks of the marriage; and finds fault with Mr Carte for the boldness of his translation of it. ' Proxime cognatam invadens uxorem,' is the phrase of the historian, and Mr Carte renders it, ' the King had married a wife nearly related to him.' We have nothing to urge for the latinity of Malmsbury; but we confess there seems to us no doubt of his meaning. The monk of Ramsay had used almost the same phrase to express the same marriage. Speaking of Edwy, he says, ' cujusdam cognatæ suæ eximiæ speciei juvenculæ illicitum invasit matrimonium.'† We own there are difficulties in the supposition of Edwy's marriage with Elgiva, before his coronation; and we must add, that after all the pains bestowed by Mr Lingard in elucidating this portion of our history, there still remains great obscurity and uncertainty in parts of it. But we think it clearly proved, that Edwy was married before the banishment of the woman sent to Ireland, and before the exile of Dunstan; and, from a passage in the history of Ramsay, we think it probable, that it was the opposition of Dunstan to the marriage of the King with his kinswoman, that converted the Queen into the mortal enemy of the Abbot. The separation of Edwy and Elgiva, on the ground of consanguinity, did not take place till three years afterwards; and, therefore, incredible as it may appear to Mr Lingard, ' the active and inflexible Odo ' waited three years before he performed that, which he must ' daily have considered as an imperious and indispensable duty.'

But it is not in the history of Edwy and Elgiva only, where we find Mr Lingard a disingenuous advocate and partial historian, wherever the reputation of saints is concerned. We shall give a few more examples of the same spirit from other parts of the life of Dunstan.

† Gale, tom. i. p. 390.

The catastrophe at Calne, which bestowed a final victory on the monks over the secular clergy, has been imputed by Mr Turner to the contrivance of Dunstan. Mr Lingard ridicules Mr Turner for the discovery, as he is pleased to call it, of 'a 'secret which, during almost eight centuries, had eluded the 'observation of every historian;' and, among other objections to the charge against the primate, he urges 'the impolicy of 'involving in the same fate his friends as well as his adversaries.' To confirm the impression he wishes to give of this transaction, he quotes 'the simple narrative of the Saxon Chronicle, the 'most faithful register of the times.'—'This year the principal 'nobility of England fell at Calne from an upper floor, except 'the holy Archbishop Dunstan, who stood upon a beam. And 'some were grievously hurt, and some did not escape with their 'lives.' But why does he suppress the account of Osbern? "To Christ as judge (exclaimed Dunstan to the assembly) I commit the care of his church."—'Dixit et quod dixit irati dei cen-'sura firmavit. Mox enim concussa est domus, cœnaculum sub 'pedibus solutum, *hostes* solo præcipitati ac ruentium trabium 'pondere oppressi sunt; *ubi vero cum suis sanctus accubitabat,* 'ibi nulla ruinæ suffusio fiebat.'* If Osbern is unworthy of credit, as an 'injudicious biographer, whose anile curiosity col-lected and embellished every fable,' the same objection can-not be made to Eadmer, one of the best and most sensible of the monkish historians. But Eadmer informs us, that Dunstan having concluded his speech against the secular clergy by say-ing, 'Domino deo causam ecclesiæ suæ contra insurgentes hos-'tes tuendam committo. Dixit; et ecce solarium sub pedibus 'eorum, *qui adversus virum convenerant,* e vestigio cecidit, *om-'nesque* pariter præcipitatos in suo casu non modicum læsit. 'Ubi vero Dunstanus cum suis consistebat, nulla ruina domus, 'nullus emerserat casus. Hoc igitur modo calumnia clericorum 'est sopita.'† After reading this account, we must own we are inclined to the opinion of Archbishop Parker, who, it seems, 'ascribed the misfortune at Calne,' as Mr Lingard gently terms it, 'to a conspiracy between the devil and the monks.'

In a council held at Winchester, 'it is said that a voice issued 'from a crucifix, exclaiming, "All is well; make no change." 'Mr Turner, with his usual fidelity and candour,' says Mr Lingard, 'describes this voice as an artifice of the primate: I 'would rather say, that the whole history is no more than a 'popular tale, adopted and perhaps improved by later writers: '*it was unknown to the more antient historians.*' Who are the

* Anglia Sacra, tom. ii. p. 112. † Ib. p. 220.

historians whom Mr Lingard has chosen on this occasion to distinguish as the more antient, he has left us to guess. The story is to be found in Osbern,‡ and is thus related by Eadmer. In a council held at Winchester, to take into consideration a petition from the ejected clergy, the king and nobles, moved with pity for their distress, entreated Dunstan in their favour. The primate was silent, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, revolved in his mind what was best to be done. The assembly in suspense waited for his answer. 'Tunc subito crucifixi dei 'imago signo crucis in edito domus affixa audientibus cunctis 'dixit, "Non fiet, non fiet. Judicastis bene, mutaretis non "bene." Tremefacto in his simul universo conventu, intulit 'pater Dunstanus, et ait: Quid amplius vultis, fratres mei? 'Divina sententia definitum audistis negotium præsens. Aiunt, 'audivimus vere.'§ Had it been the intention of the historian to have exposed the credulity of the age, and knavery of the primate, he could not have depicted them in plainer colours.

Mr Lingard is disposed to triumph over Hume, on account of some trifling inaccuracies, into which that historian has fallen, in his narrative of an infamous act of sacrilege and brutality, perpetrated by Edgar, the great patron of the Monks. That prince carried off a lady by force from a convent, and committed violence on her person; for which offences he was sharply rebuked by Archbishop Dunstan, and compelled to do penance. Hume has taken his account of this transaction from Malmsbury; and has very nearly given an exact transcript of the words of that author.—'But it was his duty,' says Mr Lingard, 'to 'have collated the different passages; and not to have incautiously imposed on himself, and insulted the credulity of his 'readers.'—The name of the lady, it seems, was not Editha, but Wulfrith; and in this correction, Mr Lingard is in the right.—She was not a nun, but pupil to the nuns; but though she is so described by Eadmer, and, in one place, by Malmsbury, Mr Lingard is quite aware, that she is called by Osbern 'deo devota virgo' and 'sponsa Christi;' and that Malmsbury, in his history, speaks of her as being 'virginis deo dicatæ.' —Hume has said, 'the king was not obliged,' by Dunstan, 'to 'separate himself from his mistress;' to which Mr Lingard tartly replies, 'they did separate;' and refers for the fact to Malmsbury. When we look to Malmsbury, we find the following passage, on the separation of the king from his mistress— 'Illa quoque *partu explicito* voluptati frequentandæ non inhæ-'sit; sed doluit potius et sprevit, sanctaque pro vero asseritur

‡ Anglia Sacra, tom. ii. p. 112. § Ib. p. 219.

'et celebratur;'—from which it is quite clear, that the Archbishop *did not separate* the king from his mistress, but that Edgar continued to cohabit with her, or, as Malmsbury expresses it, 'Non semel in thoro suo collocavit,' till she had brought him a child; after which, she retired of her own accord to a convent, like another Sœur Jeanne, to edify or provoke its inmates with her repentance. The merit of the separation is, therefore, due to the lady, and not to the prelate, who seems to have tolerated the scandal for the sake of the penance. Hume, it must be owned, has not related all the particulars of the expiation prescribed by the Archbishop for this offence. But how does it happen, that Mr Lingard, who reproaches him with so much petulance for his carelessness in that respect, should himself have overlooked, or kept out of sight, one of the most important articles of the penance?—'Clericos etiam male actionales de ecclesiis propelleret, monachorum agmina introduceret.'* The omission of this clause is the more remarkable, because it is the beginning of a sentence, on the remaining part of which, Mr Lingard has not disdained to bestow a note, in order, in the first place, facetiously to claim, and then studiously to reject, for Dunstan, 'the honours of a reformer.' It was surely incumbent on the historian of the Anglo-Saxon Church, not to have neglected so favourable an opportunity of showing how skilfully St Dunstan could extract good from evil, and build on the sins of the king the salvation of his subjects.

We must now take leave of Mr Lingard. We can safely recommend his book for the curious matter it contains, and the agreeable style in which it is written. Its defects are perhaps inseparable from the nature of his subject. Candour and impartiality are least of all to be expected from ecclesiastical historians. The contests of theologians have few attractions. Their disputes, though acrimonious, are unintelligible. Their victories, when not supported by fire and faggot, are always dubious. Their records are dull,—their volumes heavy,—their style and matter equally repulsive. No one can wade through such difficulties, and gain a competent knowledge of their controversies, who is not impelled and supported by a spirit of bigotry, which renders his labours altogether useless; because, even though it were possible his intentions could be honest, no confidence can be reasonably placed in the accuracy of his discernment.

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* Anglia Sacra, tom. ii. p. 111.

ART. IV. *The White Doe of Rylstone; or the Fate of the Nortons: a Poem.* By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 4to. pp. 162. London, 1815.

THIS, we think, has the merit of being the very worst poem we ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume; and though it was scarcely to be expected, we confess, that Mr Wordsworth, with all his ambition, should so soon have attained to that distinction, the wonder may perhaps be diminished, when we state, that it seems to us to consist of a happy union of all the faults, without any of the beauties, which belong to his school of poetry. It is just such a work, in short, as some wicked enemy of that school might be supposed to have devised, on purpose to make it ridiculous; and when we first took it up, we could not help fancying that some ill-natured critic had taken this harsh method of instructing Mr Wordsworth, by example, in the nature of those errors, against which our precepts had been so often directed in vain. We had not gone far, however, till we felt intimately, that nothing in the nature of a joke could be so insupportably dull;—and that this must be the work of one who honestly believed it to be a pattern of pathetic simplicity, and gave it out as such to the admiration of all intelligent readers. In this point of view, the work may be regarded as curious at least, if not in some degree interesting; and, at all events, it must be instructive to be made aware of the excesses into which superior understandings may be betrayed, by long self-indulgence, and the strange extravagances into which they may run, when under the influence of that intoxication which is produced by unrestrained admiration of themselves. This poetical intoxication, indeed, to pursue the figure a little farther, seems capable of assuming as many forms as the vulgar one which arises from wine; and it appears to require as delicate a management to make a man a good poet by the help of the one, as to make him a good companion by means of the other. In both cases, a little mistake as to the dose or the quality of the inspiring fluid may make him absolutely outrageous, or lull him over into the most profound stupidity, instead of brightening up the hidden stores of his genius: And truly we are concerned to say, that Mr Wordsworth seems hitherto to have been unlucky in the choice of his liquor—or of his bottle holder. In some of his odes and ethic exhortations, he was exposed to the public in a state of incoherent rapture and glorious delirium, to which we think we have seen a parallel among the humbler lovers of jollity. In the Lyrical Ballads, he was exhibited, on the whole,

in a vein of very pretty deliration; but in the poem before us, he appears in a state of low and maudlin imbecility, which would not have misbecome Master Silence himself, in the close of a social day. Whether this unhappy result is to be ascribed to any adulteration of his Castalian cups, or to the unlucky choice of his company over them, we cannot presume to say. It may be, that he has dashed his Hippocrene with too large an infusion of lake water, or assisted its operation too exclusively by the study of the ancient historical ballads of 'the north countrie.' That there are palpable imitations of the style and manner of those venerable compositions in the work before us, is indeed undeniable; but it unfortunately happens, that while the hobbling versification, the mean diction, and flat stupidity of these models are very exactly copied, and even improved upon, in this imitation, their rude energy, manly simplicity, and occasional felicity of expression, have totally disappeared; and, instead of them, a large allowance of the author's own metaphysical sensibility, and mystical wordiness, is forced into an unnatural combination with the borrowed beauties which have just been mentioned.

The story of the poem, though not capable of furnishing out matter for a quarto volume, might yet have made an interesting ballad; and, in the hands of Mr Scott, or Lord Byron, would probably have supplied many images to be loved, and descriptions to be remembered. The incidents arise out of the short-lived Catholic insurrection of the Northern counties, in the reign of Elizabeth, which was supposed to be connected with the project of marrying the Queen of Scots to the Duke of Norfolk, and terminated in the ruin of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, by whom it was chiefly abetted. Among the victims of this rash enterprize was Richard Norton of Rylstone, who comes to the array with a splendid banner, at the head of eight tall sons, but against the will and advice of a ninth, who, though he refused to join the host, yet follows unarmed in its rear, out of anxiety for the fate of his family; and, when the father and his gallant progeny are made prisoners, and led to execution, at York, recovers the fatal banner, and is slain by a party of the Queen's horse near Bolton priory, in which place he had been ordered to deposit it by the dying voice of his father. The stately halls and pleasant bowers of Rylstone are wasted and fall into desolation; while the heroic daughter, and only survivor of the house, is sheltered among its faithful retainers, and wanders about for many years in its neighbourhood, accompanied by a beautiful white doe, which had formerly been a pet in the family; and continues, long after the death

of this sad survivor, to repair every Sunday to the church-yard of Bolton priory, and there to feed and wander among their graves, to the wonder and delight of the rustic congregation that came there to worship.

This, we think, is a pretty subject for a ballad; and, in the author's better day, might have made a lyrical one of considerable interest: Let us see, however, how he deals with it since he has bethought him of publishing in quarto.

The First Canto merely contains the description of the doe coming into the church-yard on Sunday, and of the congregation wondering at her. She is described as being as white as a lily,—or the moon,—or a ship in the sunshine;—and this is the style in which Mr Wordsworth marvels and moralizes about her through ten quarto pages.

'What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate!' p. 7, 8.

'The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, re-appearing, she no less
To the open day gives blessedness.' p. 9.

The mothers point out this pretty creature to their children; and tell them in sweet nursery phrases—

'Now you have seen the famous Doe!
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath-day;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone.' p. 13.

The poet knows why she comes there, and thinks the people may know it too: But some of them think she is a new incarnation of some of the illustrious dead that lie buried around them; and one, who it seems is an Oxford scholar, conjectures that she may be the fairy who instructed Lord Clifford in astrology; an ingenious fancy which the poet thus gently reproveth—

'Ah, pensive scholar! think not so!
But look again at the radiant doe!'

And then closes the Canto with this natural and luminous apostrophe to his harp.

'But, harp! thy murmurs may not cease,—
Thou hast breeze-like visitings;
For a Spirit with angel wings
Hath touched thee, and a Spirit's hand:
A voice is with us—a command
To chaunt, in strains of heavenly glory,
A tale of tears, a mortal story!' p. 21.

The Second Canto is more full of business, and affords us more insight into the author's manner of conducting a story. The opening, however, which goes back to the bright and original conception of the harp, is not quite so intelligible as might have been desired.

'The Harp in lowliness obeyed:
And first we sang of the green-wood shade,
And a solitary Maid;
Beginning, where the song must end,
With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
The friend who stood before her sight,
Her only unextinguished light,—
Her last companion in a dearth
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.' p. 25.

This solitary maid, we are then told, had wrought, at the request of her father, 'an unblessed work.'

'A Banner—one that did fulfil
Too perfectly his headstrong will:
For on this Banner had her hand
Embroidered (such was the command)
The Sacred Cross; and figured there
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear.' p. 26.

The song then proceeds to describe the rising of Northumberland and Westmoreland, in the following lofty and spirited strains.

'Two earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes open vent;
And boldly urged a general plea,
The rites of ancient piety
To be by force of arms renewed;
Glad prospect for the multitude!
And that same Banner, on whose breast
The blameless Lady had exprest,
Memorials chosen to give life,
And sunshine to a dangerous strife;
This Banner,' &c. p. 27.

The poet, however, puts out all his strength in the dehortation which he makes Francis Norton address to his father, when the preparations are completed, and the household is ready to take the field.

——'Francis Norton said,
"O Father! rise not in this fray—
The hairs are white upon your head;
Dear Father, hear me when I say
It is for you too late a day!
Bethink you of your own good name;
A just and gracious queen have we,

A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—
I am your son, your eldest born;
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,—
This multitude of men disband,
And live at home in blissful ease."' p. 27, 28.

The warlike father makes no answer to this exquisite address, but turns in silent scorn to the banner,

'And his wet eyes are glorified,'

and marches out at the head of his sons and retainers.

Francis is very sad when left thus alone in the mansion—and still worse when he sees his sister sitting under a tree near the door. However, though 'he cannot chuse but shrink and sigh,' he goes up to her and says,

'—"Gone are they,—they have their desire;
And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may."
'He paused, her silence to partake,
And long it was before he spake:
Then, all at once, his thoughts turned round,
And fervent words a passage found.
"Gone are they, bravely, though misled,
With a dear Father at their head!
The Sons obey a natural lord;
The Father had given solemn word
To noble Percy,—and a force
Still stronger bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons;
Untried our Brothers were beloved,
And now their faithfulness is proved;
For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.' p. 32, 33.

After a great deal more as touching and sensible, he applies himself more directly to the unhappy case of his hearer,—whom he thus judiciously comforts and flatters.

'Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee a woman, and thence weak;
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss;

But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon.
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.' p. 36.

It is impossible, however, to go regularly on with this goodly matter.—The Third Canto brings the Nortons and their banner to the head quarters of the insurgent Earls; and describes the first exploits of those conscientious warriors, who took possession of the Cathedral of Durham,

'Sang Mass,—and tore the book of Prayer,—
And trod the Bible beneath their feet.'

Elated by this triumph, they turn to the south.

'To London were the Chieftains bent;
But what avails the bold intent?
A Royal army is gone forth
To quell the Rising of the North;
They march with Dudley at their head,
And in seven days' space, will to York be led!—
And Neville was opprest with fear;
For, though he bore a valiant name,
His heart was of a timid frame.' p. 53, 54.

So they agree to march back again; at which old Norton is sorely afflicted—and Francis takes the opportunity to renew his dehortations—but is again repulsed with scorn, and falls back to his station in the rear.

The Fourth Canto shows Emily walking by the fish ponds and arbours of Rylstone, in a fine moonshiny night, with her favourite white Doe not far off.

'Yet the meek Creature was not free,
Erewhile, from some perplexity;
For thrice hath she approached, this day,
The thought-bewildered Emily.' p. 69.

However, they are tolerably reconciled that evening; and by and by, just a few minutes after nine, an old retainer of the house comes to comfort her, and is sent to follow the host and bring back tidings of their success.—The worthy yeoman sets out with great alacrity; but not having much hope, it would appear, of the cause, says to himself as he goes,

'"Grant that the moon which shines this night
May guide them in a prudent flight!"' p. 75.

Things however had already come to a still worse issue—as the poet very briefly and ingeniously intimates in the following fine lines.

'Their flight the fair moon may not see;
For, from mid-heaven, already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.' p. 75.

They had made a rash assault, it seems, on Barnard Castle, and had been all made prisoners, and forwarded to York for trial.

The Fifth canto shows us Emily watching on a commanding height for the return of her faithful messenger; who accordingly arrives forthwith, and tells, 'as gently as could be,' the unhappy catastrophe which he had come soon enough to witness. The only comfort he can offer is, that Francis is still alive.

'To take his life they have not dared.
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty seeing with clear sight.' p. 85.

He then tells how the father and his eight sons were led out to execution; and how Francis, at his father's request, took their banner, and promised to bring it back to Bolton priory.

The Sixth canto opens with the homeward pilgrimage of this unhappy youth; and there is something so truly forlorn and tragical in his situation, that we should really have thought it difficult to have given an account of it without exciting some degree of interest or emotion. Mr Wordsworth, however, reserves all his pathos for describing the whiteness of the pet doe, and disserting about her perplexities, and her high communion, and participation of heaven's grace; and deals in this sort with the orphan son turning from the bloody scaffold of all his line with their luckless banner in his hand.

'He looked about like one betrayed:
What hath he done? what promise made?
Oh weak, weak moment! to what end
Can such a vain oblation tend,
And he the Bearer?—Can he go
Carrying this Instrument of woe,
And find, find any where, a right
To excuse him in his Country's sight?
No, will not all Men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here is it,—but how, when? must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this piteous object see?
Such conflict long did he maintain
Within himself, and found no rest;

Calm liberty he could not gain;
And yet the service was unblest.
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought
Raised self-suspicion which was strong,
Swaying the brave Man to his wrong:
And how, unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will intelligibly shown,
Finds he the Banner in his hand,
Without a thought to such intent?' p. 99, 100.

His death is not much less pathetic. A troop of the Queen's horse surround him, and reproach him, we must confess with some plausibility, with having kept his hands unarmed, only from dread of death and forfeiture, while he was all the while a traitor in his heart. The sage Francis answers the insolent troopers as follows.

"I am no traitor," Francis said,
"Though this unhappy freight I bear;
It weakens me, my heart hath bled
Till it is weak—but you beware,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
Whose self-reproaches are too strong!" p. 103.

This virtuous and reasonable person, however, has ill luck in all his dissuasions; for one of the horsemen puts a pike into him without more ado—and

'There did he lie of breath forsaken!'

And after some time the neighbouring peasants take him up, and bury him in the churchyard of Bolton priory.

The Seventh and last canto contains the history of the desolated Emily and her faithful doe; but so very discreetly and cautiously written, that the most tender-hearted reader may peruse it without the least risk of any excessive emotion. The poor lady runs about indeed for some years in a very disconsolate way in a worsted gown and flannel nightcap; but at last the old white doe finds her out, and takes again to following her—whereupon Mr Wordsworth breaks out into this fine and natural rapture.

'Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair!
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's choicest care!
This was for you a precious greeting,—
For both a bounteous, fruitful meeting.
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can she depart? can she forego
The Lady, once her playful Peer?
'That day, the first of a reunion
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.' p. 117, 118.

What follows is not quite so intelligible.

> ' When Emily by morning light
> Went forth, the Doe was there in sight.
> She shrunk:—with one frail shock of pain,
> Received and followed by a prayer,
> Did she behold—saw once again;
> Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;—
> But wheresoever she looked round
> All now was trouble-haunted ground.' p. 119.

But we make out that the lady's loneliness was cheered by this mute associate; and that the doe, in return, found a certain comfort in the lady's company—

> ' Communication, like the ray
> Of a new morning, to the nature
> And prospects of the inferior Creature!' p. 126.

In due time the poor lady dies, and is buried beside her mother; and the doe continues to haunt the places which they had frequented together, and especially to come and pasture every Sunday upon the fine grass in Bolton churchyard, the gate of which is never opened but on occasion of the weekly service.—In consequence of all which, we are assured by Mr Wordsworth, that she ' is approved by Earth and Sky, in their benignity;' and moreover, that the old Priory itself takes her for a daughter of the Eternal Prime—which we have no doubt is a very great compliment, though we have not the good luck to understand what it means.

> ' And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
> Subdued by outrage and decay,
> Looks down upon her with a smile,
> A gracious smile, that seems to say,
> " Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
> But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"

ART. V. *Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles.* Par FRANÇOIS HUBER. Seconde Edition, revue, corrigée, & considérablement augmentée. 2 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1814.

IT is some time since we gave an analysis of the first part of these researches of Mr Huber on the Natural History of Bees. * After an interval of twenty years since the publication of that work, a second volume has now made its appearance, in conjunction with a second edition of the former. Many circumstances of a private nature had discouraged the author from

* Vol. XI. p. 319.

undertaking the labour of revising the manuscripts for the press: but he has been at length induced to confide the task to his son, whose taste for natural history appears to have rekindled the dormant ardour of the father. The successful exertions of Mr P. Huber in some of the higher departments of this science, have already been displayed in his *Treatise on the Economy of the Indigenous Species of Ants;* our Review of which will be found in Vol. XXI., p. 143.

The first volume of the work before us had been written in the form of letters; but the second assumes the more didactic shape of memoirs. We cannot help thinking, however, that there is still room for a more methodical arrangement of the facts which it contains: for we find that many particulars and remarks relating to the same subjects, are often interspersed among the different chapters, when a closer connexion would have given them additional value. In giving, therefore, an account of this highly interesting volume, we shall not confine ourselves to the succession of chapters, but follow an order more strictly physiological than the one adopted by the author. We shall first take a review of the facts relating to the functions of secretion, reproduction, respiration, and sensation of bees; and afterwards proceed to consider the complicated questions which relate to their instincts and acquired faculties. We shall also beg leave to refer to our former review for an account of the leading features in the natural history of this insect, as introductory to the subjects that are treated of in this volume.

The origin of wax, the material with which bees construct their combs, had never been perfectly understood, although both chemists and naturalists had made repeated attempts to ascertain its properties and history. It was generally supposed that this substance was in some way or other formed from the pollen, or fecundating dust of flowers; or, as some have termed it, the farina. The proceedings of the bees in collecting and carrying off this pollen to their hives, and in laying up large stores of it in magazines for future use, had been observed and detailed with the most scrupulous attention to accuracy by Reaumur, Maraldi, and other naturalists. It was evident from the great quantity they collect, that some important use was made of it: and none suggested itself more naturally than its being the raw material whence the wax was prepared. Reaumur had indeed noticed the great difference that existed between pollen and wax, but conceived that the former was taken into the stomach, and converted by digestion into wax, after which it was returned by the mouth in the form of a frothy liquid. Mr Arthur Dobbs, on the contrary, asserted that wax was the excremen-

titious remains of the pollen after its digestion and passage through the alimentary canal. * One of the members of the 'Société des Abeilles,' established at a village called Petit Bautzen in Upper Lusatia, appears to have been the original discoverer of the fact, that wax is given out under the horny scales of the abdomen. This curious circumstance, which was stated cursorily in a letter from Mr Wilhelmi to Mr Bonnet in 1768, without mentioning the name of the author of the discovery, was probably not deemed worthy of much attention, and seems to have been almost entirely lost sight of. It appears, however, that Mr Duchet, in his *Culture des Abeilles*, which is quoted by Wildman in 1778, gave it as his opinion, that wax is formed of honey: as a proof of which he observes, that 'he 'has seen a comb broken in a hive overset, which has been 'repaired during bad weather, when the bees could not go a-'broad in search of other materials.' Wildman, in his Treatise on the Management of Bees, † expressly states his having seen pieces of wax, in shape resembling the scales of a fish, at the bottom of the hive, which he thinks must have been moulded in the body of the bee. Observations of a similar kind were afterwards made by Mr John Hunter, apparently without any knowledge of the conjectures of his predecessors; and were published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1792. He there considers wax as an external *secretion* of oil, formed between the scales of the abdomen of the insect. ‡ Mr Huber does not appear to have known the observations either of Duchet or of Wildman on this subject, although made long prior to those of Mr Hunter; for he does not allude to them, while he quotes the whole passage from the latter. In 1793, Mr Huber's observations had led him to the same results as to the nature of the laminæ under the abdominal scales: but he has prosecuted the inquiry relating to their origin much more successfully than any preceding writer. He has found that these laminæ are contained in distinct receptacles on each side of the middle process of the scales: he has examined, with great care, the form and structure of these secreting cavities, which are met with only in the working bees; and which had escaped the scrutinizing eyes of Swammerdam. Their general shape is an irregular pentagon; and the plates of wax being moulded in them, preserve accordingly this form. On piercing the membrane with which they are lined on the side next to the abdomen, a transparent fluid

* Philosophical Transactions, XLVI. 536.

† P. 44.; 3d Edition. ‡ Vol. LXXXII. p. 145.

was thrown out in a jet, which congealed on cooling, and in this state resembled wax, and was again melted on the application of heat. A number of comparative experiments were made with the substance contained in the pouches, and the wax of fresh-made combs: a great similarity between these two substances was thus made out: the latter, however, appeared to be somewhat more compound, having probably received some additional ingredient, while employed as the material for building. The secreting function of the membrane on the inner surface of these cavities was farther evinced by a more minute examination of its structure, which exhibited a number of folds, forming a hexagonal network, very analogous to the inner coat of the second stomach of ruminating quadrupeds. A very elaborate anatomical description of these organs is given in a letter at the end of this volume.

Although it was thus ascertained that wax is a secreted animal substance, it still remained to determine what were the circumstances that give occasion to this secretion; and especially whether it was the product of any particular kind of food. The opinion of Reaumur, that it was formed from pollen elaborated in the stomach, and thrown up again into the mouth, was discountenanced by the observation, that when fresh swarms take up their abode in empty hives, they do not collect pollen, and yet they construct combs; while, on the other hand, the bees of old hives, where all the combs are completed, are seen to bring home large quantities of pollen. In order to determine this point with greater precision, many experiments were instituted by the author. A fresh swarm was confined, with a sufficient allowance of honey and water, in an empty hive. In this situation, although they could have no access to pollen, yet at the end of five days, they had constructed five combs of the purest wax. When these combs were withdrawn, and the bees replaced in the hive, they renewed their toil with unabated industry, and had soon replaced the combs by others. These last were again taken from them; but the patient and indefatigable insects still persevered in their labours, and began them afresh, although five times in succession their works were no sooner completed than carried off; and although, during the whole of this time, they were fed only on honey and water. On the other hand, bees that were in a similar state of confinement, and were supplied only with fruit and with pollen, had, in the course of eight days, produced no wax whatever, and of course had formed no combs. In order to prove that it was the saccharine principle alone, and not any accidental admixture of particles of wax, which might be contained in the honey that afforded the pabu-

lum for this secretion, the bees, still confined, were supplied with syrup made by dissolving Canary sugar in water; and comparative experiments were made in another hive where the bees were fed on honey. It was found that the former produced wax even sooner, and in larger quantity than the latter. It was further completely ascertained, that in the old hives the honey is warehoused, and that in the new hives it is consumed and converted into wax. The works always advance rapidly when the weather and the state of vegetation admit of a plentiful harvest of honey,—but are interrupted whenever rain, cold winds, a deficiency of flowers, or a very dry season, prevent the bees from collecting it.

Mr Huber has observed that there are two sets of bees in every hive: the one, who devour large quantities of honey, take upon themselves the office of furnishing wax, and of building the combs; the other, who collect the honey and immediately dispose of what they have collected to the former, retaining only a quantity sufficient for their own nourishment. Dissection showed that the stomach of the former class, which he calls the wax-making bees, is much more capacious than that of the latter, which he denominates the nursing-bees, as it appears to be their peculiar province to tend upon the eggs and larvæ. By putting a particular mark upon those belonging to one class, it was found that, in performing their several tasks, neither of them ever encroached on the province of the other: so remarkable is the extent to which the principle of the division of labour is carried among individuals of the same original formation: for it appears that the power of forming wax is common to both, from the circumstance that a small quantity is really found in the receptacles of the nursing-bees.

In the foregoing experiments, the bees had borne their confinement without betraying the least impatience; but, on another occasion, when they were shut up together with a brood of eggs and larvæ, and could have no access to pollen, though they were supplied abundantly with honey, they manifested strong symptoms of uneasiness and of rage, at being kept prisoners. Fearful of what might be the consequence of prolonging this state of tumult, the author allowed them to escape in the evenings, when it was too late in the day to collect provisions. The bees, therefore, returned home very soon after. This was repeated for five days successively; and, on examining the hive at the end of that time, it was found that the larvæ had perished, and that the jelly with which they had been surrounded on their introduction into the hive, had disappeared. The same bees were then supplied with a fresh brood, together with por-

tions of a comb stored with pollen. Their behaviour was now very different: they eagerly seized upon the pollen, and immediately conveyed it to their young; order was reestablished in the colony; the larvæ went through their usual transformations; royal cells were completed and closed with wax; every thing went on prosperously, and the bees showed no desire to quit their habitation. Nothing seems more complete than the evidence furnished by these experiments as to the origin of wax, and the very different destination of pollen from that which had hitherto been assigned to it.

On the subject of the sex of working bees, which has given rise to so much speculation and controversy, a very curious anatomical discovery has been made, which must set this question for ever at rest. By adopting a peculiar method of dissection, Miss Jurine, the daughter of the distinguished naturalist of Geneva, has been enabled to bring into view the ovaria of the working-bee, which are perfectly analogous in their form, situation, and structure to those of the queen-bee, excepting that no ova could be distinguished in them. The occasional fecundity of a few of the working-bees, a fact observed by Riem, is now in perfect conformity with the great discovery of Schirach: and every anomaly in the sexual theory of this insect, about which there has been so much dispute, is completely cleared away. Analogous facts have been ascertained with regard to the humble-bee and the wasp. The workers among the latter have been detected by Mr Perrot in the act of laying eggs; and these, like the eggs of bees in like circumstances, were universally found to produce males. The history of the ant tribe likewise affords parallel instances of the sexual functions being exercised by those individuals that are vulgarly denominated neuters.

As connected with the physiology of bees, we shall in the next place give an account of the author's researches with regard to their respiration, which is the subject of a very long chapter. Doubts have often arisen as to the absolute necessity of this function in many of the tribes of inferior insects, which are observed frequently to occupy situations that hardly admit of any renewal of air. Such, indeed, appears to be the condition of bees inhabiting a hive, of which the usual capacity is not above one or two cubic feet. In this confined space, are lodged frequently twenty or thirty thousand bees, in a state of high animal activity, and preserving a very elevated temperature. The only entrance into the hive is in the lower part, the situation, of all others, the least favourable to the escape of heated air; and even this passage is frequently much obstructed by crowds of bees, which are passing in and out during the heats of summer. Every other aperture is strictly closed up by the bees them-

selves; and in addition, the hive is often covered over by the farmer with a coating of mortar. A lighted taper, enclosed in a glass-ball of similar dimensions, and with an opening on the side, of the same size as the door of the hive, goes out in a few minutes for want of a due circulation of air. How then, do bees, under similar circumstances, support life, if life require the uninterrupted continuance of respiration? The universal law, which the multiplied experiments of Spallanzani had so well established, appeared in this instance to be violated. Before attempting, however, to discover the cause of such a deviation, it was necessary to ascertain, with more precision, whether the anomaly was real, or apparent only. With this view, Mr Huber engaged in a series of experiments, which did away all doubt of the fact, that respiration was really carried on by bees. They fell into a state of asphyxia in the vacuum of an air-pump; and also, when confined in close vessels with a limited quantity of atmospheric air. In the latter case, the oxygen was found to be almost totally consumed. The admission of common air in both cases restored their animation, if the experiment had not been too long protracted; and the introduction of oxygenous gas was still more effectual in promoting their recovery. When confined in a given quantity of oxygenous gas, they were enabled to live for a period eight times longer than in common air. They perished speedily in carbonic acid, azotic, or hydrogenous gases. When previously rendered torpid, by surrounding with ice the vessel that contained them, they were totally unaffected by immersion during three hours in these same deleterious gases; and when removed and revived by the warmth of the hand, they appeared to have suffered no injury; which proves, that, in a torpid state, respiration, as well as the other vital functions, is completely suspended. Analogous experiments were tried on the eggs, the larvæ, and the nymphæ, with similar results; excepting that the effects of respiration were less considerable in these early periods of existence: thus, the larvæ consumed more oxygen than the eggs, and the nymphæ more than the larvæ; and the nymphæ were the most easily destroyed by a suspension of this process.

By immersing different portions of the body of a bee in water, Mr Huber next ascertained, that respiration was carried on by means of the stigmata opening on the corselet; and that it may be maintained perfectly well, if only one of these be left open. When wholly immersed in water, the play of these stigmata becomes evident by the appearance of bubbles of air, which for some time remain attached to their orifices, and which are alternately absorbed and repelled several times before they are

quire sufficient size to enable them to rise to the surface. In this way, also, the author detected the existence of stigmata, which had escaped the observation of Swammerdam.

The next step was to analyze the air of the hive, and ascertain whether it was vitiated in the same manner as when bees were confined in close vessels. Mr Sennebier assisted the author in this examination; the air was found by the eudiometer to differ but slightly from atmospheric air in purity. Could it be supposed, then, that there existed in any part of the hive a power of giving out oxygen? Experiment showed, that neither wax nor pollen had any such property. It was evident, indeed, that if such were the case, the door of a hive might be closed without detriment to its inhabitants. This experiment was tried; and we shall give it without abridgment, as it was attended with a circumstance that led to the discovery of the whole mystery.

'Il ne s'agissoit que de renfermer exactement ces mouches dans une ruche dont les parois transparentes permettroient d'observer ce qui se passoit à l'intérieur; j'y consacrai l'essaim logé dans le récipient tubule.

'L'activité et l'abondance regnoit dans cette peuplade; lorsqu'on en approchoit à dix pas on entendoit un bourdonnement très-fort. Nous choisîmes pour l'exécution de notre projet un jour de pluie, afin que toutes les abeilles fussent réunis dans leur habitation. L'expérience commença à trois heures, nous fermâmes la porte avec exactitude, et nous observâmes, non sans une sorte d'angoisse, les effets de cette clôture rigoureuse.

'Ce ne fut qu'au bout d'un quart d'heure que les abeilles commencèrent à manifester quelque malaise; jusque-là elles avoient paru ignorer leur emprisonnement; mais alors tous leurs travaux furent suspendus, et la ruche changea entierement d'aspect. On entendit bientôt un bruit extraordinaire dans son intérieur; toutes les abeilles, celles qui couvroient la face des gâteaux, comme celles qui étoient réunies en grappes, quittant leurs occupations, frappèrent l'air de leurs ailes avec une agitation extraordinaire. Cette effervescence dura environ dix minutes. Le mouvement des ailes devint par degrés moins continu et moins rapide. A trois heures trente-sept minutes les ouvrières avoient entièrement perdu leurs forces: elles ne pouvoient plus se cramponner avec leurs jambes, et leur chute suivit de près cet état de langueur.

'Le nombre des abeilles défaillantes alloit en croissant, la table en étoit jonchée; des milliers d'ouvrières et de mâles tomboient au fond de la ruche; il n'en resta pas une seule sur les gâteaux, trois minutes plus tard toute la peuplade fut asphyxiée. La ruche se refroidit tout d'un coup, et du terme du vingt-huit degrés la température descendit au niveau de celle de l'air exterieur.

'Nous espérames rendre la vie et la chaleur aux abeilles asphy-

xiées, en leur donnant un air plus pur: on ouvrit la porte de la ruche ainsi que le robinet fixé sur la tubuture du récipient. L'effet du courant qui s'établit alors ne fut pas équivoque; en peu de minutes les abeilles furent en état de respirer; les anneaux de leur abdomen reprirent leur jeu; elles se mirent simultanément à battre des ailes, circonstance bien remarquable, et qui avoit déjà eu lieu, comme nous l'avons dit, au moment où la privation de l'air extérieur avoit commencé à se faire sentir dans la ruche. Bientôt les abeilles remontèrent sur leurs gâteaux, la température s'éleva au degré où ces insectes savent l'entretenir habituellement, et à quatre heures l'ordre fut rétabli dans leur demeure. Cette expérience prouvoit indubitablement que les abeilles n'avoient dans leur ruche aucun moyen de suppléer à l'air qui venoit du dehors.' p. 335—337.

It was proved by this experiment, that the air of the hive was renewed from without, since the bees had perished when it was closed. After many fruitless conjectures as to the mode in which this renewal took place, it occurred to the author, that the vibration of the wings observed in the experiment, and which was accompanied by a loud humming sound, might be instrumental in this change. The wings are agitated with a rapidity that renders them invisible, except at the extremities of the arcs of vibration, which are equal to a complete quadrant of a circle; and the bees remain all the while firmly fixed by their feet to the table, so that the progressive motion of flying, which would take place were they at liberty, by the reaction of the air, is prevented: the whole force of the wings is therefore exerted on the air, which is thus impelled in a continued stream. This current is very sensible on approaching the hand to a bee, which is thus performing the part of a ventilator.

During fine weather in summer, a certain number of bees are always seen vibrating their wings before the door of the hive; but if the interior of a glass hive be inspected, it will be seen that a still greater number are engaged in this duty on the floor of the hive. These bees have their heads turned towards the door, while those on the outside have their heads from the door; so that both cooperate in producing a current of air in the same direction.

'On diroit que ces mouches se placent symétriquement pour s'éventer plus à l'aise; elles forment alors des files qui aboutissent à l'entrée de la ruche, et sont quelquefois disposées comme autant de rayons divergens; mais cet ordre n'est point régulier, il est dû probablement à la nécessité où les abeilles qui s'éventent sont de faire place à celles qui vont et viennent, et dont la course rapide les force à se ranger à la file pour n'être pas heurtées et culbutées à chaque instant.

'Quelquefois plus de vingt abeilles s'éventent au bas d'une ruche;

dans d'autres momens leur nombre est plus circonscrit; chacune d'elles fait jouer ses ailes plus ou moins long-tems: nous en avons vu s'éventer pendant vingt-cinq minutes; dans cette intervalle elles ne se posoient point, mais elles sembloient quelquefois reprendre haleine en suspendant la vibration de leurs ailes pour un instant indivisible: aussitôt qu'elles cessent de s'eventer, d'autres les remplacent, ensorte qu'il n'y a jamais d'interruption dans le bourdonnement d'une ruche bien peuplée.' p. 342.

By means of light pieces of paper suspended from a thread, it was ascertained, as might have been expected, that a double current took place, of which the strength was proportioned to the number of inhabitants in the hive. This ventilating process, which is indicated by a humming sound within the hive, is continually going on, both in summer and winter; and indeed appears sometimes more active in the depth of winter, than when the external temperature is more moderate.

In order to ascertain whether the assigned cause was adequate to the production of the whole of the observed effect, an artificial ventilator, consisting of a small windmill of tin, with eighteen vanes, which could be made to turn round by machinery, was adapted to an aperture in the bottom of a glass cylinder, which was closed at both ends, after a lighted taper had been introduced. The taper continued to burn as well as in the open air, so long as the ventilator was kept in motion; and went out when this motion was not given to it.

The author next inquires into the immediate cause which prompts the insect to perform the actions above described. This he conceives to be the sensation of heat, and the presence of vitiated air.

'L'idée la plus simple qui s'offrit à nous fut que les abeilles ne s'éventoient qu'afin de se procurer une sensation de fraîcheur, et une expérience nous convinquit effectivement que ce motif pouvoit être l'une des causes immédiates de la ventilation.

'On ouvrit le volet d'une ruche vitrée, les rayons du soleil dardoient sur les gâteaux couvertes d'abeilles; bientôt celles qui ressentirent trop vivement l'influence de la chaleur commencèrent à bourdonner, tandis que celles qui se trouvoient encore à l'ombre demeurèrent tranquilles.

'Une observation qu'on peut faire tous les jours confirme le résultat de cette expérience: les abeilles qui composent ces grappes qu'on voit au-devant des ruches pendant l'été, incommodées par l'ardeur du soleil, s'eventent alors avec beaucoup d'énergie; mais si un corps quelconque porte son ombre sur une partie de la grappe, la ventilation cesse dans la région obscure, tandis qu'elle continue dans celle qui est éclairée et rechauffée par le soleil.' p. 357.

'On séparoit quelques abeilles de leur ruche en les attirant avec

du miel, puis on approchoit d'elles du coton trempé dans l'esprit de vin pendant qu'elles mangeoient, il falloit le mettre près de leur tête, pour qu'il les incommodât, mais alors l'effet n'en étoit pas douteux, les abeilles s'écartoient en agitant leurs ailes, elles se rapprochoient ensuite pour prendre leur nourriture. Lorsqu'elles étoient bien établies on recommençoit l'expérience, elles s'écartoient de nouveau, mais sans retirer tout à fait leur trompe ; elles se contentoient de battre les ailes en mangeant.' p. 359.

It is a remarkable fact, that the drones, though they appear to be affected by strong odours in an equal degree with the working-bees, have never recourse to the same expedient. This mode of ventilation, by the action of the wings, is a process peculiar to the working bees ; and the drones, in this as in other instances, participate in none of the active labours of the hive ; and, independently of the part they perform in impregnation, are merely *fruges consumere nati.*

Two chapters are occupied with observations relative to the senses. M. Huber asserts, that we have no positive proof of the existence of the sense of hearing in bees; although the common method practised by the country people, of preventing the escape of a swarm by loud noises, is founded on a contrary supposition. They undoubtedly possess great powers of vision with regard to remote objects ; for they distinguish the situation of their own hive from considerable distances, and fly towards it in a perfectly straight line, with the rapidity of an arrow. But it is in the accuracy of the sense of touch, more particularly, that they excel other insects. The antennæ are the principal organs of this sense ; and it is by the help of these instruments that, while secluded from the light, they construct their combs, replenish their magazines, feed and watch over the larvæ, ascertain the presence of the queen, and minister to all her wants. Their taste is probably the least developed of their senses, the bee appearing to have very little discrimination in the qualities of its food or drink. For the purpose of quenching thirst, they frequently choose the most stagnant or putrid water, and neglect the purest dew drops. Honey is the great object of attraction, wherever it may be found ; and it is sought for even in the most acrid, fœtid, or poisonous flowers : It is known to differ remarkably in different districts, or when collected at different times of the year ; and in many parts of America it occasionally partakes of the deleterious qualities of the plants from which it was obtained. Quantity, and not quality, appears always to be the motive of preference in their selection of the flowers they visit. They appear in this to be guided altogether by the sense of smell, which must be very subtle, from the great

distances at which they can perceive the presence of saccharine substances. This was ascertained by several direct experiments, in which honey was concealed in boxes with small holes, not allowing of a sight of the contents, but admitting of the escape of a small portion of the odorous effluvia. When small valves of card were adjusted to these holes, the bees, after going round the boxes, and examining every part, discovered the contrivance, and readily found means to raise the valves, so as to get at the honey.

Another proof of intellect was afforded by some bees, which, during the autumn, had been supplied with a quantity of honey placed on an open window. The honey had been removed, and the shutters had continued closed during the whole of the ensuing winter: but in the spring, when the window was again opened, the bees were seen to return to the same spot where they had before been entertained, although no honey had since been put there. The lapse of several months, therefore, had not obliterated the memory of their former adventure. The author has endeavoured to ascertain the seat of smell, concerning which, as relating to insects in general, so much diversity of opinion has existed. A hair pencil dipped in oil of turpentine, to which bees have a strong aversion, was presented successively to different parts of the body of a bee that was occupied in sipping honey. Although brought in succession near every part of the abdomen, and trunk, including the stigmata, it did not occasion the least disturbance to the bee, until it came to the neighbourhood of the mouth, when the insect immediately quitted the honey, and set about ventilating itself violently, but in a short time renewed its meal. Oil of rosemary produced similar effects still more quickly. It is presumed from this experiment, that the organ of smell is situated somewhere either in the mouth or its appendages; and this is corroborated by repeating the experiments upon bees whose mouths had been plugged up with paste, which was allowed to dry before they were set at liberty. While the organ remained thus obstructed, the bees appeared to be totally insensible to all odours, even to those for which they usually evinced the most violent aversion: they even showed no repugnance in walking along the pencils impregnated with the poisonous fluids. Although much affected by the effluvia of turpentine and other essential oils, as also by the vapours of powerful chemical agents, such as the nitrous and muriatic acids, ammonia and alcohol, they are but little incommoded by the smell of musk, and appear to be perfectly indifferent to that of assafœtida, devouring honey that is mixed with it with as much avidity as usual. They manifest a strong

antipathy to camphor; but they are capable of overcoming their dislike, by the stronger attraction of honey, which they will entirely drink up, though with some deliberation, when its surface has been sprinkled over with camphor. In another experiment it was ascertained that the vapour of alcohol was fatal to them when they were subjected to its influence in a confined space: although a large spider, under similar circumstances, did not appear to suffer.

The odour of the poison which accompanies the sting of the bee, produces a remarkable effect on these insects,—awakening their choler, and exciting them to immediate acts of hostility.

'Nous mimes quelques abeilles dans un tube de verre fermé seulement à l'une de ses extrémités, nous les fîmes engourdir à demi pour qu'elles ne pussent pas sortir par le bout qui étoit resté ouvert. On les ranima ensuite par degrés, en les exposant au soleil. On introduisit après cela dans le tube un épi de blé, et l'on irrita les abeilles en les touchant avec ses barbes; toutes tirèrent leurs aiguillon et des gouttes de venin parurent à l'extrémité de ces dards.

'Leur premiers signes de vie furent donc des démonstrations de colère, et je ne doute pas qu'elles ne se fussent enferrées les unes les autres, ou jettées sur l'observateur, si elles eussent été en liberté: mais elles ne pouvoient ni se mouvoir, ni sortir malgré moi du tube dans lequel je les avois placées.

'Je les pris une à une avec des pinces, et je les enfermai dans un recipient pour qu'elles ne troublassent pas mon expérience. Elles avoient laissé dans le tube une odeur désagréable, et c'étoit celle du venin qu'elles avoient dardé contre ses parois interieures. Je présentai son extrémité ouverte à des abeilles qui étoient groupées au devant de leur ruche. Ces mouches s'agitèrent dès qu'elles sentirent l'odeur du venin; mais cette émotion ne fut pas celle de la crainte; elle nous prouvèrent leur colère de la même manière que dans la premiere epreuve.

'Il y a donc des odeurs qui n'agissent pas seulement sur le physique de ces insectes, mais qui produisent jusqu'à un certain point sur eux une impression morale.' p. 387.

The author has next attempted to investigate the principles of a variety of complicated actions exhibited by these insects, which have hitherto been seldom made the subject of philosophical inquiry, but which are contemplated by the vulgar with blind admiration, while the passive curiosity of the naturalist is satisfied with referring them to the inscrutable agency of instinct. How far, it may be asked, are bees influenced by the mere impressions of their senses? how far are they under the direct guidance of appetite? What is the nature, and the degree of those internal faculties which wear so much the semblance of reason, and which would seem to imply a knowledge

of various relations among external objects, an anticipation of future events, and a power of combining means for the accomplishment of particular purposes? What variations of conduct do they exhibit under diversities of external circumstances; to what extent are they capable of profiting from experience; and what is the origin of those social habits which so eminently distinguish them above all the other insect tribes; and which imply a mutual cooperation for objects of general utility, and a subdivision of labour conducing materially to the advancement of those objects? In this wide and difficult field of inquiry, Mr Huber has selected a few of the more striking features in the economy of bees, as particularly susceptible of illustration. When they have lost their queen, it is now well established that they select out of the young larvæ in the hive some individuals, which, by a particular process of nourishment and education, they convert into so many new queens. The *rationale* of this part of their conduct deserves especially to be examined. The utility, nay the absolute necessity, of their so doing, for the future prosperity and even existence of the colony, is sufficiently manifest: but what is the immediate principle or motive which leads them to take such a step? If it were the mere absence of the queen, they should set about the formation of royal cells immediately on their being sensible that they had lost her: but a considerable time elapses before they determine upon this proceeding. What happens on these occasions cannot be better conveyed than in the descriptive style of the author:

'Lorsqu'on enlève une reine à sa ruche natale, les abeilles n'en paroissent pas d'abord s'en apercevoir; les travaux de tout genre se soutiennent, l'ordre et la tranquillité ne sont point troublés: ce n'est qu'une heure après le départ de la reine que l'inquiétude commence à se manifester parmi les ouvrières; le soin des petits ne semble plus les occuper, elles vont et viennent avec vivacité; mais ces premiers symptômes d'agitation ne se font pas sentir à la fois dans toutes les parties de la ruche. Ce n'est d'abord que sur une seule portion d'un gâteau que l'on commence à les aperçevoir; les abeilles agitées sortent bientôt du petit cercle qu'elles parcouroient, et lorsqu'elles rencontrent leurs compagnes elles croisent mutuellement leurs antennes, et les frappent légèrement. Les abeilles qui reçoivent l'impression de ces coups d'antennes s'agitent à leur tour et portent ailleurs le trouble et la confusion; le désordre s'accroît dans une progression rapide, il gagne la face opposée du rayon, et enfin toute la peuplade; on voit alors les ouvrières courir sur les gâteaux, s'entrechoquer, se précipiter vers la porte et sortir de leur ruche avec impétuosité; de là elles se répandent tout à l'entour, elles rentrent et sortent à plusieurs reprises, le bourdonnement est très-grand dans la ruche, il augmente avec l'agitation des abeilles: ce désordre dure

environ deux ou trois heures, rarement quatre ou cinq, mais jamais d'avantage.

' Quelle impression peut causer et arrêter cette effervescence; pourquoi les abeilles reviennent-elles par degré à leur état naturel, et reprennent-elles de l'intérêt pour tout ce qui sembloit leur être devenu indifférent? Pourquoi un mouvement spontané les ramène t-il vers leurs petits qu'elles avoient abandonnés pendant quelques heures? Qu'est-ce qui leur inspire ensuite l'idée de visiter ces larves de différens âges et de faire choix parmi elles des sujets qu'elles doivent élever à la dignité de reines?

' Si on visite cette ruche vingt-quatre heures après le départ de la mere commune, on verra que les abeilles ont travaillé à réparer leur perte; on distinguera aisément ceux de leurs élèves qu'elles ont destiné à devenir reines; cependant à cette époque la forme des cellules qu'ils occupent n'a point encore été alterée; mais ces alvéoles qui sont toujours au nombre de ceux du plus petit diamètre se font déjà remarquer par la quantité de bouillie qu'ils renferment: ils en contiennent alors infiniment plus que les berceaux des larves ouvrières. Il résulte de cette abondance de matière alimentaire que les larves choisies par les abeilles pour remplacer un jour leur reine, au lieu d'être logées au fond de l'alvéole dans lequel elles sont nées, sont placées tout auprès de son orifice.

' C'est probablement pour les amener là que les abeilles accumulent la bouillie ou pâtée dernière elles, et qu'elles leur font un lit si élevé; ce qui prouve que ce tas de bouillie ne sert point à leur nourriture; car on le retrouve encore tout entier dans les cellules quand le ver est descendu dans le prolongement pyramidal par lequel les ouvrières terminent leur logement.

' On peut donc connoître les larves destinées à donner des reines par l'aspect des cellules qu'elles habitent avant même que celles-ci ayent été elargées, et qu'elles ayent acquis une forme pyramidale. D'après cet observation, il étoit facile de s'assurer au bout de vingt-quatre heures si les abeilles avoient prit le parti de remplacer leur reine.' p. 396.

A difficulty that occurs on the very threshold of this inquiry, is to explain the mode in which all the bees become apprized of the absence of their queen. Do they collect this knowledge by the information of the sight, the smell, the touch, or of some unknown sense; and how is the news communicated from one to another till it becomes general throughout the hive? In order to elucidate this subject, the following experiment was made. A hive was divided into two separate compartments, by the quick introduction of a lattice, of which the wires were too close to admit of any bee passing through the interstices, but allowed of a free circulation of air between the two divisions, while the escape of the bees at the doors was prevented in a way that did not impede the passage of air. Great agitation prevail-

ed in that division of the hive which was deprived of its queen; but in the course of two hours it subsided, and in a few days the bees had commenced the construction of three royal cells. From that moment these bees conducted themselves as the inhabitants of a separate colony, never associating with their former companions; and having soon acquired a queen of their own, were thus completely independent of their former queen. Neither the sight nor the smell could in this instance have led to the knowledge that the queen, which was so near at hand, was unable to cross over to that part of the hive which had thus been insulated. That the absolute contact of the queen was necessary to their being assured of her presence, was proved by an experiment, in which she was separated from the other bees by a thin lattice, which admitted the antennæ of the bee to pass through, though it was too close for the passage of the whole head. Under these circumstances, no disturbance took place in the hive; the labours were not interrupted; and a constant intercourse was kept up with the queen through the medium of the antennæ.

'Ce qu'il y eut de très-remarquable pendant la réclusion de cette reine, c'est le moyen que les abeilles employèrent pour communiquer avec elle: un nombre infini d'antennes passées au travers de la grille, et jouant en tous sens ne permettoient pas de douter que les ouvrières ne fussent occupées de leur mère commune; celle-ci répondoit à leur empressement de la manière la plus marquée, car elle étoit presque toujours cramponnée contre la grille, croisant ses antennes avec celles qui la cherchoient si evidemment; les abeilles s'efforcerent de l'attirer au milieu d'elles, leurs jambes passées au travers du grillage, saisissoient celles de la reine, et les tenoient avec force; on vit même plusieurs fois leur trompe traverser les mailles du fil de fer et notre captive nourrie par ses sujettes depuis l'interieur de la ruche.' p.407.

The same experiment repeated with a double lattice, with an interval too great to admit of the antennæ reaching to the space beyond, was attended with all the perturbation which ensues on the loss of a queen, and led immediately to the construction of royal cells. The importance of the antennæ is further shown by the consequences which result from their amputation. When deprived of these organs, the bee appears to have lost all its former instinct; it desists from its labours, remains at the bottom of the hive, seems attracted only by the light, and takes the first opportunity of quitting the hive, never more to return. That the antennæ are the principal substitutes for the sense of sight, appears from the use they make of them during the night, when they guard the door of the hive from the entrance of moths which are fluttering around. It is curious to observe with what skill the moth avails itself of the imperfect vision of the

bee, when not assisted by strong day light; and what scrutinizing activity the bees exert in discovering the presence of so dangerous an enemy. The vigilant sentinels parade in circles round their habitation, expanding their antennæ to the full extent, and moving them incessantly on either side. Destruction awaits the luckless moth that comes within their reach. Aware of the danger, the latter displays considerable dexterity in avoiding the slightest contact, and in surreptitiously gliding between the sentinels, who are stationed to intercept it.

The singular art displayed by bees in the construction of the combs, has often attracted the attention of philosophers, and has given rise to much speculation among mathematicians as well as naturalists. A structure which appeared as a model of perfection, uniting the advantages of strength and economy of materials, and satisfying every condition of a refined geometrical problem, was contemplated with a degree of admiration that drew off the attention from the physical means employed in its execution; although it is evident, that without understanding these, all our reasonings on the principles from which so curious a species of architecture results, must be vague and hypothetical. Buffon has advanced with much confidence a theory, which may account in a plausible and summary manner for some of the appearances; but nothing shows more clearly the insufficiency of the most brilliant imagination, even when united with extensive knowledge, towards explaining the hidden processes of nature, if unassisted by the careful observation of facts, than the very erroneous views entertained on these subjects, by this specious and eloquent writer. No naturalist, indeed, prior to Huber, had ever been able to see the bee actually at work, and to follow up the several steps of the operation. Reaumur, whose diligence was unrivalled, and whose sober judgment never ventured to form conclusions with regard to facts without the support of actual observation, acknowledged that he had not seen enough of the proceedings of these insects, while they were engaged in building their habitations, to satisfy himself of the justness of his own conjectures. Glass hives, of any ordinary construction, are insufficient for this purpose, because the bees never carry on their architectural labours without being surrounded by a throng of assistants, which suspend themselves from the top of the hive, and form a thick curtain before the workers, impenetrable to the eye of the observer. It occurred to M. Huber, that this obstacle might be removed, if he could by any means deprive the auxiliary bees of the means of supporting themselves from the top, by obliging the bees to build upwards instead of downwards, which they always do when they find it

possible. After many attempts, he succeeded, by a particular contrivance, in effecting this; and by looking at them from below, on which side the light was admitted through glass, he was enabled to continue his observations throughout the whole process. He has given us a copious detail of each step of their operations, with a minuteness that appears unnecessary, and a prolixity that renders it very fatiguing to the attention. It is, however, well illustrated by plates, which exhibit the successive forms assumed by the work in every stage of its progress. We shall endeavour to give such a general outline as may be intelligible, without reference to figures.

The combs of a bee-hive are built up in vertical plates, severally composed of a congeries of partitions, which enclose a number of small cells. The form of each cell is that of a hexagonal prism, opening by one of its bases at the surface of the plate, and separated from the cells which open on the other side of the plate by a partition, so disposed as to form a pyramidal cavity at the bottom of each cell. This pyramid consists of three rhomboidal planes, which form an apex by the meeting of three of the obtuse angles; while the other angles meet the several sides of the prism. The lateral partitions being common to the adjacent cells, no interstice is left between them. The same effect also results from the adjustment of the cells on each side of the plate; for in the partition which divides them, the apex of each pyramid of the one set of cells forms one of the angles at the base of the other set. The three planes which compose the terminal pyramid of each cell, respectively concur in the formation of the bottoms of three cells on the opposite side; and the axis of the former, if produced, would be the common line of junction between the three latter. The most perfect symmetry, therefore, on each side of the comb, and in every cell, must result from this structure.

The junction of the rhomboidal planes, composing the terminal pyramid, with the six lateral planes of the hexagonal prism, could not be effected unless a portion of each of the latter were cut off obliquely at the base; the effect of which truncation will be to produce, in each of the lateral planes, an acute angle on one side and an obtuse angle on the other, instead of the two right angles with which they would have been terminated in a regular prism. The most remarkable circumstance in the form of the honey-comb, is, that these angles are exactly equal, respectively, to the angles of the terminal rhombs. There must evidently be six solid angles formed where the six sides of the cell meet the pyramid by which it is closed at the bottom; and these angles are constituted in the following manner. Each

acute angle at the base of the sides of the prism, is next to the acute angle of the adjoining side; and, in like manner, each obtuse angle is next to another obtuse angle; and these angles succeed one another in pairs alternately. Each pair of acute angles will join with the acute angles of two of the terminal rhombs, to constitute a solid angle, which will thus be formed of four acute angles. The pair of obtuse angles will join with the obtuse angle of one rhomb only, and the solid angle thus formed, will be bounded by three plane angles only, and all of them will be of equal magnitude. This latter solid angle, which is repeated at three of the angles of the base, is therefore exactly equal to the one at the apex of the pyramid; a condition which can obtain only when the ratio between the shorter and the longer diagonals of the rhomb, is the same as that between the side of a square and its diagonal. That the employment of rhombs of this particular shape requires a less expense of materials, than that of any other possible form, has been demonstrated by many mathematicians of the greatest eminence. The problem has been solved by Kœnig, Maclaurin, Cramer, Boscovich, L'Huillier, and Le Sage: Several remarks on the methods employed for this purpose, are contained in the work before us; and a demonstration of Cramer's, which is remarkable for its elegance, is given in the Appendix.

It does not appear to have been observed by former writers, that the first row of cells, or those nearest to the roof of the hive, from which the whole comb is suspended, have a form very different from any of the others. Their openings, instead of being hexagonal, are irregular pentagons, in consequence of two of the sides of the hexagon being cut off by the plane from which the comb arises. The partitions at the bottom of these cells deviate still more widely from their usual pyramidal form; for they are composed, on the one side of the comb, of two trapeziums, joined with one rhomb: and, on the other, of two rhombs only, without any third side. The work must therefore begin by the construction of these primary cells; and the design of them is sketched out by one or two bees, who appear to act as superintending architects; and who, by laying, as it were, the foundation stone of the future edifice, determine the relative situation of all its parts. For this purpose, then, the bee takes out, with its hinder feet, the plates of wax which are contained in the receptacles under the abdomen; and, by means of its fore feet, carries them to its mouth, where the wax is moistened and masticated, so as to give it that degree of softness and ductility which fit it for being worked. When thus prepared, it is applied to the roof of the hive; and other bees contributing fresh materials

in quick succession, a sort of block of wax is raised, of a lenticular shape, thick at the top, and tapering towards the edges. Hitherto no trace of the angular forms which are to be given to it, can be discerned: this is effected by a series of operations, in the following manner. A single bee takes its station on one side of the block of wax, and scoops out a vertical channel of the breadth of an ordinary cell, along the middle of that surface; accumulating the materials thus dug out all round the margin. No sooner has the line been traced, than other bees arrive in succession, relieving one another, often to the number of twenty, before the cavity on that side is sufficiently cleared out. They next operate on the other side, where two bees take their station, one on each side of the middle line, the situation of which they are enabled to distinguish from its being slightly prominent in consequence of the force with which the depression has been made on the other side. Each of these bees are now employed in excavating the wax at its respective station, so that the foundations of two cells are laid, the line between them corresponding to the middle of the cell on the opposite side. By degrees, all these hollows are rendered deeper and broader; their line of junction becomes a straight ridge; their sides assume the form of planes; their curved margins are fashioned into straight lines, which meet in regular angles. When the pyramidal partition at the bottom of any cell is finished, the bees build up walls from its edges, so as to complete the prismatic part of the cell. The second, and all the succeeding rows of cells, are formed exactly by similar steps: a wall being first raised, and modelled into the shape of a pyramidal partition, from the edges of which the lateral plates of the cells are built. The projecting parts of one side of the partition being made to correspond with the depressions on the other, an equal thickness is preserved throughout. As the building of one set of cells advances, others are begun; so that several rows at once are receiving additions, and room is allowed for the employment of a great number of workers at the same time. The row first constructed is the groundwork of that which succeeds; and this, in its turn, determines the situation of the next; the form and disposition of the parts of every cell being ultimately dependent upon that of the original cell raised by the founder of the comb. While the work is still proceeding, the recently formed cells do not attain the same length as those begun at an earlier period; the comb has a semi-lenticular form, broad at the base and centre, and tapering below and towards the sides; but when there is no longer any space for its lateral extension, all the cells acquire an equal depth, and the two surfaces become planes, exactly parallel to each other. The author

concludes, from all that he has observed, that the geometrical relations, which are conspicuous in their works, are more the necessary result of their mode of proceeding, than the principle by which their labour is guided.

The deviations from their usual methods of building, present many curious subjects of inquiry. Those rules of architecture, which, under ordinary circumstances, appear to be so rigidly prescribed, give way on various occasions where new ends are to be attained, or unusual obstacles are to be overcome. It is indeed highly interesting to watch these insects, impelled, as it might appear to a superficial observer, by some principle which determines them to a particular routine of conduct, occasionally emancipating themselves from these rigid laws, and assuming the prerogative of interpreting the intentions of their legislator. Many such anomalies will be recognized by an attentive scrutiny of the methods employed by bees in the construction of different parts of the comb, and will appear totally repugnant to the idea of their following some blind instinct. They will be found to change the direction of the combs, in order to avoid certain obstacles, such as a pane of glass, on which, from its smoothness, their feet can have no hold; and this change is always begun before the work has reached the glass. Portions of combs which have been broken off, and have fallen in different positions are joined to the entire comb by new cells, in which new modes of construction are resorted to, suited to the particular circumstances. Very different methods are employed in connecting the sides of the combs to the interior surfaces of the hives, according to the nature and the position of these surfaces. The compensations which are made in the size and disposition of the planes, which compose the terminal pyramid, in order to adapt them to these new forms, and to the varying capacities of the cells, are equally indicative of choice and selection, and are generally those best adapted to the end in view. The larger cells, in which the male larvæ are hatched, usually occupy the middle or lateral parts of the combs; and yet they are joined to the smaller cells without disturbing the general regularity of the construction. This is effected by the interposition of three or four series of what may be called cells of transition, of which the bottoms are composed of four, instead of three planes, viz. two rhombs and two hexagons. This transition of form is gradual; and it connects in the most regular manner the perfect pyramidal forms of larger and smaller dimensions, belonging to the larger and the smaller cells: The same gradation is also observed in passing from the rows of the former to those of the latter.

These deviations which Reaumur and Bonnet had cited as examples of irregularity and imperfection, appear, when accurately studied, to be in reality proofs of the most accurate geometric adjustment of particular structures, destined for different purposes. The principal circumstance which determines the last described modification in their architecture, is the sort of eggs which the queen-bee is preparing to bring forth: another cause of deviation may be pointed out in the abundance of provisions which they can lay in store, and for the reception of which they prepare larger and deeper cells, having their axes more inclined to the horizon. Thus do we see every apparent irregularity determined by some sufficient motive, and compensated in other parts by some corresponding change: and so great is the flexibility of the faculties of these insects, that the work can be always adapted to the intended object, whether that object relate to external circumstances, or to domestic policy, whether it concern the interests of individuals, or the welfare of the community at large. The real operation of instinctive, or rather of implanted principles, appears to be restricted to a smaller number of objects of the first necessity, than is commonly imagined; the execution of other points being left to the determination of circumstances, and being modified by a degree of sagacity, of which the operation resembles much more that of choice than of habit or involuntary mechanism. In the architecture of bees, Buffon could see nothing but a necessary result of the efforts of great numbers of insects simultaneously exerting equal degrees of pressure laterally against a mass of soft wax. As the uniform operation of the law of cohesion on the particles of a basaltic stratum disposes them in equal prismatic columns, so does he suppose that the equal pressure of a distending force, would convert a number of similar cylinders, compressed in a limited space, into regular hexagonal prisms. He finds examples of a tendency to assume the hexagonal form in the lines on the membranous wing of the bat; in the reticular folds of the second stomachs of ruminant animals; in the impressions on some flowers, capsules and seeds of vegetables, as well as in the configuration of crystals. But he does not condescend to show how such a principle might apply to the pyramidal forms of the terminal partitions, or to the curious mutual adaptation of the cells on opposite sides; nor does he stop to inquire whether all the cells are of the same dimensions, or how those of different sizes are adjusted to each other. Above all, he thinks it unnecessary to ascertain whether the actual practice of the bees, when building, is conformable to his hypothesis; and whether they all work at the same moment, each for himself alone, without relation to any general design, or reference to the objects of the communi-

ty. Loose analogies from other departments of science are caught hold of in support of a crude but sweeping theory, calculated only to satisfy the hasty and superficial gazers on Nature's productions, but crumbling into dust as soon as we attempt its application to the real matters of fact. It is not by such attempts to scale the walls, that we can expect to gain the recesses of the labyrinth.

In the course of the preceding inquiries it was remarked, that the combs, when recently made, had a very different appearance to that which they assumed after a certain time. At first they are perfectly white, semitransparent, soft, but exceedingly fragile, and smooth, without being polished. In a few days they acquire more or less of a yellow tint; their edges become thicker and stronger, so that the comb will now yield considerably before it breaks; their surfaces have a gloss as if varnished over; and they bear a higher temperature before they melt. It was ascertained that these qualities are given to them by the addition of a kind of varnish, with which the whole surface, but more particularly the edges of each plane, are covered, and which is also employed in large quantities as a solder at the junction of the planes which compose the partitions. When chemically examined, this varnish was found to be of the same nature as the propolis with which the interior of the hive is lined. This substance appears to be a gum-resin, and it has long been conjectured to be of vegetable origin; but the particular plants from which the bees collected it, had never been exactly determined. M. Huber ascertained that the buds of the wild poplar can supply them with this material. The matter which imparts to the wax its yellow colour, differs essentially from propolis, being wholly insoluble in alcohol: its colour is destroyed by the light of the sun, and also by nitric acid. The source of this colouring material could not be discovered. The following account of their labours in distributing the propolis on the cells, contains many curious traits of ingenuity.

'Un tems serein, une température élevée engagèrent enfin les abeilles à la récolte; on les voyoit revenir de la campagne, chargées de cette gomme résine, qui ressemble à une gelée transparente; cette substance avoit alors la couleur et l'éclat du grenat: on la distinguoit aisément des pelottes farineuses que les autres abeilles apportoient en même-tems. Les ouvrières chargées de propolis se joignirent aux grappes qui pendoient du haut de la ruche, on les voyoit parcourir les couches extérieures du massif: quand elles étoient parvenues aux supports des gâteaux, elles s'y reposoient: leles s'arrêtoient quelques fois sur les parois verticales de leur domicile, en attendant que les autres ouvrières vinssent les débarrasser de leurs fardeaux. Nous en vîmes effectivement deux ou trois s'ap-

procher de chacune d'elles, prendre avec leurs dents la propolis sur les jambes de leurs compagnes, et partir aussitôt avec ces provisions. Le haut de la ruche offroit le spectacle le plus animé; une foule d'abeilles s'y rendoient de toutes parts; la récolte, la distribution et les divers emplois de la propolis étoient alors leur occupation dominante: les unes portoient entre leurs dents la matière dont elles avoient déchargé les pourvoyeuses et la déposoient sur les montans des chassis ou sur les supports des gâteaux; les autres se hâtoient de l'étendre comme un vernis avant qu'elle fut durcie, ou bien elles en formoient des cordons proportionnés aux interstices des parois qu'elles vouloient mastiquer. Rien de plus varié que leurs opérations; mais ce que nous étions le plus intéressés à connoitre, c'étoit l'art avec lequel elles appliquoient la propolis dans l'intérieur des alvéoles. Nous fixames donc notre attention sur celles qui nous parurent disposées à s'en occuper, on les distinguoit aisément de la multitude des travailleuses, parcequ'elles avoient leurs têtes tournées vers la glace horizontale. Lorsqu'elles en eurent atteint la superficie, elles y déposèrent la propolis qui brilloit entre leurs dents, et la placèrent à peu près au milieu de l'espace qui séparoit les gâteaux. Nous les vîmes alors s'occuper à conduire cette substance gommo-résineuse au véritable lieu de sa destination; profitant des points d'appuis qu'elle pouvoit leur fournir par sa viscosité, elles s'y suspendoient aussitôt à l'aide des crochets de leurs jambes postérieures, et sembloient se balancer au-dessous du plafond vitré; l'effet de ce mouvement étoit de porter leurs corps en avant et de le ramener en arrière; à chaque impulsion nous voyons le tas de propolis s'approcher des alvéoles, les abeilles se servoient de leurs pattes antérieures qui étoient restées libres, pour balayer ce qui avoit été détaché par leurs dents, et pour réunir ces fragmens répandus sur la surface du verre; celui-ci reprit sa transparence lorsque toute la propolis fut amenée auprès de l'orifice des cellules. Quelques abeilles entrèrent dans celles qui étoient vitrées; c'étoit là que je les attendois, et que j'esperois les voir travailler tout à mon aise: celles-ci n'apportoient point de propolis, mais leurs dents appliquées contre la cire étoient employées à polir et à nettoyer les alvéoles, elles les faisoient agir dans les sillons angulaires formés par la rencontre de leurs pans, elles leur donnoient plus de profondeur, elles ratissoient les parties raboteuses de ces bords; pendant ce travail les antennes sondoient le terrain; ces organes placés au devant de leurs mâchoires leur indiquoient sans doute les molécules protubérantes qu'elles devoient enlever.

Lorsqu'une de ces ouvrières eut assez limé la cire dans l'espace anguleux que ses dents parcouroient, elle sortit de la cellule en reculant, s'approcha du tas de propolis qui se trouvoit le plus à sa portée, y plongea ses dents et tira un fil de cette matière resineuse; elle le rompit aussitôt en écartant sa tête brusquement, le prit avec les crochets de ses pattes antérieures, et rentra dans la cellule qu'elle venoit de préparer. Elle n'hésita point à placer le filet entre les

deux pièces qu'elle avoit applanies, et au fond de l'angle que celles-ci formoient ensemble; mais elle trouva, sans doute, ce cordon trop long pour l'espace qu'il devoit recouvrir, car elle en retrancha une partie; elle se servoit tour-à-tour de ses pattes antérieures pour l'ajuster et l'étendre entre deux pans, ou de ses dents, pour l'enchasser dans le sillon anguleux qu'elle vouloit garnir de cette matière. Après ces différentes opérations, le cordon de propolis parut être encore trop large et trop massif au gré de cette abeille, elle se remi tout de suite à le ratisser avec les mêmes instrumens, et chaque coup tendoit à en enlever quelque parcelle: lorsque ce travail fut achevé nous admirâmes l'exactitude avec laquelle le cordon étoit ajusté entre les deux pans de l'alvéole. L'ouvrière ne s'en tint pas là, elle se retourna vers un autre partie de la cellule, fit agir ses mâchoires contre la cire sur les bords de deux autres trapezes, et nous comprîmes qu'elle préparoit encore la place que devoit recouvrir un nouveau filet de propolis. Nous ne doutions pas qu'elle ne s'approvisionnât de cette gomme sur le tas qui lui en avoit fourni précédemment; mais contre notre attente elle tira parti de la portion qu'elle avoit retranchée du premier filet, l'arrangea dans l'espace qui lui étoit destiné, et lui donna toute la solidité et le fini dont il étoit susceptible. D'autres abeilles achevèrent l'ouvrage que celle-ci venoit de commencer; tous les pans des alvéoles furent bientôt encadrés par des filets du propolis, les abeilles en placèrent aussi sur leurs orifices; nous ne pumes saisir l'instant où elles étoient occupées à les vernir, mais il est facile de concevoir actuellement de quelle manière elles doivent s'y prendre.' p. 264.

The expedients which bees resort to for defending their hive against numerous enemies, furnish perhaps the most curious instances of ingenuity and contrivance of any part of their policy; and are the more deserving of study, as they often admit of direct comparison with human artifices. The sphinx atropos, a very large species of moth, commits great devastation in the hive, whenever it can succeed in getting into the anterior. A hive that has been visited by this nocturnal depredator, is generally soon after deserted by its inhabitants; and on examination, is found to be entirely robbed of its honey, of which it had before contained an ample provision. It was some time before the cause of these frequent losses of bees was discovered; and when detected, it was found that the only effectual method of securing the hive from the attacks of this formidable moth, was to contract the door-way, so that the large body of the sphinx could not pass through, while sufficient room was left for the entrance and exit of the bees. It is very remarkable, that in some hives where the cultivator had not employed this expedient, the bees had, of their own accord, adopted a similar contrivance, and had built up, within the hive, and immediately behind the door, a thick wall, in which several holes

were left just sufficient for the passage of the working bees. In different hives, considerable variety in the construction of these lines of defence was observable; different plans of fortification had been followed by these expert and sagacious engineers. Sometimes a single wall was turned into arches at the top; at others, several buttresses were placed in succession behind each other, as if in imitation of the bastions of a citadel; doors were constructed, which were masked by walls in front, and opened in the face of another series of ramparts, and in situations which did not answer to the original entrances. On other occasions, a series of massive arches were built, so as to cross one another, and thus leave a very narrow aperture: and the whole formed a compact and solid structure. When the danger is less pressing, when the population of the colony has much increased, and the abundance of flowers abroad requires the constant passage of the bees to and from the hive, all these fortifications are demolished, until fresh subject of alarm arises. Those raised in 1804 were destroyed in the ensuing spring. The sphinx did not make its appearance either that year or the next; but in the autumn of 1807, they returned in considerable numbers; the bees immediately barricadoed their doors, and thus succeeded in saving themselves from the danger which threatened them. In May 1808, they again dismantled the fortress, to make way for the swarms that were sent off. If the farmer should have already taken the precaution to straighten the entrance, the bees, finding that they have been anticipated in their labours, do not employ any additional measures of security.

It is for those who deny the existence of any degree of reflection in insects, to explain these facts on some other principle.

The volume of which we have now given an account, must recommend itself to all who pursue philosophical inquiries, by the excellent specimens it contains of the methods of investigating the processes of nature in the animal world. The history of discoveries on the subject of bees, about which so many volumes have been written, and to which the attention of the agriculturist as well as the naturalist has been directed from the earliest times, is highly instructive, as disclosing the progress of the human mind in the attainment of knowledge. In the works of Aristotle, Pliny, Virgil and Columella among the antients, and of Swammerdam, Maraldi, Reaumur, Hatlorf, Riem, Schirach, Debraw, Bonnet, Hunter and Huber among the moderns, we may trace the rise and fall of various opinions, and the slow confirmation of truths, which, now that they are established, we wonder could ever have been disputed. We are in the situ-

ation of a spectator who looks down from a commanding eminence on the tangled paths which wind up the ascent, and forgets the labour and perplexity of the traveller who first explored his way over the craggy steeps. We are amused with the motley admixture of truth and error apparent in the works of the older authors, and the indolent acquiescence with which those errors have been copied and transmitted through succeeding ages. While we gather confidence in results which are founded on legitimate induction, we are at the same time taught a salutary scepticism with regard to those theories which rest on less direct evidence. We learn what difficulties impede us in the very outset of our inquiries; how laborious and arduous is the task of collecting accurate observations; how liable we are to delusion from the magic power of imagination, which persuades us that we see what is not before us, which dresses up what we expect or desire in the guise of reality, and which insensibly lures us into partial or exaggerated statements. A conjecture thrown out at random has sometimes reached the threshold of an important discovery, which has yet remained unexplored till a long time afterwards, when inquiry has led to it by a very different path. Truth often lies concealed near the very spot where we had looked for her in vain; her subtle essence eludes our grasp in a thousand ways; and, even when fully in our view, she appears in such unexpected shapes, and fantastic disguises, that we fail to recognize the object of our search.

ART. VI. *Speech of Mr* PHILLIPS, *delivered in the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, in the Case of* GUTHRIE *versus* STERNE; *with a Short Preface.* London, Macmillan. 1815.

WHATEVER grievances the sister kingdom may have to complain of, at the hands of this country, we apprehend, she cannot accuse us of insensibility to the worth and genius of her people. On the contrary, there seems to exist a spirit of exaggeration regarding them—a disposition to make up for the evils occasioned by misgovernment and abuse, by a somewhat unlimited praise of Irish warm-heartedness, and Irish eloquence. Our Irish brethren, too, have generally been very ready to accept of these honours; and to console themselves for the loss of more substantial good, by admitting that they are indeed the best-hearted and most eloquent of mankind. From time to time, doubts may have been hinted as to the soundness of this doctrine; and sceptical or cold-blooded observers may have fancied they could

trace both the one quality and the other to a certain vehemence of temperament, the growth of imperfect civilization; the more especially, when the warmth of feeling was perceived to be often in alliance with craft as well as violence, and the glow of fancy to be unchastened by sound taste. But, generally speaking, the opinion of men seems fixed upon the subject; and he would meet with a sorry reception, we imagine, on either side of the Channel, who should dispute the position, that Ireland is the land of generous natures and eloquent tongues. Accordingly, we are not about to deny any such tenet; we only claim for ourselves the privilege of watching the attempts made to import the Irish article into this country; and, admitting it to be admirably fitted for home consumption, we think nothing can be much clearer than its unsuitableness to our market. The reader will immediately perceive, that we are speaking merely of the kind of composition usually denominated Irish Oratory, in which the better speakers who have come over to England deal very sparingly, and the best not at all,—but of which the speech of Mr Phillips now before us is almost entirely made up. Its characteristics are, great force of imagination, without any regularity or restraint; great copiousness of language, with little selection or propriety; vehemence of sentiment, often out of place; warmth of feeling, generally overdone; a frequent substitution of jingling words for ideas; and such a defect in skill (with reference to the object in view), as may be supposed to result from the intemperate love of luxuriant declamation, to which all higher considerations are sacrificed. The merits peculiar to this school of rhetoric, we are far from denying; but they are of dangerous example, and, at the best, of a subordinate cast. They are not indeed by any means of easy attainment; and even their excess, the fault they are principally liable to, is the vice of clever, not of dull minds: Yet no one whose taste is not extremely faulty, or corrupted by the study of models from this school, can hesitate a moment in rejecting them, when offered as samples of legitimate eloquence. We purpose, therefore, to bestow a little attention upon Mr Phillips's speech, coming forward, as it should seem, to claim the praise, not merely of a speech which did its business with the jury, and might be forgotten, but one that deserves to live, and be regarded as a specimen of the art—a specimen, too, suited to the English as well as Irish taste. We must frankly own, that, with every sense of its merits as a piece of Irish eloquence, we think they are not such as can recommend it to the more severe judgment of this country.

The purposes for which the Preface informs us this Speech is

published, are 'the encouragement of eloquence,' and the restoration of 'our sinking virtue.' It was delivered for the plaintiff, in an action for criminal conversation; and it pierced (we are told) 'the heart of the defendant, even to the blackness 'of its core, by the withering glance of indignant genius.' The editor, indeed, seems to be aware of the powerful circumstances which are likely to counteract the effects of 'the breath of elo-'quence in reanimating the sleeping energies' of virtue. But he argues judiciously enough, that if the 'electrical effects of 'the eloquence of Demosthenes upon the populace of Greece 'could nerve the arm of the coward, and sooth the ruffled spirit 'of the disaffected,'—'why should *it* not now be successful in 'correcting, or at least shaming, the depravities of the aban-'doned?'—and therewithal he gives us a metaphor of some length, touching a 'wily serpent.' It is, however, with the Speech itself, and not with the Preface, that we now have to do; and we proceed to consider it, laying wholly out of our view, as justice requires, the praises of the editor, and only recollecting of the speaker the very favourable impression left upon the public by his beautiful poem of the Emerald Isle, and his independent and honourable conduct in the political contests of his country.

We began the perusal of this performance under the impression that, as it was to be judged by a severe standard, some accuracy of diction might, among other essentials of oratory, be looked for. The two first sentences undeceived us; in which correctness is sacrificed to an unmeaning jingle three several times.

'In this case I am of counsel for the plaintiff, who has deputed me, *with the kind concession* of my much more efficient colleagues, to detail to you the story of his misfortunes. In the course of a long friendship which has existed between us, originating in *mutual* pursuits, and cemented by *mutual* attachment, never until this instant did I feel any thing but pleasure in *the claims which it created, or the duty which it imposed.*' p. 1.

Concession is here, rather awkwardly, used for *assent;* but then the former word jingles with *kind;* *mutual* is put for *common*, because it was to be repeated in the other limb of the sentence; and a distinction is created between the *claims* and the *duty* of friendship, that we may hear *roundly* of the 'claims which it created, or 'the duty which it imposed.' The expression, 'to *detail* to you 'the *story* of his misfortunes,' is not happy—scarcely accurate. It should have been, 'to tell you the story,' or 'to detail the 'particulars;'—but rather the former. A friendship originating in similar pursuits is intelligible; but 'a friendship cement-

'ed by mutual attachment,' after it had so originated, is not sense—it is as if he had said, 'a friendship originating in our 'pursuits, and cemented by our friendship.' In the third sentence Mr Phillips says, that 'he cannot help *being pained at* 'the *kindness of a partiality* which,' &c. '*To be pained*,' never was good English, though there are old authorities for it; to be pained *at* a thing, we suspect never was English at all;—but 'the kindness of partiality,' is an absurdity in any language. In the next sentence, we have 'misfortune veiling the 'furrows which its tears had burned, and hiding under the 'decorations of an artful drapery the heart-rent heavings with 'which its bosom throbbed;' a metaphor by no means correct, and therefore wholly to be rejected as a figure,—but, were it ever so just, far too violent for the very opening of a speech. What orator ever ventured upon such ground at the end of the first minute?—Before he has been speaking another minute, we have him (as might indeed be expected) among 'earthquakes that 'convulse, and pestilence that infects;' and then comes one of the most laboured passages of the Speech, which closes the exordium. It begins with an expression, borrowed, we believe, from the American dictionary, and contains, beside much false ornament, some words, the coining of which could only have been excused in the vehemence of an advanced period of the declamation.

'No matter how we may have *graduated* in the scale of nations; no matter with what wreath we may have been adorned, or what blessings we may have been denied; no matter what may have been our feuds, or follies, or our misfortunes: it has at least been universally conceded, that our hearths were the home of the domestic virtues, and that love, honour, and conjugal fidelity, were the dear and indisputable deities of our household: Around the fire-side of the Irish hovel hospitality *circumscribed* its sacred circle; and a provision to punish, created a suspicion of the possibility of its violation. But of all the ties that bound, of all the bounties that blessed her, Ireland most obeyed, most loved, most reverenced, the nuptial contract. She saw it the gift of Heaven, the charm of earth, the joy of the present, the promise of the future, the innocence of enjoyment, the chastity of passion, the sacrament of love: the slender curtain that shades the sanctuary of her marriage-bed, has in its purity the splendour of the mountain snow, and for its protection the texture of the mountain adamant. Gentlemen, that national sanctuary has been invaded; that venerable divinity has been violated; and its tenderest pledges torn from their shrine, by the polluted rapine of a kindless, heartless, *prayerless*, remorseless adulterer. To you,—religion defiled, morals insulted, law despised, public order foully violated, and individual happiness wantonly wounded,—make

their melancholy appeal. You will hear the facts with as much patience as indignation will allow; I will myself ask of you to adjudge them with as much mercy as justice will admit.' p. 2, 3.

Oratory has its licenses as well as poetry, and must not be severely scrutinized when it deals with matters of fact; else should we feel disposed to question the assumption upon which Mr Phillips here proceeds, that Ireland is so peculiarly favoured in respect of domestic purity. Certain it is, that the records of our courts in this Island, not unfrequently display Irish names; and even in the Sister Kingdom itself, it is a little singular that the two largest sums ever recovered in such actions were awarded; not as Mr Phillips might, perchance, imagine, because of the novelty of the offences, but because of the peculiar profligacy of the cases. 'The purity of the mountain snow, and the texture of the adamant,' were, in one of these instances, attacked by the plaintiff's own brother. We should have been most far indeed from arguing against the purity of Irish morals, because such things had taken place; but then our Irish brethren should not claim a monopoly of chastity as their national peculiarity, in the face of facts like these.

The narrative of the case, which follows the passage we have been commenting upon, is much less flowery, and much better composition; though we find such things, here and there, as 'the dæmon of its destined desolation, lurking hid in the very sunbeam of happiness:' And the entertainment at the Connaught Circuit Table, is depicted as 'the flow of soul, and the philosophy of pleasure.' There is also some want of skill in putting forward the statements, that the defendant had little more than a common acquaintance with the plaintiff, and that he had spent part of his life in prison for debt.

There seem to have been some circumstances in this case peculiarly striking, and such as afforded the finest field for pathetic eloquence. The seducer had been brutal enough to maltreat the object of his love almost immediately after their elopement; and, she having left children, as well as a husband, from whom she had experienced uniform tenderness, and to whom she had felt the warmest affection, the agony of her sufferings wrung from her these touching exclamations—'My poor husband! 'My dear children! Oh! if they would ever let my little 'William live with me, it would be some consolation to my 'broken heart!' How to deal with so affecting an incident, was unquestionably a great difficulty in the task of the orator. A simple narrative, but really and unaffectedly and feelingly simple, was clearly the first part of the course to be pursued. Mr Phillips thinks he performs this best by reading it verbatim from his

brief; but he flings into a parenthesis something by way of relieving, or, as he would call it, seasoning the simplicity of the story; for, mention being made of her 'magnificent dress,' as observed by the chambermaid, he exclaims, 'Poor wretch! she 'was deeked and adorned for the sacrifice!' The story being brought fairly before the audience, there remained the much more difficult task of making the proper use of it. Upon this point there might be various opinions, even among the masters of the art. But, we apprehend, that few would have advised starting with a poetical quotation; and, at any rate, no one would have recommended the one chosen by Mr Phillips—

'Alas! nor children more can she behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home!'—

which we might almost suspect to have been taken, along with the story, from the brief. The following is his commentary at length; and, with much to offend against sound taste, it contains undoubted marks of genius. The transition to the husband is happy, and well managed; it is more plain, too, than the rest of the passage.

'Well might she lament over her fallen fortunes; well might she mourn over the memory of the days when the sun of Heaven seemed to rise but for her happiness; well might she recall the home she had endeared, the children she had nursed, the hapless husband, of whose life she was the pulse. But one short week before this, earth could not reveal a lovelier vision: Virtue blessed, affection followed, beauty beamed on her;—the light of every eye, the charm of every heart, she moved along in cloudless chastity, cheered by the song of love, and circled by the splendours she created! Behold her now, the loathsome refuse of an adulterous bed; festering in the very infection of her crimes; the scoff and scorn of their unmanly, merciless, inhuman author! But thus it ever is with the votaries of guilt; the birth of their crime is the death of their enjoyment; and the wretch who flings his offering on its altar, falls an immediate victim to the flame of his devotion. I am glad it is so; it is a wise, retributive dispensation; it bears the stamp of a preventive Providence. I rejoice it is so in the present instance: first, because this premature infliction must ensure repentance in the wretched sufferer; and next, because, as this adulterous fiend has rather acted on the suggestions of his nature than his shape, by rebelling against the finest impulse of man, he has made himself an outlaw from the sympathies of humanity. Why should he expect that charity from you, which he would not spare even to the misfortunes he had inflicted? For the honour of the form in which he is disguised, I am willing to hope he was so blinded by his vice, that he did not see the full extent of those misfortunes. If he had feelings capable of being touched, it is not to the faded victim of his own weakness, and of his wickedness, that I would direct them. There is nothing in her crime which affrights

charity from its commiseration. But, Gentlemen, there is one, over whom pity may mourn, for he is wretched: and mourn without a blush, for he is guiltless. How shall I depict to you the deserted husband? To every other object in this catalogue of calamity there is some crime attached which checks compassion. But here—oh! if ever there was a man amiable, it was that man; oh! if ever there was a husband fond, it was that husband: his hope, his joy, his ambition, was domestic; his toils were forgotten in the affections of his home; and amid every adverse variety of fortune, Hope pointed to his children, and he was comforted. By this vile act that hope is blasted, that house is a desert, those children are parentless.' p. 14, 15.

Another remarkable circumstance in this case was, that the plaintiff's mother fell a sacrifice to the distress of her son's family, and died before the trial of the cause. Mr Phillips makes a good use of this passage; but we are really prevented from extracting his observations, by the dreadful piece of violent figure which spoils it;—he actually speaks of 'the solace of an artery torn from the heart-strings.'

It is impossible to vary the ordinary topics which cases of seduction present. The orator will dwell chiefly, no doubt, upon the peculiarities of the one in hand; but he must also bring before his auditors, those features, which it has in common with others, and which, after all, are likely to be the most important. In pourtraying these, he can hardly strike out any thing very novel at this time of day; and accordingly, no one will blame Mr Phillips for resorting to such established topics—(established, because they have been found effective)—as enumerating the excuses which his adversary might have had for his conduct, but which he had not. Yet it must be observed, that this should be an enumeration, and very little more. He must not dwell upon them, as if he were really urging them in favour of the defendant, when he is only to show that his conduct is left bare of all palliation. Had he been set to defend the seduction, he might have enlarged upon the enormities which had not been committed, because the direct tendency of such a description is to diminish the effect of the thing actually committed; and this effect is lessened by every shade that is cast upon the contrast. But nothing can be more absurd, than to descant at length upon a topic of palliation, merely in order to say that your adversary had no such excuse. The following passage sins grievously against this rule; and is moreover in the worst style of florid and mawkish novel-writing.

'It might perhaps have been, that, in their early years, this guilty pair had cherished an innocent attachment; it might have been, that in their spring of life, when Fancy waved her fairy wand

around them, till all above was sunshine, and all beneath was flowers; when to their clear and charmed vision this ample world was but a weedless garden, where every tint spoke Nature's loveliness, and every sound breathed Heaven's melody, and every breeze was but embodied fragrance; it might have been that, in this cloudless holiday, Love wove his roseate bondage around them, till their young hearts so grew together, that a separate existence ceased, and life itself became a sweet identity; it might have been that, envious of this Paradise, some worse than dæmon tore them from each other, to pine for years in absence, and at length to perish in a palliated impiety. Oh! Gentlemen, in such a case, Justice herself, with her uplifted sword, would call on Mercy to preserve the victim. There was no such palliation: the period of their acquaintance was little more than sufficient for the maturity of their crime; and they dare not libel Love, by shielding under its soft and sacred name, the loathsome revels of an adulterous depravity.' p. 18, 19.

A little further on, in handling another such topic, he alludes to Ireland as 'a land of courage and chivalry, where the female form has been held as a patent direct from the Divinity, 'bearing in its chaste and charmed helplessness, the assurance 'of its strength, and the amulet of its protection.' All which, we venture to say, is neither tolerable eloquence, nor even middling poetry—but wild incoherent rhapsody—a patchwork of broken pieces of figures, brought together to make some new figure,—without consistency of form, symmetry of proportions, or harmony, or even nature in the colouring.

We now approach a part of the speech, which was marked by the most unequivocal, and, we trust, universal testimony, of the audience's approbation. 'A burst of applause,' we are informed, 'from the whole Bar and auditory, followed the de-'livery of this passage.' It seems the defendant had been vile, and also stupid enough to avow, that a love of distinction was the motive of his conduct; at least so Mr Phillips chooses to apply an expression used by him; and from thence he draws the passage so much applauded.

'I had heard, indeed, that ambition was a vice,—but then a vice, so equivocal, it verged on virtue; that it was the aspiration of a spirit, sometimes perhaps appalling, always magnificent; that though its grasp might be fate, and its flight might be famine, still it reposed on earth's pinnacle, and played in heaven's lightnings; that though it might fall in ruins, it arose in fire, and was withal so splendid, that even the horrors of that fall became immerged and mitigated in the beauties of that aberration! But here is an ambition—base, and barbarous, and illegitimate; with all the grossness of the vice, with none of the grandeur of the virtue; a mean, muffled, dastard incendiary, who, in the silence of sleep, and in the shades of midnight, steals his Ephesian torch into the fane, which it was virtue to adore, and worse than sacrilege to have violated.' p. 21.

Now, we will venture to affirm, that if any one had dared in this country to produce such a *flight*, and had escaped the worst of calamities—moving his hearers to laughter, he would infallibly have encountered the next worst—the leaving their feelings far behind him, and uttering with vast emotion a most impassioned sentence, which fell dead and flat upon an audience unmoved—or ashamed of what they heard. We can much more easily forgive the other burst of applause which is said to have followed the conclusion of the Speech—both because there is a tendency to applaud at the end of any harangue delivered with feeling, and because it is much better than the former passage. The topic, indeed, is not a common one in such cases; he asks damages to relieve the children of the marriage—but he works up the matter very well; and at the end more of vehemence can always be tolerated than in any other part.

'Believe me, Gentlemen, if it were not for those children, he would not come here to-day to seek such remuneration; if it were not that, by your verdict, you may prevent those little innocent defrauded wretches from wandering beggars, as well as orphans, on the face of this earth. Oh, I know I need not ask this verdict from your mercy; I need not extort it from your compassion; I will receive it from your justice. I do conjure you, not as fathers, but as husbands; not as husbands, but as citizens; not as citizens, but as men; not as men, but as Christians: by all your obligations, public, private, moral, and religious; by the hearth profaned, by the home desolated, by the canons of the living God foully spurned: save, oh! save your fire-sides from the contagion, your country from the crime, and perhaps thousands, yet unborn, from the shame, and sin, and sorrow of this example.' p. 23.

Among the least judicious parts of this speech, are the allusions to Lord Erskine. Of course we shall not be suspected of dissenting from the highest panegyrick which eloquence, even more inflated than Mr Phillips's can bestow upon that great orator and most skilful advocate, how much soever we may regret that the praises of so fine a model should be chanted in so unchastened and even preposterous a strain. Neither must we be supposed to insinuate, that Mr Phillips introduces Lord Erskine by way of comparison with himself. Of any such folly we freely acquit him; but there is something singularly injudicious in calling the attention of his audience to that distinguished master's performances in cases of the same sort, both because it shows that he is straining at an imitation of those models, (a thing not good in poetry, and fatal to eloquence), and because it reminds us how great is his failure. Let him, indeed, find in the whole compass of Lord Erskine's orations, one single instance of the business in hand, the great work of

convincing or persuading, sacrificed to imagery or mere declamation, that is, sentence-making, and speaking for speaking-sake—and we shall advise him to take the yet more severe graces of Demosthenes for his model. But until he has found this specimen, we must recommend him to study Lord Erskine, rather than to praise him. If indeed he must praise him, we venture to suggest, that 'a subject suited to his *legitimate* mind,' is not intelligible—and that the following passage presents no very clear idea, though meant to be very descriptive—'By the rare union 'of all that was learned in law with all that was lucid in elo-'quence; by the singular combination of all that was pure in 'morals with all that was profound in wisdom; he has stamped 'upon every action of his life *the blended authority of a great* '*mind and an unquestionable conviction.*'

To conclude, Mr Phillips is a man of undoubted talents, and even genius. He requires only a severe controul over his fancy, and a careful study of the chaster models of composition, to excel in oratory. But the present specimen is unfavourable in itself; and only holds out a promise, which—if he listens to the plaudits of such auditors as he delivered it to—we are afraid will never be fulfilled.

ART. VII. *An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary and India; comprising a View of the Afghaun Nation, and a History of the Dooraunee Monarchy.* By the Hon. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, Resident at the Court of Poona, and late Envoy to the King of Caubul. 4to. Longman & Co., and Murray, London, 1815.

Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon. By CLAUDIUS JAMES RICH, Esq. Resident at the Court of the Pacha of Bagdad. 8vo. Longman & Co., and Murray, London, 1815.

Description du Pachalic de Bagdad. 8vo. Paris, 1809.

THERE are not many regions of the globe of which the history and geography are less known than those of the country which is the subject of Mr Elphinstone's important and distinguished work. Yet it is a country in no respect uninteresting. Both its utmost length and its greatest breadth are above seven hundred miles. The population seems, upon probable grounds, to be estimated at fourteen millions. The governing part of this population are a peculiar race, speaking a language radically different from other tongues, and distinguished by manners, in-

stitutions and character from the great nations who border on their territory on the eastern and western sides.

The Sovereigns of this country, before their power was destroyed by civil confusions, might be classed, in point of strength, as about the fourth or fifth of the Mahometan world. It had been annexed to Persia, and subjected by the Moguls in their progress towards the conquest of India. No conquest however effaced, or seems to have much weakened the original character of the inhabitants. Their mountains, and still more the spirit with which their mountains filled them, enabled them, in general, very quickly to throw off a foreign yoke. Their country has been the seat of the greatest Mahometan empires. They have been masters of Persia; and, in almost every age, from their conversion to the Mussulman faith to the present time, they have entered India as conquerors. Afghaun colonies were settled in various Indian districts. Several Royal families of that nation reigned at Delhi before the house of Taimour; and military adventurers of the same race, are not yet banished from India, by the general peace and order which the establishmen of the British authority has imposed. In addition to these claims on the curiosity of those who seek to increase their knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants, Afghaunistan possessed a more than ordinary importance in the eye of those who administer the government, or examine the political relations of British India. The destruction of the French and Mahratta power in Hindustaun in 1804, almost brought it into contact with the dependencies of the government of Bengal, from which it is separated by the great, but tumultuary and fluctuating strength of the Seiks—by the disorderly and harassed principalities of the Rajpoot country, now the sole insecure retreat of Hindu independence—by various feudatories and tributaries from Cashmere to the mouths of the Indus, who, in the late convulsions of the Afghaun monarchy, have almost shaken off their nominal dependence—by the northern mountains, the Indus, and by the Desert—which, with more or less width and sterility, stretches from the Punjaub to the gulph of Cutch. None of the intermediate states or chiefs are powerful enough to stop the progress of an army; and even the natural barriers on the western frontier of India, have been crossed in almost every age, from Alexander to Nadir Shah.

As soon, therefore, as the British government apprehended danger from the side of Europe, it was natural that they should seek to conciliate a neighbouring government of such importance, and to explore a country so little known, through which an European invader must advance. It is now easy to look

down on such apprehensions with contempt. But they were at the time perfectly reasonable. At the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon seemed to be the master of the continent of Europe; and whoever is master of Europe, may be the master at least of the Old World. Russia, become his most devoted ally, held the north of Asia. That vast empire, whose armies might visit Pekin with a facility a hundred fold greater than that with which they have already twice visited Paris, which has frontiers within a week's sail of Constantinople, and within a week's march of Tehraun, is separated by no powerful state from the northern frontier of the British possessions in India. It would have seemed far less extravagant to predict the entry of a Russian army into Delhi, or even Calcutta, than its entry into Paris. In such a project as the expedition by land against India, it was a most peculiarly fortunate circumstance to have an ally equally powerful and zealous on the flank of the whole line of advance, and of the territory to be invaded. It is accordingly certain, that this gigantic plan was seriously entertained by Napoleon; though not so confidently and so earnestly as it has more than once been treated, and as it probably again will be contemplated, at St Petersburgh. In such an operation, it was indeed manifestly impossible to keep open the channels of supply and reinforcement, and to secure the possibility of retreat, by the ordinary methods of war. A chain of military posts, extending from the Dardanelles to the Indus, would have been a conception beyond the boldness of the most inflamed imagination. The only substitute was a chain of capitals, in which imprisoned governments might be both hostages for the conduct of their subjects, and instruments for exacting the pay and provision of the invading army from their dominions. It was indisputably a part of the plan, to obtain possession of Constantinople and Tehraun, under friendly pretexts; and to employ the Turkish and Persian governments to facilitate the advance, and to secure the supply of the French and Russian armies. As far as the provinces which form the south-eastern banks of the Caspian, the plan was probably considered as complete. The patronage of the missions, since the time of Lewis XIV., had established a connexion between France and Persia. The language and literature of western Asia were cultivated at Paris with brilliant success. The old and reasonable habits of their diplomacy in the Levant, supplied them with young men perfectly qualified to converse with the Orientals. Men of considerable talents were placed in the Consulships of Syria; and the Rousseaus, a family of Genevese extraction, (related to Jean Jacques), were sent back to Bagdad, where they had long been established, and

had become almost naturalized. The father or uncle of general Gardanne had been Consul-General in Persia, where perhaps the general was born.

Their success in gaining the Persian government seemed to have been complete. The conquests of Napoleon were well known in that country. A Persian embassador had even witnessed his greatest power and splendour during the first Polish war. In the East, to pursue aggrandizement is considered as the first duty of a government. Moderation is despised, as springing only from sloth or fear. Faith and justice are words sometimes used to dupe the vulgar. While Napoleon continued triumphant in Europe, all attempts to detach Persia from his cause appeared to be unavailing. As soon as serious reverses in Spain proved that the French had formidable enemies behind them, the exertions of the British negociators began to promise more success. In negociation with Persia, there was another advantage on the side of France. It is difficult to be at the same time the ally of Russia and of Persia. They are natural enemies. The ambition of the one power, and the fears of the other, where a great military empire is placed on a frontier in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, are permanent sources of enmity. While France was the enemy of Russia, she could promise aid against that dreaded neighbour. When she became the ally of Russia, it was with so great a mastery on her part, that she was able to stop the progress of the Russian arms, or, at least, to persuade the Persian government that she possessed such a power. The enmity of Great Britain with Russia was on the contrary accidental—in most states of the world unnatural—and the sway of France over Europe, dangerous to the independence of both states. But, notwithstanding this advantage, the French ascendant at Tehraun began to decay, as soon as it became apparent that France was no longer to be the undisputed mistress of the European continent. It was indeed from the beginning evident, that such an enterprize as that of marching a great French army across the continent of Asia, could not be hazarded even with the slenderest probability of success by any sovereign who left a continental enemy behind. The peace between England and Turkey concurred, with the French failures in the Peninsula, to destroy the influence of Napoleon in Persia.

That pacification, if it be considered in all its effects, as relieving India from danger, as delivering Austria from annoyance on her eastern frontiers, as enfeebling the diversion made by the Turkish army on the Russian frontier in the critical and decisive autumn of 1812, and as an assertion of independence on

the part of Turkey herfelf, long numbered among the subservient vassals of France, may be justly esteemed one of the greatest services ever rendered by a negociator to his country, though the excellent and distinguished person who rendered so signal a service, has, we believe, been left to find his reward in the approbation of his own conscience. Constantinople was the mirror in which the Persian statesmen saw the fluctuations of power and policy in Christendom. As soon as England had made peace with the Porte, it was concluded at Tehraun that English friendship must be valuable. Beyond the eastern frontier of Persia, or perhaps beyond the eastern shore of the Caspian, no part of the plan of invasion could have been settled. The state of the country and the character of its governments were too little known to allow any arrangements either political or military. It is true, that some of the French geographical engineers in the retinue of General Gardanne, appear to have found their way into some parts of the Caubul dominions; and some of these intelligent and enterprizing officers are said to have penetrated to the mouths of the Indus.

It is certain that the Ameers or rulers of the province of Sind maintained a pretty close correspondence with the French minister at Tehraun. It is well known, that a cafilah or caravan of 30,000 persons travels annually from the Russian town of Osenburgh to Bokhara. They travel in the winter, for the sake of melted snow, in a desert almost without water, and on account also of the facility and security of passing the Jaxartes on the ice. Half the people of Bokhara are said to be engaged in the Russian trade, which probably consists chiefly in peltry from Siberia, and European hardware and woollens. Shah Hyder, the King of Bokhara, a prince who can bring 50,000 horse into the field, sent two embassies to the Empress Catharine. The city of Bokhara, still celebrated as a seat of Mussulmaun learning, is said now to contain 100,000 inhabitants. With the caravan from Osenburgh, probably travel the Mussulmaun pilgrims from Tobolski, of whom some visit Mecca every year, where they meet professors of the same faith from Madagascar, from Borneo, and from the mouth of the Senegal. But no negociation is known to have been carried on, either by France or Russia, with the government of Caubul, or among the Usbeck states to the north, or with the Seiks or Rajpoots, or in Thibet, where the numerous followers of Buddhism among the eastern subjects of Russia might probably have supplied expert and zealous negociators at the Lama's court.

In the year 1808, when the influence of General Gardanne had reached its highest point in Persia, the government of India

began their measures to guard against the danger which threatened them. Few governments had servants better qualified for diplomatic missions, by general understanding and local experience, by perfect knowledge of the interest of their own and the neighbouring states, and by familiarity with the languages, manners and character of the countries to which they were to be sent. Some of these accomplished gentlemen have since distinguished themselves in European diplomacy. Others have, by valuable works, * enabled the public to estimate their talents; some have displayed the minds and the knowledge of lawgivers and statesmen, in their examination before both Houses of Parliament at the renewal of the Company's privilege. Mr Elphinstone and Sir John Malcolm were chosen by Lord Minto for the embassies to Persia and Caubul. Both were indeed pointed out to him by the general voice of India. Sir John had been before sent as Envoy to Persia by Lord Wellesley, and probably knew the court and country as well as any foreign minister ever knew the state to which he was sent. He found the interest of the enemy paramount. Indeed, any man but himself would have abandoned the case at that time as utterly desperate. But he did much to prepare the way for negociation in more favourable times, to provide the means of annoying an invader, if supported by Turkey and Persia, and to make the latter power feel that it was possible to bring the force of British India directly to act upon her. By a skilful use of means so slender, that a common eye could not have discovered their existence—by naval demonstrations in the Persian Gulph, which would have placed the important stations of that sea at his command,—he rendered its petty maritime chiefs subservient to his projects; he was ready to avail himself of the disaffection which might arise in Southern Persia, and even to act on the invader's line of advance, through the Pachalic of Bagdad, a territory really independent of its nominal Sovereign at Constantinople; and which it then strongly appeared to be a considerable object of Indian policy to preserve from falling into complete subjection to either of the great monarchies of Turkey or Persia.

* In the first class of which must be placed Col. Wilks's admirable work, of which the continuation will probably be the best history of British India, from the conclusion of Orme to the fall of Seringapatam. It may deserve the consideration of this excellent writer, whether a supplemental volume, from the fall of Seringapatam, to the Mahratta peace of 1805, forming with Orme a generally accessible series of Anglo-Indian history, would not be a fit employment of the leisure which has been restored to him, by events equally momentous and singular.

The results of Sir John's mission are, we rejoice to hear, speedily to be laid before the public. Those who know his talents, his Eastern knowledge, his unwearied industry, and who have read his excellent account of the Seiks, will naturally expect from him a work which, with Sir John Chardin, will complete our knowledge of Persia. His judgement in the choice of assistants, and their routes in the eastern provinces of that monarchy, have laid open a country hitherto almost wholly unknown. Some part of the information conveyed in Mr Kinneir's valuable memoir and important map, coincides with that furnished by Mr Elphinstone. As they conducted their inquiries respecting the same places about the same time, and afterwards communicated with each other frankly and liberally, it would not be always easy, nor is it very important, in every case, to decide to which of the two missions a geographical discovery is to be ascribed. The true geography of the vast and celebrated region, extending from the Tigris to the Indus, and from the Oxus or Jaxartes to the Indian Ocean, is undoubtedly due to the joint labours of both.

Mr Elphinstone being indisputably at the head of the Company's civil service, in political talent and knowlege, was chosen for the untrodden ground of Caubul. The preparations for his mission were, he tells us, made at Delhi, with that parade and display which are calculated to dazzle the barbaric fancy of an Eastern Court. In the preface to the tragedy of Aurengzebe, Dryden, if we remember right, apologizes for exhibiting on the tragic theatre, the events of his own time, by the just and ingenious observation, that distant, and especially unknown and almost inaccessible places, produce on the imagination the same effect with ancient times; and that the story of Aurengzebe's family at Agra and Delhi was as remote from the minds of English spectators, as the fate of Cæsar seventeen centuries before. Delhi has now been for ten years an English town; and it is justice to moderate conquest, and well-administered absolute power, to add, that in that time its ruinous houses have been rebuilt, and its desert streets have begun to be inhabited; and that though the Mogul has not been restored, he is at least in a condition of affluence and dignity, instead of being, like his wretched predecessor under the Mahratta tyranny, a prisoner in barbarous durance. From this capital, the mission began its journey on the 13th of October, 1808. Its track is marked on the excellent map which accompanies the work. 'From Del-'ly to Canound, a distance of one hundred miles, is through 'the British dominions, and need not be described.' This omission, and others of the like nature, we cannot quite approve.

To omit perfectly familiar scenes, and to begin where new information commences, is an excellent general rule in books of travels. But the greater part of the British dominions in Asia are very little known to the general reader, for whom books are published. The territories recently acquired in Hindustaun are more interesting than Caubul, and almost as little known. An account of the present state, and recent revolutions of the city of Delhi; of our late conquests in the neighbourhood, and of the Rajpoot Princes and country, would have formed a suitable opening of the book; as it might have been closed by a fuller description of the Punjaub, of the city of Lahor, of Umrutsir, of the political state of the Seiks, and of the probable line of Alexander's march through that country, which Mr Elphinstone is probably better qualified to illustrate than any other individual. This last subject (if not all the others) we should still recommend to his attention. The narrative of Arrian is so minute, that it is evidently rather transcribed than abridged, from the accounts of Alexander's staff-officers, drawn up on the spot. The features of the country are peculiar, and, we presume, unchanged. Mr Elphinstone alone is equally familiar with the narration and the country; and if he should think it too small for separate publication, it would be a fit contribution towards those learned collections in India, which, by the return of Mr Colebrooke to England, have lost their firmest support, and their brightest ornament.

Canound exhibited the first specimen of the Desert. Near that place, the mission met 'sand-hills, which at first were co-'vered with bushes, but afterwards were naked piles of sand, 'rising one after another, like the waves of the sea, and mark-'ed on the surface by the wind like drifted snow.' There are roads hardened by the tread of animals; but 'off the road, 'our horses sunk into the sand above the knees.' Through this desert, sometimes sprinkled with miserable dwellings, and interrupted by cultivation on the banks of the great rivers, the mission proceeded by Bikaneer, Bahawulpoor, and Moultian, to the Ferry of the Indus at Kaheree, for a distance, which seems to be more than five hundred miles.

Of this Desert, and of the men who border or dwell in it, Mr Elphinstone presents us with the following striking sketches.

'The Shekhawuttee country seems to lose its title to be included in the Desert, when compared with the two hundred and eighty miles between its western frontier and Bahawulpoor; and, even of this, only the last hundred miles is absolutely destitute of inhabitants, water, or vegetation. Our journey from the Shekhawut frontier to Pooggul, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, was over hills and valleys of loose and heavy sand. The hills were ex-

actly like those which are sometimes formed by the wind on the sea shore, but far exceeding them in their height, which was from twenty to one hundred feet. They are said to shift their positions, and to alter their shapes, according as they are affected by the wind; and in summer, the passage of many parts of the Desert is said to be rendered dangerous by the clouds of moving sand; but when I saw the hills (in winter), they seemed to have a great degree of permanence, for they bore a sort of grass, besides Phoke, and the thorny bushes of the Baubool, and the Bair, or Jujube, which altogether gave them an appearance that sometimes amounted to verdure. Among the most dismal hills of sand, one occasionally meets with a village, if such a name can be given to a few round huts of straw, with low walls and conical roofs, like little stocks of corn. These are surrounded by hedges of thorny branches stuck in the sand, which, as well as the houses, are so dry, that if they happened to catch fire, the village would be reduced to ashes in five minutes. These miserable abodes are surrounded by a few fields, which depend for water on the rains and dews, and which bear thin crops of the poorest kind of pulse, and of Bajra, or Holcus Spicatus; and this last, though it flourishes in the most sterile countries, grows here with difficulty, each stalk several feet from its neighbour. The wells are often three hundred feet deep, and one was three hundred and forty-five feet. With this enormous depth, some were only three feet in diameter; the water is always brackish, unwholesome, and so scanty, that two bullocks working for a night, easily emptied a well. The water was poured into reservoirs lined with clay, which our party drank dry in an instant after its arrival. These wells are all lined with masonry. The natives have a way of covering them with boards, heaped with sand, that effectually conceals them from an enemy. In the midst of so arid a country, the water-melon, the most juicy of fruits, is found in profusion. It is really a subject of wonder to see melons three or four feet in circumference, growing from a stalk as slender as that of the common melon, in the dry sand of the desart. They are sown, and perhaps require some cultivation; but they are scattered about to all appearance as if they grew wild.

'The common inhabitants are Jauts. The upper classes are Rathore Raujpoots. The former are little, black, and ill-looking, and bear strong appearances of poverty and wretchedness. The latter are stout and handsome, with hooked noses, and Jewish features. They are haughty in their manners, very indolent, and almost continually drunk with opium.

'The stock consists of bullocks and camels, which last are kept in numerous herds, and are used to carry loads, to ride on, and even to plough. Of the wild animals, the desart rat deserves to be mentioned for its numbers, though not for its size; the innumerable holes made by these animals where the ground is solid enough to admit of it, are indeed a serious inconvenience to a horseman, whom

they distress even more than the heavy sand. It is more like a squirrel than a rat, has a tuft at the end of its tail, and is often seen sitting upright, with its fore-feet crossed like a kangaroo. It is not unlike the jerboa, but is much less, and uses all its feet. It is not peculiar to the desart, being found in most sandy places on the west of the Jumna. Antelopes are found in some parts, as is the goorkhur, or wild ass, so well depicted in the book of Job. This animal is sometimes found alone, but oftener in herds. It resembles a mule rather than an ass, but is of the colour of the latter. It is remarkable for its shyness, and still more for its speed: at a kind of shuffling trot peculiar to itself, it will leave the fleetest horses behind. The foxes may also be mentioned; they are less than our fox, but somewhat larger than the common one of India: their backs are of the same brownish colour with the latter; but in one part of the desart, their legs and belly up to a certain height, are black, and in another, white. The line between those colours and the brown is so distinctly marked, that the one kind seems as if it had been wading up to the belly in ink, and the other in white-wash.

'The rest of the desart for about one hundred miles from Pooggul to Bahawulpore, was a flat of hard clay, which sounded under our horses' feet like a board. In some places small hills were formed by sand apparently blown over the clay; on these were some bushes of Phoke, and some little plants of wild rue, and of a kind called Laura, which bears a strong resemblance to everlasting, and which is said to yield abundance of alkali when burnt. The clay was destitute of all vegetation; and in this tract, excepting the fort and pool of Moujgur, and two wells about sixteen miles from Bahawulpoor, there is neither water nor inhabitants to be found; yet, as we travelled from the first on the road adopted by all caravans, it may be presumed that we saw the most habitable portion of the whole.

'It is obvious, that a desart, such as I have described, could not be passed without preparation; camels had accordingly been hired at Canound to carry water and provisions, which completed the number of our camels to six hundred, besides twelve or thirteen elephants. Our water was carried in leathern bags, made of the skins of sheep, besides some much larger ones, made of the hides of oxen, and twenty-four large copper vessels, two of which were a load for a camel. These were made for the Hindoo Sepoys, and proved the best contrivance, as the skins gave a great deal of trouble, and spilled much water after all. In providing water for the animals, we took no account of the camels, that creature bearing thirst for a period which is almost incredible.

'The women who had accompanied the mission were sent back from Chooroo with a guard, and many of our servants were allowed to return by the same opportunity; but this did not secure us the services of the remainder; for such was their dread of the desart, that men of all descriptions deserted by twenties and thirties till we

were so far advanced as to render their return impossible. As there was a war in Bikaneer, and as the road was at all times exposed to the depredations of the Bhuttees and other plunderers, we engaged one hundred horse and fifty foot in the Shekhawuttee, to assist our regular escort in protecting our long line of baggage.

'All these arrangements being completed, we marched from Chooroo on the 30th of October. We marched in the night, as we had done since we entered the Shekhawuttee; we generally began to load by two or three in the afternoon, but it was long before we were able to proceed; and the head of our line never reached the encamping ground till twelve or one. On many occasions we were much later; and once or twice it was broad day before we arrived at our stage. The marches were seldom very long. The longest was twenty-six miles, and the shortest fifteen; but the fatigue which our people suffered bore no proportion to the distance. Our line, when in the closest order, was two miles long. The path by which we travelled wound much to avoid the sand hills. It was too narrow to allow of two camels going abreast; and, if an animal stepped to one side, it sunk in the sand as in snow; so that the least obstruction towards the head of the line stopt the whole; nor could the head move on if the rear was detained, lest that division, being separated from the guides, might lose its way among the sand hills. To prevent this, a signal was passed along the line by beat of drum, when any circumstance occasioned a stoppage in the rear; and a trumpet, sounded from time to time at the head of the line, kept all informed of the direction in which the column was proceeding. The heavy sand made marching so fatiguing that we were obliged to allow camels for half the infantry Sepoys, that they might ride by turns, two on a camel; we had, besides, cajawas (or large panniers on camels), for the sick. The annoyance of the march was greatly increased by the incredible number of a sort of small burs, which stuck to every thing that touched them, and occasioned great uneasiness. They are however useful, inasmuch as they form a favourite food for horses, and the seed is eaten even by men. The want of water, and the quality of that which we met with, was also a great hardship to our men and followers; and, though the abundance of water melons afforded occasional relief to their thirst, its effect on their health was by no means salutary. Such were the combined effects of fatigue, bad water, and the excessive use of water melons, that a great proportion of the natives who accompanied us became afflicted with a low fever, accompanied by a dysentery; and to such a degree did this extend, that thirty Sepoys, without reckoning followers, were taken ill in the course of one day at Nuttoosir; and forty persons of all descriptions expired during the first week of our halt at Bikaneer. The great difference between the temperature of the days and nights no doubt contributed to this mortality. Even the English gentlemen used to suffer from cold during the night marches, and were happy to kindle a large fire at

soon as we reached our ground; yet the sun became powerful so early in the morning, that we always woke with a feverish heat which lasted till sunset. The Europeans, however, did not suffer any serious illness. Some instances of violent inflammation in the eyelids were the only disorders of which we had to complain.

'Our march to Bikaneer was attended with few adventures. Parties of plunderers were twice seen, but did not attack our baggage. Some of the people also lost their way, and were missing for a day or two; during which time they were in danger of being lost in the uninhabited parts of the desart, and were fired on by all the villages which they approached in hopes of getting guides or directions for their journey.

'At last, on the 5th of November, in the midst of a tract of more than ordinary desolation, we discovered the walls and towers of Bikaneer, which presented the appearance of a great and magnificent city in the midst of a wilderness. Even after we reached our ground, there were disputes in camp whether it or Delly was most extensive; but a little farther acquaintance removed this impression. The town was surrounded by a fine wall, strengthened with many round towers, and crowned with the usual Indian battlements. It contained some high houses, and some temples, one of which had a lofty spire, and at one corner was a very high and showy fort. It was distinguished by the whiteness of all the buildings, arising from the material already described at Chooroo, and by the absence of trees, which give most Indian towns the appearance of woods rather than of inhabited places. The beauty of Bikaneer however was all external. On entering the gates, most of it was found to be composed of huts, with mud walls painted red. It was exceedingly populous, perhaps from the number of people who had fled to the capital in consequence of the state of the country.

'Bikaneer was at this time invaded by five different armies; one of which belonging to the Raja of Joudpoor, and 15,000 strong, had arrived within a few miles of the city. Another smaller force was equally near, while the rest were endeavouring to reach the same point by different routes. A number of predatory horse had also been let loose to cut off the supplies of provisions from the surrounding countries, on which a city situated like Bikaneer, must obviously depend for existence. The Raja, on the other hand, filled up all the wells within ten miles of his capital, and trusted for deliverance to the desolation which surrounded him.

'This state of affairs was not very favourable for supplying the wants of the mission; and we thought ourselves lucky in being enabled to renew our march within eleven days. During this time, military operations were carried on between the parties. The smallest of the armed bodies near Bikaneer was obliged to fall back a march. A convoy from the eastward also forced its way into the town; and another going to the enemy, was cut off by the Raja's troops. Many men were killed on this occasion, and much plun-

der was taken by the victors. Their appearance, as they passed near our camp, was well described by one of the gentlemen of the mission. In one place was seen a party driving in oxen, in another some loaded carts, here a horseman pricking on a captured camel with his long spear, and there a gun dragged slowly through the sand by fifteen or twenty bullocks. Disorderly bands of ragged soldiers were seen in all directions, most of them with plunder of some kind, and all in spirits with their victory.

'In the mean time, I was assailed by both parties with constant applications, the Joudpoor General urging me to come to his camp, and the Raja desiring me to take part with him. The former could only throw out hints of danger from omitting to comply with his wishes; but the Raja could at pleasure accelerate or retard the provision of our cattle and supplies; and by placing a guard over the well which had been allotted to us, he one day showed to our no small uneasiness how completely he had us in his power. The restriction however was removed on a remonstrance, and might have been occasioned by the water being required elsewhere; for while we were taking in water for our journey, we were ourselves obliged to place guards over the well, and to withhold water entirely from our camels for the two or three last days of our stay.

'The time of our residence was variously occupied. At first there was some novelty in observing the natives, with whom our camp was crowded like a fair. Nothing could exceed their curiosity; and when one of us appeared abroad, he was stared at like a prodigy. They wore loose clothes of white cotton or muslin, like the people of Hindoostan; but were distinguished from them by their Raujpoot features, and by their remarkable turban, which rises high over the head like a mitre, and has a cloth of some other colour wound round the bottom. Some of our party went into the town, where, although curiosity drew a mob round them, they were treated with great civility: Others rode out into the desert, but were soon wearied with the dreary and unvaried prospect it afforded; for within ten yards of the town was as waste as the wildest part of Arabia. On the northern side alone there was something like a woody valley. The most curious sight at Bikaneer was a well of fine water, immediately under the fort, which is the residence of the Raja. It was three hundred feet deep, and fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. Four buckets, each drawn by a pair of oxen, worked at it at once; and, when a bucket was let down, its striking the water made a noise like a great gun.

'Great part of our time was taken up with the Raja's visit, and our attendance at his palace. The Raja came to my camp, through a street, formed by his own troops and joined by one of our's, which extended from the skirts of the camp to the tent where he was received. He was carried on men's shoulders, in a vehicle like the body of an old-fashioned coach. He was preceded by a great many chobdars, bearing slender silver maces, with large knobs at the

top, which they waved over their heads in the air, and followed by a numerous retinue. He sat down on a musnud (a kind of throne composed of cushions), under a canopy, or rather an awning of red velvet, embroidered and laced with gold, and supported by four silver pillars, all of which he had sent out for the purpose. We conversed on various subjects for an hour. Among other topics, the Raja enquired about the age of the King, the climate of England, and the politics of the nation. He showed a knowledge of our relation to France; and one of the company asked, whether my mission was not owing to our wars with that nation. Presents were at last put before him and his courtiers, according to the Indian custom; after which he withdrew.

'Raja Soorut Sing is a man of a good height, and a fair complexion for an Indian. He has black whiskers and a beard (except on the middle of his chin), a long nose, and Raujpoot features: he has a good face, and a smilling countenance. He is reckoned an oppressive prince. It is strongly suspected that he poisoned his elder brother, whom he succeeded; and, it is certain, that he murdered an agent sent from the Vizier of Hindostan to the King of Caubul. Yet, as he is very strict in his devotions, and particular in the diet prescribed by his religion, his subjects allow him the character of a saint.

'I returned his visit on the next day but one, having been invited by his second son, who, though an infant, was sent for that purpose with a great retinue. The fort looked well, as we approached. It was a confused assemblage of towers and battlements, overtopped by houses crowded together. It is about a quarter of a mile square, surrounded with a wall thirty feet high, and a good dry ditch. The palace was a curious old building, in which, after ascending several flights of steps, we came to a court surrounded by buildings, and then had one hundred yards to go, before we reached a small stone hall, supported by pillars, where the Raja took his seat under his canopy. The court was different from any thing I had seen, those present being fairer than other Hindostanees, and marked by their Jewish features and showy turbans. The Raja and his relations had turbans of many colours, richly adorned with jewels; and the Raja sat resting his arms on a shield of steel, the bosses and rim of which were set with diamonds and rubies. After some time, the Raja proposed that we should withdraw from the heat and crowd, and conducted us into a very neat, cool, and private apartment, in a separate court; the walls were of plaster, as fine as stucco, and were ornamented in good taste; the doors were closed with curtains of China satin. When we were seated on the ground, in the Indian way, the Raja began a speech, in which he said he was a subject of the throne of Delly, that Delly was now in our hands, and he seized the opportunity of my coming, to acknowledge our sovereignty. He then called for the keys of his fort, and insisted on my taking them, which I refused, disclaiming the extended rights ascribed to us.

After a long contest, the Raja consented to keep the keys; and when some more conversation had passed, a mob of dancing women entered, and danced and sung till we withdrew.

'We at last marched from Bikaneer on the night of the 16th of November. The country we passed on the two first nights, was like that already described; and our people were so fatigued after the second march, that we intended to have halted a day to refresh them, when the Dewaun of the Raja of Bikaneer acquainted us with some movements of a certain partizan, and of some of the predatory tribes of the desart, which induced us to move in the day instead of the night, to enable us the better to protect our baggage.

'In consequence of this change, the generale beat at two o'clock in the morning (November 19th); but it was day-light before our water and all our other loads were prepared, and it was dark before we reached our ground at Pooggul, after a march of twenty-four miles. The whole was wavy sand hills, some of them of an astonishing height. Our people were in great distress for water during the whole day. At Pooggul, however, we found abundance of good water for sale. It was rain-water preserved in small reservoirs, vaulted over with brick and mortar. There was well-water also, which was brackish, but not noxious. The wells were not more than half as deep as those of Bikaneer.

'We halted on the 20th of November, to take in water, and I had a good opportunity of examining the place. If I could present to my reader the fore-ground of high sand hills, the village of straw huts, the clay walls of the little fort going to ruins, as the ground which supported them was blown away by the wind, and the sea of sand without a sign of vegetation, which formed the rest of the prospect, he probably would feel, as I did, a sort of wonder at the people who could reside in so dismal a wilderness, and of horror at the life to which they seemed to be condemned.' *Introd.* p. 5—15.

This is perhaps the only desert where scanty subsistence, with the profit of conveying merchandize, and of pursuing game and booty, have not given habits of migratory life to the population; a circumstance which is the more remarkable, because not only the grain dealers * who supply camps, but many other low castes, are *nomadic* in the midst of settled inhabitants, and in some of the most anciently cultivated countries of India.

The principal Rajpoot princes are, the Ranah of Oudipoor the most noble of Hindu princes, the rajahs of Joudpore and Jyepoor, whose considerable territories, since the peace of 1805, have been the theatre to which the exactions and contests of Sindia and of Holkar's successors have been chiefly confined; to which may be added the two desert rajahs of Jesselmere and of Bhikaneer, the most western chiefs of the religion of Brahma.

* Called in India *Brinjarries.*

But there are many petty principalities of their race; and they form the bulk of the population throughout the whole of a belt which stretches irregularly from the gulph of Cutch to the north-eastern frontier of Oude.

They had all acknowledged the authority of the Moguls; but their chiefs had been vassals rather than subjects of the Crown of Delhi. Those of Guzurat, and especially of Cutch, seem most to have preserved their independence; and in the long struggles to maintain it, to have contracted, or perhaps retained, a darker shade of barbarism, manifested in many usages of singular atrocity which the late laudable attempts of the British government have not yet extirpated. The Rajpoots are in some respects the most important part of the population of India. They are the representatives of Hinduism. In them are seen all the characteristic qualities of the Hindu race, unmitigated by foreign mixture, exerted with their original energy, and displayed in the strongest light. They exhibit the genuine form of a Hindu community, formed of the most discordant materials, and combining the most extraordinary contrasts of moral nature; unconquerable adherence to native opinions and usages, with servile submission to any foreign yoke; an unbelieving priesthood, ready to suffer martyrdom for the most petty observance of their professed faith; a superstition, which inspires the resolution to inflict or to suffer the most atrocious barbarities, without cultivating any natural sentiment or enforcing any social duty; all the stages in the progress of society brought together in one nation, from some abject castes more brutal than the savages of New Zealand, to the polish of manners and refinement of character conspicuous in the upper ranks; attachment to kindred and to home, with no friendship, and no love of country; good temper, and gentle disposition, little active cruelty except when stimulated by superstition; but little sensibility, little compassion, scarcely any disposition to relieve suffering, or to resist wrong done to themselves or others; timidity, with its natural attendants, falsehood and meanness, in the ordinary relations of human life, joined with a capability of being excited to courage in the field, to military enthusiasm, to heroic self-devotion; abstemiousness in some respects more rigorous than that of a western hermit in a life of intoxication—austerities and self-tortures almost incredible, practised by those who otherwise wallow in gross sensuality; childish levity; barefaced falsehood; no faith, no constancy, no shame, no belief in the existence of justice.

After having caught a glimpse of this extraordinary people, hitherto not so much known in Europe as they ought, the mis-

sion met, at Bahawulpore, the first nominal vassal of Caubul Bahawul Khaun, a chief of not unpleasing character. After him they found a weaker chief at Moultaun, more full of distrust and apprehension. Indeed, there is no doubt that the approach of an English mission must have spread general alarm. Runjeet Sing very naturally dreaded a good understanding between his eastern and western neighbours. The chiefs of Leia Moultaun and Sind apprehended that the object of the mission was to obtain a cession of their provinces. In fact, Runjeet Sing refused a passage to the mission through his dominions, though he suffered them to return by that road; and it is generally known, that the king of Caubul would gladly have purchased the support of the English against his internal enemies, by a cession of the important Post of Attook, and by a surrender of his almost nominal supremacy over Moultaun or Sind. The next specimen of Mr Elphinstone's powers of description with which we shall present our readers, is his account of the singular scenery at Calla-baugh on the Indus.

'Calla-baugh, where we left the plain, well deserves a minute description. The Indus is here compressed by mountains into a deep channel, only three hundred and fifty yards broad. The mountains on each side have an abrupt descent into the river, and a road is cut along their base, for upwards of two miles. It had been widened for us, but was still so narrow, and the rock over it so steep, that no camel with a bulky load could pass: to obviate this inconvenience, twenty-eight boats had been prepared, to convey our largest packages up the river. The first part of this pass is actually overhung by the town of Calla-baugh, which is built in a singular manner upon the face of the hill, every street rising above its neighbour, and, I imagine, only accessible by means of the flat roofs of the houses below it. As we passed beneath, we perceived windows and balconies at a great height, crowded with women and children. The road beyond was cut out of solid salt, at the foot of cliffs of that mineral, in some places more than one hundred feet high above the river. The salt is hard, clear, and almost pure. It would be like crystal, were it not in some parts streaked and tinged with red. In some places, salt springs issue from the foot of the rocks, and leave the ground covered with a crust of the most brilliant whiteness. All the earth, particularly near the town, is almost blood red, and this, with the strange and beautiful spectacle of the salt rocks, and the Indus flowing in a deep and clear stream through lofty mountains, past this extraordinary town, presented such a scene of wonders, as is seldom to be witnessed. Our camp was pitched beyond the pass, in the mouth of a narrow valley, and in the dry bed of a torrent. Near it were piles of salt in large blocks (like stones at a quarry), lying ready for exportation, either to India or Khorassaun. It would have taken a week to satisfy us with the sight of Calla-baugh; but it

threatened rain, and, had the torrent filled while we were there, our whole camp must have been swept into the Indus.' *Introd.* p.36,37.

On the 25th of February 1809, the mission arrived at Peshawer, the utmost point of their journey, where the King had come from his more western dominions, and where they continued till the 14th of June. With the following description of that city and its vicinity, we shall close our extracts from the account of the journey.

'The inhabitants of Peshawer are of Indian origin, but speak Pushtoo as well as Hindkee. There are, however, many other inhabitants of all nations; and the concourse is increased, during the King's visits to Peshawer. We had many opportunities of observing this assemblage in returning from our morning rides; and its effect was heightened by the stillness and solitude of the streets, at the early hour at which we used to set out. A little before sunrise people began to assemble at the mosques to their morning devotions. After the hour of prayer, some few appeared sweeping the streets before their doors, and some great men were to be seen going to their early attendance at Court. They were always on horseback, preceded by from ten to twelve servants on foot, who walked pretty fast, but in perfect order, and silence: nothing was heard, but the sound of their feet. But, when we returned, the streets were crowded with men of all nations and languages, in every variety of dress and appearance. The shops were all open. Dried fruits, and nuts, bread, meat, boots, shoes, saddlery, bales of cloth, hardware, ready-made clothes, and posteens, books, &c. were either displayed in tiers in front of the shops, or hung up on hooks from the roof. Amongst the handsomest shops were the fruiterers, (where apples, melons, plums, and even oranges, though these are rare at Peshawer, were mixed in piles with some of the Indian fruits); and the cook shops, where every thing was served in earthen dishes, painted and glazed, so as to look like china. In the streets were people crying greens, curds, &c.; and men, carrying water in leathern bags at their backs, and announcing their commodity by beating on a brazen cup, in which they give a draught to a passenger for a trifling piece of money. With these were mixed, people of the town in white turbans, some in large white or dark blue frocks, and others in sheep-skin cloaks; Persians, and Afghauns, in brown woollen tunics, or flowing mantles, and caps of black sheep-skin or coloured silk; Khyberees, with the straw sandals, and the wild dress and air of their mountains; Hindoos, uniting the peculiar features and manners of their own nation, to the long beard, and the dress of the country; and Hazaurehs, not more remarkable for their conical caps of skin, with the wool, appearing like a fringe round the edge, and for their broad faces, and little eyes, than for their want of the beard, which is the ornament of every other face in the city. Among these, might be discovered a few women, with long white veils that reached their feet, and some

of the King's retinue in the grotesque caps and fantastic habits which mark the class to which each belongs. Sometimes a troop of armed horsemen passed; and their appearance was announced by the clatter of their horses' hoofs on the pavement, and by the jingling of their bridles. Sometimes, when the king was going out, the streets were choked with horse and foot, and dromedaries bearing swivels, and large waving red and green flags; and, at all times, loaded dromedaries, or heavy Bactrian camels, covered with shaggy hair, made their way slowly through the streets; and mules, fastened together in circles of eight or ten, were seen off the road, going round and round to cool them after their labour, while their keepers were indulging at an eating house, or enjoying a smoke of a hired culleeaun in the street. Amidst all this throng, we generally passed without any notice, except a salaum alaikum from a passenger, accompanied by a bow, with the hands crossed in front, or an application from a beggar, who would call out for relief from the Teringee Khauns; admonish us that life was short, and the benefit of charity immortal; or remind us, that what was little to us was a great deal to him.

'It sometimes happened that we were descried by a boy from a window; and his shout of Ooph Teringee would bring all the women and children in the house to stare at us till we were out of sight.

'The roads in the country were seldom very full of people, though they were sometimes enlivened by a groupe of horsemen going out to forage, and listening to a Pushtoo or Persian song, which was shouted by one of their companions. It was common in the country to meet a man of the lower order with a hawk on his fist, and a pointer at his heels; and we frequently saw fowlers catching quails among the wheat, after the harvest was far enough advanced. A net was fastened at one corner of the field; two men held each an end of a rope stretched across the opposite corner, and dragged it forward, so as to shake all the wheat, and drive the quails before it into the net, which was dropped as soon as they entered. The numbers caught in this manner are almost incredible.

'Nothing could exceed the civility of the country people. We were often invited into gardens, and we were welcomed in every village by almost every man that saw us. They frequently entreated the gentlemen of the embassy to allow them the honour of being their hosts; and, sometimes, would lay hold of their bridles, and not permit them to pass till they had promised to breakfast with them on some future day, and even confirmed the promise, by putting their hands between theirs.' *Introd.* p. 56—58.

The largest part of the volume is not the narrative of travels; the journey having been limited, by the confusions of the country, to Peshawer, which is at no great distance from the Indian frontier. Mr Elphinstone collected, during his residence in that city, and on his return to India, the great body of information

respecting Afghaunistaun, which he has been thus obliged to throw into the less attractive form of a systematic account, and to divest of the interest and amusement which belongs to the narrative of a traveller. The main part of his work, therefore, is a treatise on the country which he visited—M. Volney's admirable book on Syria and Egypt; to the extraordinary merit of which, Mr Elphinstone adds a new testimony of great value. 'Among many other merits,' says Mr Elphinstone, 'M. Volney possesses, in a remarkable degree, the merit of pointing 'out what is peculiar in the manners and institutions of the 'East, by comparing and contrasting them with those of Europe: So far does he excel all other writers in this respect, that 'if one wishes thoroughly to understand other travellers in Mahomedan countries, it is necessary to have read Volney first.' But though the systematic fullness and method with which information is conveyed, be an indisputable advantage of that mode of writing chosen by M. Volney, and imposed upon Mr Elphinstone by his situation, yet the reader must regret the absence of the picturesque and dramatic qualities of narrative, which, combined with the greatest accuracy and extent of knowledge, render Bernier the first of travellers, and which, without these substantial merits, bestow a powerful interest on the romantic adventures and relations of Bruce.

It must be owned indeed, that if Mr Elphinstone had travelled more, his rank and station, while they enlarged his command of information, would necessarily have deprived his narrative of some of those claims on interest which belong to more humble travellers. He and his attendants had so much eastern knowledge, that they could enter no country absolutely unknown. No region which they visited was to their imagination surrounded by the dignity of mystery and darkness. They had little to apprehend from privation, from the depredations of banditti, from the exactions of the government, or from the hostile and insolent prejudices of the populace. They were too well guarded for danger; and if it had occurred, the austere modesty of Mr Elphinstone would have disdained any aid from a source of interest which has bestowed great power of amusement on the relations of travelling adventurers, to whom the effect of their work was more important than the dignity of their character. In one respect, indeed, the physicians and jewellers of the seventeenth century had an advantage, not only in point of amusement, but even of information, over the Residents and Envoys of the nineteenth. Their humble situation brought them into more immediate contact with the body of the people. They travelled lower, and saw more closely. Of the history, geography, and political state

of a country, perhaps of its science and literature, they had not the means of knowing so much; but of its manners and character, probably more, at least if the time of residence be supposed to be equal. But this advantage is more than compensated, in the English Residents in India, by circumstances of decisive superiority ever the ancient travellers, by knowledge of languages, by long residence, by security during their researches, and by a command of information respecting the countries which they have not visited. The old travellers had but slight means of knowing whatever they did not see. The English in India, (as appears in this volume), by a very industrious collection, and a very critical collation of native intelligence—may learn and teach a great deal about those parts of Asia which they cannot see. No body of men seem to unite so many advantages as missionaries. They must (if they are in earnest) know languages, and live with the people. They generally go to India with the intention of passing their lives in that country. They have, at least in their present state, leisure, means, and often previous education, which qualify them for becoming oriental scholars. And as extreme discretion, and long caution, are necessary to soften the animosities, and to allay the apprehensions which the project of extending their mission, has excited; so they have scarcely any other means of recommending themselves to the public, and of conciliating those who may have no great respect for their plan, than the attainment of eminence in pursuits which are universally allowed to be useful and practicable. By prudence, indeed, they must cease to be alarming; but it is only by distinction in science and literature, that they can become the objects of respect to that considerable majority of the inhabitants of British India, who, from very natural prejudices, overrate the dangers of their mission, and perhaps magnify even the difficulty of their success.

The style of Mr Elphinstone is, in our opinion, very good. It is clear, precise, significant, manly, often nervous, always perfectly unaffected, severely guarded against every tendency to oriental inflation, and quite exempt from that verbosity and expansion which are the sins that most easily beset our ingenious countrymen in the East. This tendency they perhaps derive chiefly from the otherwise useful practice, of giving a written account of all that they do, which sometimes seems to oblige them to write a good deal when they have very little to say. We say, the style of Mr Elphinstone; for it is evidently his own; it bears the stamp of his character. We see from the Preface, that he has the good fortune to escape, or rather the good sense to avoid, those literary manufacturers, who, not

content with the correction of mere inaccuracies, (a service which a man of the greatest talent may receive, without derogation, from a friend who happens to be a more practised writer), often sacrifice the spirit and originality of the intelligent traveller's diction to their own dull monotony, and sometimes obtrude their own extravagant paradoxes, and even malignant prejudices on the public, under the sanction of his name. * Every reader will see, that the writer of this book is a man of enlarged views, and masculine understanding, whose principal object is to tell what he has seen or thought, as clearly and briefly as he can—carrying, perhaps almost to excess, that 'aversion to display,' for which he justly commends one of his deceased friends. The care with which he warns the public against overvaluing his information, is singular and exemplary. He tells us, that he knows Sanscrit only from Mahratta Pundits, and that he knows Oriental Historians chiefly from European Translations. The last, which is pure accident, and even the first, might have been omitted without the imputation of false pretensions. But the European public, without a positive disavowal, would have given credit to a person in his situation for the knowledge; and, with a spirit directly the reverse of the vulgar vanity not always irreconcileable with high talents, he

* 'In preparing the African Travels for the Press, Mr Brown, 'from an unreasonable distrust of his own powers, had thought it 'right to have recourse to literary assistance; but was by no means 'fortunate in his compiler.' See some account of the late Smithson Tennant, Esq. late Professor of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge. p. 31.

The small work, which we have just quoted, is perhaps, strictly speaking, scarcely published.

It should be prefixed to Mr Tennant's Scientific Essays, and preserved as a model of literary panegyric, where discriminating and elegant commendation is chastened by modesty, and where the effect of friendship is promoted, by subduing the fervour of its expression. The academical eulogiums of the French, however much they sometimes degenerated into exaggeration and rhetoric, still form a series of compositions important to biography, and conducive to the dignity which ought to belong to the professional cultivation of science and literature. The custom might be adopted in England, with the hope of attaining its benefits, and avoiding its dangers. Our shy and sullen character is a sufficient security against the prevalence of hyperbolical panegyric. The account of Mr Tennant is, in our opinion, an excellent pattern of such discourses, which, both in tone and extent, might hold a middle place between biography and funeral praise, if indeed this last ought not to be banished together with invective from the territory of literature.

not only makes no false pretensions, but labours to reject false credit. The degree in which a writer's testimony is strengthened by such an example of literary integrity, is so great, that the example might be recommended to the herd of authors, on principles of mere policy, instead of their old and detected arts.

In the account of Caubul, the part which relates to physical science, is the least perfect. The geography ranks higher; but the government, laws and manners, are the most important of all.

Among his coadjutors, two persons deserve particular notice—Mr Irvine and Mr Macartney. The first, a man of original and philosophical understanding, had, soon after his arrival in India, devoted his life almost exclusively to the study of that multiplicity of languages, and variety of manners, which render it scarcely hyperbolical to speak of the Indian world. He had particularly applied himself to the observation of the great diversity of character among rude tribes, and of the connexion of that diversity with their local position, and with all the natural circumstances which determined their habitual occupations. The number of mountainous tribes in the dominions of Caubul powerfully attracted his curiosity; and he had meditated the composition of a separate work on that country. But he has since enlarged his views, and has projected extensive travels, to enable him to pursue his observations. Lieutenant Macartney was the geographer of the mission; and, by his subsequent death, the British Empire has lost a man of true geographical genius. His manuscripts contain examples of sagacious conjecture respecting the elevation and depression of the Earth's surface; the distance and positions of points important to be ascertained; the course of rivers, and the direction and magnitude of mountains,—inferred from physical probabilities, and formed from comparison of the jarring itineraries of travellers generally ignorant,—which would not have disgraced D'Anville or Rennell. What has been added to geographical knowledge by this mission, will be best ascertained by a comparison of Mr Elphinstone's map with that of Major Rennell, of the countries between Delhi and Candahar, in 1792; with Mr Arrowsmith's map of Asia in 1801; or, as far as relates to mere popular knowledge of the subject, with the small outline maps of Pinkerton's Geography in 1807. Some parts of the knowledge collected by the mission of Mr Elphinstone and Sir John Malcom, have overflowed into later maps, which for that reason would not be fair standards of comparison. To mention only one circumstance.—In the latest of these maps, the *Chunaub*, formed by the confluence of three of the rivers of

the Punjaub,—and the *Sutlege*, formed by that of the remaining two, are represented as separately flowing into the Indus. The very important fact was unknown, that the five waters join and flow together under the name of *Pung-nuddy* (or five streams), for near fifty miles, before the joint stream joins its waters to those of the Indus.

Until these recent accessions to our knowledge, all the eastern provinces of Persia, the dominions of the Afghauns, the territory occupied by Uzbek States, called in Europe Independent Tartary, and the whole ridge of the Snowy Mountains, with their interspersed valleys, from which the greatest rivers of Asia flow into the Caspian, the Frozen Ocean, the Yellow Sea, and the Indian Ocean, were involved in a confusion little better than utter darkness. From the Tigris to the Indus, the clearest light has succeeded. In that vast country there remain very few important positions which can be disputed. The historical application of that portion of our new acquisitions to the campaigns of Alexander, will be very curious and amusing. The last discussions of these campaigns, by M. de l'Hoix, (*Examen des Historiens d'Alexandre*), and by the learned Mannert, (*Geographie der Griecher und Römer*), sufficiently show, that beyond the neighbourhood of the Caspian, modern materials were wanting. We now however know, with considerable accuracy, the region described with almost topographical exactness by the most learned as well as the most sublime of poets.

> 'From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
> And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs
> Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
> From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
> Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
> Of Susiana to Balsara's Haven.'

From the Paropamisus to the Araxes, the country of the Uzbeks is far less completely explored. The southern provinces, and especially the important State of Bokhara, are best known. Towards the north and north-east, the light becomes fainter. The Russians, whatever may be their motive, seem on this subject to have deviated from those maxims of liberality which their government pursues almost to affectation, in every matter connected with the advancement of knowledge. They have told us little, though they must know much. It is not quite improbable that they may have restrained their liberality and love of publicity, from a determination to make the threat, if not the accomplishment of an invasion of India, a part of every future quarrel with Great Britain. That such a determination has become an established maxim of policy at St Petersburgh, is

very little dissembled in that capital, even during the paroxysm of friendship under which Kings and Emperors at present labour. Honest *Jonas Hanway*, in his excellent account of Persia, gives us some particulars of an attempt to establish a trade with the Uzbek country, in the year 1721, by two English factors; one of whom escaped from Kheeva across the Jaxartes to Orenburgh and St Petersburgh; and the other accomplished a very perilous journey on his return from Bokhara to Mesched in Khorassaun. These are the only Englishmen who have visited that country since the days of old Antony Jenkinson. Much geographical discovery still remains in it. The lower course, and the issue of the two great rivers Jaxartes and Oxus, are common matters of doubt. It is well known that this country was one of the objects of the journey of Mr Brown, the African traveller, a man of talents far superior to his book, and whose murder, on the frontiers of Persia, may be considered as a public loss. An European traveller, especially an Englishman, who is desirous of visiting any country in eastern Asia, ought in general to establish his head quarters in the British territories in India. He will there have an opportunity of studying any language which his destination may render it necessary for him to acquire. He will familiarize himself with those manners and opinions which generally distinguish Asiatics from Europeans. He cannot fail in procuring some previous information respecting the country which he wishes to visit; and he can rarely find any difficulty in meeting with some natives of it, who, being generally commercial travellers, are probably among the more intelligent of their countrymen. Among the English he will find some few extremely well informed, and possessed of much eastern knowledge; which, from the modesty or indolence, or broken health of some of them, is often finally lost to the public. Intelligent young officers, equally useful as guides, and agreeable as companions, would not be unwilling to accompany him. The Indian part of our Eastern government, in its higher parts, is guided by a liberal spirit; and it is but justice to add, that a traveller would experience from all the English residents in that country all the kindness and assistance which can be expected from the most generous and hospitable body of men probably in the world.

Influenced, partly, by these considerations, and by the facility of transporting his philosophical apparatus by sea, we learn with pleasure, that Mr Humboldt, the most accurately instructed, and variously accomplished traveller, of this, or perhaps of any age; who unites the science of a philosopher with the spirit and constancy, the patience of fatigue, and the contempt of dan-

ger of an adventurous soldier,—has relinquished his project of entering through Persia into Central Asia; and now proposes to direct his course for the first place, whence, as a central point, he may proceed to those countries which are the principal object of his great design. The reputation of M. de Humboldt would be a sufficient claim on all the aid which India could afford, even if the intimate connexion of the British and Prussian governments had not ensured it. The great object of his visit is the central region of mountains and snow, which supplies waters to every region of Asia east of the *Tigris* and the *Yaik;* like the Alps in Europe, though on a scale more gigantic, and approaching, if not surpassing, in elevation, the loftiest summits of the Andes. * Some of the outskirts have lately been examined. A native, employed by Mr Morecroft, has made a journey over districts hitherto totally unexplored, of which Mr Elphinstone has favoured us with a short account. We impatiently expect a fuller narrative of this extraordinary journey. It appears to confirm, or at least to countenance, Mr Macartney's conjectures respecting the source of the Indus. That of the Ganges has been ascertained by Captain Webb and Mr Roper, who, agreeably to the previous reasonings of Mr Colebrooke, have cut off several hundred miles from the imaginary course assigned to that river in Braminical geography. The Nepaulese war will afford an unfortunate opportunity of approaching the basis of the Himmaleh mountains; and few remarkable wars or embassies have arisen in India, of which the English officers have not availed themselves for the promotion of knowledge. The far greater part of this Alpine region is however yet untrodden by European feet; and it will be a memorable triumph of human science and courage, if the same great

* The highest Peak of Himmaleh, visible from Patna, was estimated by Col. Crawford as twenty thousand feet above the plain of Nepaul, which he reckons to be five thousand above the level of the sea. L. Pinkerton's Geograph. 817. No full or direct account of this observation has hitherto reached us. A measurement by Mr Macartney, stated with the caution characteristic of him and of this work, gives twenty thousand four hundred and ninety-three feet to one Peak. It is constantly covered with snow, when the thermometer at Peshawer, in the valley below, is at 112. This circumstance, however, would occur in that latitude at a considerably less elevation. The inferior limit of perpetual snow, in lat. 34, seems to be about 11,000 feet. Erzerum, in Armenia, by the measurement of Mr Brown, in his last Journey, appears to be 7000 feet above the level of the sea; an elevation nearly equal to that of Mexico, and probably superior to that of any other great town, except Quito.

traveller, who reached almost the summit of the Andes, should be also destined to explore the only body of mountains which can rival them, and to look on the masses of eternal ice whence the Ganges and the Indus issue.

The most valuable portion of the present volume, is that which Mr Elphinstone could owe least to any assistant. It is that which relates to government and manners, which, in the distribution of the labours of the mission, was reserved for himself. The general feature in Afghaunistan, which most strikes the observer, is, that while they are surrounded by enslaved nations, and while even the hardy and martial Uzbeks of the north are subject to absolute power, the Afghaun tribes enjoy a turbulent independence, which, if not entitled to the name of liberty, is more tolerable than servitude. The theory of their general government is, like that of Mussulmaun, perhaps of all Asiatic monarchies, purely despotic,—with no law but the ambiguous and flexible text of the Koran, and no check on power, but the fear of deposition and assassination. All Mahometan empires are what a great European empire was once called, Monarchies tempered by Regicide. But, in Afghaunistan, this supreme government is only the head of a loose confederacy of clans, each led, rather than governed, by their chiefs;—all forming part of the army in war, but yielding an uncertain and fluctuating obedience in ordinary times.

The constitution of Afghaun society is so curious, as to justify an abridgement of Mr Elphinstone's excellent description. It has so many features, in common with the ancient state of the Teutonic nations of Europe, that the picture might be suspected of being at least insensibly coloured by the fancy of a theorist, if a closer examination did not discover numerous peculiarities which characterize all real objects, and form the indubitable marks of a copy from nature. It may be added, that every statement of this volume is guaranteed by the stern exactness, and almost excessive repugnance to exaggeration, which must be felt by every reader to be among its characteristic qualities.

The division of the Afghauns into clans, is referred to a genealogy probably altogether imaginary, certainly a mere legend as far as they claim descent from the Jews; a fable disproved by the decisive evidence of a radically dissimilar language, and wholly unworthy of the countenance which it received from the favourable reception of Sir William Jones. These clans were probably associated by the necessities of defence; and their boundaries and names were fixed by the glens which they first inhabited. A clan is called an *Oolooss*. The chief is called a

Khaun. He is generally named by the king, sometimes by the people, from the oldest family of the tribe, with some regard to primogeniture, and still more to age, experience and character. Disputes for the succession often proceed to the utmost violence. The assemblies of the Oolooss, and of its principal divisions, are called *Jeergas.* The Khaun holds his own jeerga, formed of the chiefs of the principal branches. Each of these holds his jeerga of the heads of division. This order is preserved down to the lowest subdivision; and though, in matters of small importance, or on a sudden emergency, the chief may decide, the general constitution is, to ascertain the sentiments of the whole tribe, before a decision;—agreeably to the famous description of Tacitus, '*De minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus* '*omnes.*' This constitution varies somewhat in almost every tribe. Like all these rude systems of independence, it generally fluctuates between absolute power in the Khaun, and absolute independence in the individuals; though the last be the more frequent degeneracy. Royal favour, undisputed title, great wealth, and personal character and a dispersed people, favour the power of the chiefs. Distance from the capital, hostility to the court, the claims of a pretender, and a local situation which produces frequent assemblies of the clan, contribute to increase the importance of the people.

As the chiefs are not hereditary, the clannish attachment of the Afghauns is more to the community than to the chief, whom they consider rather as a magistrate than as a natural superior. He scarcely ever possesses the power of life and death. Their general law is the Koraun; but their internal administration of criminal justice is regulated by the *Pooshtoonwullee*, a rude system of common or customary law, of which the first principle is, that all crimes are considered as injuries only to the individuals who suffer by them; and that the object of the lawgiver is either to procure a compensation for the injury, or to regulate the right of revenge in the person wronged, or in his family or tribe. It is deemed not only lawful, but honourable, to seek redress from private vengeance. The same principle, indeed, necessarily prevails wherever the law cannot afford satisfaction; and therefore continues to be applicable to a number of objects, (though constantly decreasing with the progress of laws, and still more of mild manners), in the best regulated communities. In many tribes, the *Oolooss* only attempts to mediate between litigants, and to persuade them to acquiesce in the national award. In others, the public authority has grown into greater maturity, and is employed to enforce the decision. In some they have advanced so far, as to levy a fine for the State, as

well as a compensation to the party aggrieved. All criminal trials are conducted before a *Jeerga*, composed of Khauns, Mulliks or Elders, assisted by Moollahs (Mahometan lawyers) and even by some grave and experienced persons of inferior rank. Their deliberations are opened by prayers, and afterwards by the repetition of a Pushtoo verse, importing 'that events are 'with God, but deliberation is allowed to man.' As most crimes are acts of violence, done in prosecution of the avowed right of revenge, the fact is seldom denied. The question before the Jeerga generally relates to its lawfulness. They conduct themselves in most cases with tolerable impartiality, and in some tribes are remarkable for order and gravity, and for a rude eloquence, much admired by their countrymen. Among the compensations awarded, one of the most usual in serious cases, consists in a certain number of young women; as, for example, for a murder, twelve young women, six with portions and six without. The usual portion among the common people is seven pounds ten shillings. For cutting off a hand, an ear or a nose, six women—for breaking a tooth, three women—for a wound above the forehead, one. The price of the women is fixed in money, which the person wronged may take if he prefers it. They seem to be selected as the most valuable species of marketable property.

The present reigning family is that of the Khaun of the Doorauney tribe, the greatest, bravest, and most civilized in the nation. He is besides the head of all the confederated republics; and in that character imposes the contributions, and fixes the contingents of each tribe in war. In peace he exercises an undefined superintendance over the whole; but his power is considerable only in the plains near town, in the foreign dependencies, and in the countries exclusively inhabited by Taujiks, a race of unwarlike cultivators, whose language is Persian, who are spread over Persia, Afghaunistaun and Bokhara, and whom Mr Elphinstone supposes to be the descendants of the first Mahometan conquerors, now reduced to subjection in their turn by the indigenous Afghauns. The king, the courtiers and the court lawyers consider the royal authority as absolute; the people in the tribes treat it as very limited. The first measure it by the Khoraun, and by the practice of the neighbouring monarchies; the last by their own spirit, by the usages of their ancestors, and by the Pushtoonwullee which records and authorizes them. A contest seems perpetually to subsist, not unlike what was carried on by the Kings of England and other Gothic monarchies, seconded by civilians and divines, who ascribed to the crown all the power which the Roman law attributed to

the Emperors; and the Barons, who, though they often acquiesced in these lofty pretensions, which they scarcely understood as long as they remained in theory, yet, as often as they were attempted to be reduced to practice, roughly asserted the authority of their English usage, afterwards called common law,—and steadily maintained their own rights, until they were at last happily obliged to call in popular aid, and to maintain also the rights of the people.

We offer the following passage to our readers as a specimen of the liberal spirit in which the author examines social institutions, and of the vigorous good sense which does not allow him to amuse himself by long indulgence in those prospects of improvement which are suggested by his benevolence.

'With the exception of the republican government of the Ooloosses, the situation of the Afghaun country appears to me to bear a strong resemblance to that of Scotland in ancient times. The direct power of the King over the towns and the country immediately around; the precarious submission of the nearest clans, and the independence of the remote ones; the inordinate power and faction of the nobility most connected with the court; and the relations borne by all the great lords to the crown, resemble each other so closely in the two states, that it will throw light on the character of the Dooraunee government to keep the parallel in view.

'The defects of this system are obvious; and when we come to observe in detail the anarchy and disorder which so often arise under the republican government of the tribes, we might be induced to underrate the quantum of happiness it produces, and to suppose that the country would derive more advantage from the good order and tranquillity which an absolute monarchy, even on Asiatic principles, would secure: But the more I have learned of the actual state of the Afghauns, the stronger is my conviction that such an estimate would be erroneous.

'We may easily appreciate the benefits of an exemption from the vexatious interference of the officers of a distant King, and from the corruption and oppression with which such interference is always accompanied in Asia: Nor must we, amidst the alarms and confusion which will be forced on our attention, overlook the partiality of the Afghauns for their present constitution; the occupation and interest; the sense of independence and personal consequence which result from a popular government, however rudely formed; and the courage, the intelligence, and the elevation of character which those occupations, and that independence can never fail to inspire.*

* 'The Afghauns themselves exult in the free spirit of their institutions. Those who are little under the royal authority, are proud of their independence, which those under the King (though not exposed to the tyranny common in every other country in the East)

'Another incalculable advantage of the present system is, that although it encourages *little* disorders, it affords an effectual security against the general revolutions and calamities to which despotic countries in Asia are so frequently subject. In Persia or India, the passions of a bad King are felt through every part of his dominions; and the civil wars, which occur almost as often as a King dies, never fail to throw the kingdom into a state of misery and disorder: Part of the inhabitants are exposed to the license and cruelty of the contending armies; and the rest suffers, nearly in an equal degree, from the anarchy that follows a dissolution of the government which has hitherto maintained the public tranquillity. The consequence is, that a tyrant, or a disputed succession, reduces the nation to a state of weakness and decay, from which it cannot wholly be retrieved, before its recovery is checked by the recurrence of a similar calamity. In Afghaunistaun, on the contrary, the internal government of the tribes answers its end so well, that the utmost disorders of the royal government never derange its operations, nor disturb the lives of the people. A number of organized and high-spirited republics are ready to defend their rugged country against a tyrant; and are able to defy the feeble efforts of a party in a civil war. Accordingly, if we compare the condition of the two kingdoms, we find Persia in a state of decay, after twenty years of entire tranquillity; while Afghaunistaun continues the progressive improvement which it has kept up during twelve years of civil warfare. New aqueducts are constantly made, and new lands brought into cultivation: The towns, and the country round them, indeed, as well as that on the great roads, are declining; but the cause is obvious, in their being immediately exposed to the power of the competitors for the crown, and to the pillage of their armies.

'But even if we admit the inferiority of the Afghaun institutions to those of the more vigorous governments of other Asiatic countries, we cannot but be struck with the vast superiority of the materials they afford for the construction of a national constitution. The other nations are better adapted to a bad than to a good government. They can all be brought to contribute their whole force to the support of a despotism, within the time that is required to overrun their territory;

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admire, and fain would imitate. They all endeavour to maintain, that "all Afghauns are equal;" which, though it *is* not, nor ever was true, still shows their notions and their wishes. I once strongly urged to a very intelligent old man of the tribe of Meeankhail, the superiority of a quiet and secure life, under a powerful monarch, to the discord, the alarms, and the blood, which they owed to their present system. The old man replied with great warmth, and thus concluded an indignant harangue against arbitrary power—"We are "content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content "with blood; but we will never be content with a master."

and ages must pass away, before the slaves of India or China could be made capable of taking a share in the government of their country; but if a King, of sufficient genius to form the design of cordially uniting his subjects, should spring up among the Afghauns, he would necessarily fall on a beautiful form of government, as the only one by which he could possibly accomplish his design. An ordinary monarch might endeavour to reduce the tribes to obedience by force; but one Afghaun King * has already had the penetration to discover that it would require a less exertion to conquer all the neighbouring kingdoms, than to subdue his own countrymen. A monarch such as I have supposed, would therefore be obliged (as the King is at present †) to concert his measures with the hereditary Khauns; and the necessity of consulting the interests of the whole, would induce them to carry on their debates in a general assembly: Such an arrangement would be congenial to the habits of their internal government, and conformable to the practice which the King now observes with the Dooraunee Sirdars; and it would form a council of the nobility, connected both with the King and the people, though more immediately with the King. In most Ooloosses, the Khauns can levy no taxes, and can take no public measures, without the consent of the *elected* Mulliks, who are obliged, in their turn, to obtain the consent of their divisions. The King might try to strengthen the Khauns, and by their means to draw a supply from a reluctant people; but unless he began with greater means than the Kings have yet possessed, his attempt would probably be attended with as little success; and if he wished for general and cordial aid, it must be procured by adherence to the present system, and by obtaining the consent of the nation. Thus the Khauns would be sent, as they now are, to persuade their tribes to contribute to the general revenue. They would find the people's ignorance of the national exigencies, a bar to their granting any addition to the established supplies; and it surely would not be an unnatural expedient to prevail on them to depute one or two of the wisest of their Mulliks, to ascertain at the court the real state of the public affairs. An elective assembly would thus be formed, of which every individual would be closely connected with his constituents, and would be regarded by them as their natural and hereditary head; they would represent a people accustomed to respect their chiefs, but as much accustomed to debate on, and to approve or reject, the measures which those chiefs proposed. The militia of the tribes would constitute an army which would be invincible by a foreign invader, while the King would be without any force that could offer a moment's resistance to a general combination of his subjects.

* 'Ahmed Shauh.'

† 'No measure was determined on in Shauh Shuja's time, without a council of the Dooraunee lords.'

'The slightest alteration would form a combination between the Jeergas and the Cauzees appointed by the King, which would be admirably adapted to the administration of justice; and a government would thus be established, as well suited as any that can be imagined for promoting the greatness and happiness of the nation.

'Such are the pleasing reveries to which we are led by a consideration of the materials of which the Afghaun government is composed; but a very little reflection must convince us, that these speculations are never likely to be realized. The example of neighbouring despotisms, and the notions already imbibed by the court of Caubul, preclude the hope of our ever seeing a King capable of forming the design; and there is reason to fear that the societies into which the nation is divided, possess within themselves a principle of repulsion and disunion, too strong to be overcome, except by such a force as, while it united the whole into one solid body, would crush and obliterate the features of every one of the parts.'* p. 173—178.

After all, the whole error of Mr Elphinstone's benevolent reveries perhaps consisted in contemplating the possibility of too sudden a change in so great a mass;—the change of an Asiatic government into an European, and, still more, to the best of European, within any period to which the foresight of man reaches, is indeed evidently a chimerical speculation. It is like the great revolutions of the globe, which have, in past times, wholly altered its condition. In the course of innumerable ages, the sea may have more than once changed its bed, and the waters may have covered all that is now dry land. But these prodigious changes, if they were sudden, must have been effected by agents which involved all living nature in destruction, and which, far from being capable of being wielded, were too mighty events to be checked by the whole force of man. If they were, on the other hand, gradual, they must have required a length of time, and a series of operations, far beyond the utmost limits of our foresight, and consequently of our controul. But, though the power of controuling the violent revolutions, or of guiding the gradual mutations of the earth, does not belong to human beings, it does not follow, that they may not be most usefully provident and active in erecting barriers against inundation, and in reclaiming unproductive and pestilential marshes. The Del-

* 'There are traces in the village government of India, of the existence of a system resembling that of the Afghaun Ooloosses: The remains of it, which have survived a long course of oppression, still afford some relief from the disorders of the government, and supply the solution of a difficulty, which must be experienced by all travellers in the centre of India, respecting the flourishing state of parts of the country, from which all government appears to be withdrawn.'

ta of Egypt, perhaps, required the agency of nature, during many ages, for its production. The Bedford level, and the dykes of Holland, were produced by human industry, within a moderate time. As long as the political reformer confines his efforts to the removal of a grievous evil, and to improvement so near that he can clearly see every step of his road to the object, he must not be deterred from it by the disappointment of hopes, and the defeat of plans, which fail only because they are not founded on the principles of wise reformation. A total and sudden destruction of the frame of an Asiatic community, or an attempt to convert the parts of its government into European institutions, are certainly chimerical; and, if they could ever be favourite chimeras of the powerful, would be beyond measure pernicious. But it does not follow, that it is not virtuous and wise, and indeed a positive duty, in all those who are placed in authority over these miserable communities, anxiously and incessantly to labour for the mitigation of some of the more horrible evils by which they are at once oppressed and corrupted.

The object which the reformer (only another name for the lawgiver) must frequently and practically contemplate, is a reformation a little better than the actual state of things. He may sometimes animate his zeal, or sooth his disappointments, by anticipations of greater and more distant good: But his proper sphere is that to which the fullest light of reason and experience spreads, where every step is distinctly visible, and where the effects of the change are almost as certain as those of the established institution. The horizon of the philosopher is as wide as the sphere of probability; because, in philosophical speculation, the evil of an erroneous conclusion is inconsiderable. It is, on the whole, not an useful habit too frequently to indulge in contemplations of schemes of remote and magnificent melioration, not so much because it may endanger the order of society—a rare evil which requires a very peculiar state of human affairs to produce it—as because the mind returns from such visionary excursions, with a disposition to despise the safe though humble pursuit of attainable good, or, perhaps, to despond in political reformation, and altogether to despair of the improvement of mankind; dispositions the most unhappy for the individual, and the most pernicious to the species which can pervade the heart of an enlightened man.

The English who reside long in India, must, generally speaking, either be familiarized to arbitrary power by the exercise of it, and by never seeing any other sort of government; or they must contract a stronger repugnance than is felt even by the inhabitants of free countries, to that scourge of human society.

They are often in danger of being reconciled to it by their own humanity in its exercise; and habit disposes many of them to consider it as inseparable from government, and to regard an exemption from despotism as a state of anarchy. But men of independent character and vigorous understanding, like Mr Elphinstone, learn to appreciate its evils more correctly from long experience of its operation, and to trace the degradation and corruption of the larger part of the human race solely to its pestilential power. It is a most honourable distinction to keep alive the spirit of liberty in the exercise of absolute power, and to preserve the ancient opinions and character of Englishmen in the midst of an enslaved world.

The system of cautious reformation is far from prescribing bounds to improvements. As every step of advance is attended with a correspondent enlargement of prospect, all real reformation must show the way to farther reformation. Each separate step is indeed short; but the line to be traversed has no necessary limits; and the greatest distance is best secured, by confining the eye and the mind to the immediate stage to be first reached. Necessity may sometimes compel a rapid advance on little known ground; and obstacles, otherwise insurmountable, must occasionally be abated by force. But these are exceptions from that slow and even course by which man is in general destined to go on towards civilization. Even the unreformed independence of the Afghauns exhibits the important example of a nation, in many remarkable particulars superior to those more civilized neighbours who have exchanged independence for despotism. This independence must not indeed be mistaken for liberty. In a state of independence, men are neither restrained nor protected by laws. In a state of civil liberty, they are equally restrained by laws, as far as that equal restraint is absolutely necessary to protect them equally from wrong. Under despotism, they are imperfectly and unequally secured against each other's violence, in order to be abandoned to all the injustice of their tyrant, and of all the subordinate tyrants to whom he must delegate his power. In the most lawless state of independence, the energy of the human character is exercised, a sense of personal dignity is formed, manly spirit is acquired,—courage and talent are necessary to existence. If the end of man were merely to vegetate in quiet, without any of these qualities of mind and heart; and if despotism could ever long be so vigorously and impartially administered as to retain a monopoly of injustice for itself, and prevent the slaves from injuring each other, we might hesitate between the opposite conditions of turbulent independence and undisturbed lethargy. But the destiny of men is not to avoid

annoyance, but to attain happiness, and to exercise reason and virtue; and despotic power has a constant tendency to relaxation, which always in practice blends the evils of anarchy with those of tyranny. It is better, then, according to the just conclusion of the author before us, to be a savage, though he commits many crimes, than to be a slave who can possess no virtues. 'The Afghauns,' says he, 'have fewer vices, and are less voluptuous and debauched, than any people of Asia whom I know.' They have warm attachments of kindred. Their slaves are few, and mildly treated. They are frank and open. They show curiosity respecting European art, and that reasonable wonder at what is beyond their own attainment which excites imitation, and which other Asiatics are either too dull to feel, or too proud to own. Perhaps, however, the most important effect of independence is discoverable in the relations of the two sexes. In all other countries of the East, marriage, or at least betrothment, is solemnized in childhood, sometimes almost in infancy. It is a connexion always formed before the age of choice. Thus the possibility of affection, or even preference, having any influence on marriage, is banished from the imagination of every human being. The whole of that train of feelings, and system of manners, which arise from preference and exclusive pursuit, are excluded. This extraordinary phenomenon probably arises from the slavery of women, which renders their consent superfluous, and to the practice of polygamy among the rich, the natural consequence of the slavery of women. But though wives be bought among the Afghauns, yet their general principles of independence lead them to ascribe a will to women, and consequently to defer marriage till that will can be exerted. From this single circumstance, a vast train of consequences follow, which spread themselves over the whole face of society. The influence of the rudest liberty, in certainly, though remotely, producing pure morals, is visible; and illustrates, by contrast with the neighbouring countries, the irresistible operation of slavery in begetting dissolute manners. The rudiments of a refined gallantry appear. Courtship softens the men, and exalts the women. Marriages of attachment—in every country the smaller number—lend their dignity to the institution in general, and hide the meanness of connexions arising from more ignoble motives. The last result of this great deviation from the system of Asiatic life appears in their poetry and fiction,—those important representatives of the feelings and manners of nations.

'I am not sure that there is any people in the East, except the Afghauns, where I have seen any trace of the sentiment of love, according to our ideas of the passion. Here it is very prevalent. Besides the numerous elopements, the dangers of which are encoun-

tered for love, it is common for a man to plight his faith to a particular girl, and then set off to a remote town, or even to India, to acquire the wealth that is necessary to obtain her from her friends. I saw a young man at Poona, who was in this predicament. He had fallen in love with the daughter of a Mullik, who returned his attachment. The father consented to the marriage; but said his daughter's honour required that she should bring as large a fortune as the other women of her family. The two lovers were much afflicted, as the young man had nothing but some land and a few bullocks. At last, he resolved to set off to India. His mistress gave him a needle, used for putting antimony on the eyelids, as a pledge of her affection; and he seemed to have no doubt that she would remain single till his return. These amours are generally confined to the country people, where great ease and leisure are favourable to such sentiments, particularly when combined with the partial seclusion of the women, (which renders them sufficiently inaccessible to excite interest, while they are seen enough to be admired.) They are sometimes found even among the higher orders, where they are less to be expected. It was a love affair between the chief of the Turcolaunees and the wife of the Khaun of a divison of the Eusofzyes, that gave rise to the war between the Ooloosses, which lasts o this day.

'Many of the Afghaun songs and tales relate to love; and most of them speak of that passion in the most glowing and romantic language. A favourite poem, which tells the story of Audam and Doorkhaunee, is known to most men in the nation, and is read, repeated, and sung through all parts of the country. Audam was the handsomest and bravest young man of his tribe, and Doorkhaunee the most beautiful and most amiable of the virgins; but a feud between their families long prevented their meeting. At last an accidental rencounter took place, which ended in a mutual and violent passion. The quarrels of the families, however, still kept the lovers separate, and perhaps in ignorance of each other's sentiments, till Doorkhaunee was compelled by her relations to marry a neighbouring chief. The affliction of her lover may be imagined, and his lamentations; and the letters that passed between him and Doorkhaunee, fill a large part of the poem; till at last, after overcoming numberless obstacles, Audam succeeded in prevailing on his mistress to see him. They had several meetings; but Doorkhaunee still preserved her purity, and rejected alike the importunities of her lover and her husband.

'Audam's visits did not long escape the husband, who was filled with jealousy and desire of vengeance. He took the opportunity of his rival's next visit to waylay him, at the head of several of his own relations; and though his attack was bravely repelled, and his opponent escaped with a desperate wound, he resolved to try if Audam's suit was favoured, by observing the effect of a report of his death on Doorkhaunee.

'Doorkhaunee's only pleasure, during the long intervals of her lover's visits, was to retire to a garden, and to cultivate two flowers, one of which she named after herself, and the other after the object of her affection. On the day of the ambuscade, she was watching her flowers, when she observed that of Audam languish from sympathy with his recent misfortune; and, before she recovered from her surprise, she was accosted by her husband, who approached her with a drawn sword, and boasted that it was wet with the blood of Audam. This trial was fatal to Doorkhaunee, who sunk to the ground, overwhelmed with grief and horror, and expired on the spot. The news was brought to Audam, who lay wounded near the scene of the ambuscade; and, no sooner had he heard it, than he called on his mistress's name, and breathed his last. They were buried at a distance from each other; but their love prevailed even in death, and their bodies were found to have met in one grave. Two trees sprung from their remains, and mingled their branches over the tomb.

'Most people will be struck with the resemblance of this story, and particularly of the conclusion, to many European tales.'

It is not a little remarkable, that the same respect for women was combined with a similar spirit of independence among the Germanic nations; the only tribes who, in a state almost savage, showed courtesy and deference towards the weaker sex, and perhaps the only uncultivated conquerors, who did not purchase the improvements of civilized life at the expense of their independent spirit.

But we must forbear to enlarge upon topics which strongly tempt us to discussion; and reluctantly take our leave of this most valuable work, with one remark addressed to our countrymen in India. When they travel out of the British dominions, they often favour us with excellent accounts of the countries which they visit. But they are not so liberal in giving us information about the countries which they inhabit. This is not unnatural. What is strange to them, whatever excites their own curiosity, must seem to them likely to interest the public. They do not so naturally see, that what is familiar to them is unknown to the majority of the inhabitants of Europe. It is rather a reproach, that, even before the noble work of M. Humboldt, it might have been said that British India was known in less detail to the European public than Spanish America. Topography seems to be interesting, only when it relates to a new country, or when it is connected with the antient times of our own country. Wonder or national pride are the usual incentives to topographical works. The English in India are too familiar with that country to feel much wonder in most parts of it; and are too transiently connected with it to take a national interest in its

minute description. To these obstacles must be opposed, both a sense of duty and a prospect of reputation. The servants of the Company would qualify themselves for the performance of their public duties, by collecting the most minute accounts of the districts which they administer. The publication of such accounts must often distinguish the individuals, and always do credit to the meritorious Body of which they are a part. Even the most diffident magistrate or collector might enlarge or correct the articles relating to his district and neighbourhood in the lately published Gazetteer of India; and by the communication of such materials, the very laudable and valuable Essay of Mr Hamilton might, in successive editions, grow into a complete system of Indian topography. The Travels of Dr Francis Buchanan contain the materials of an excellent work. He deserves great commendation for the rational direction of his curiosity, and for his courageous avowal of contempt for the legends, and abhorrence for the morality of the Braminical system. Those who have travelled over considerable provinces of the Peninsula with his book in their hand, will bear witness to his general accuracy. As an example of their defective information, we may mention the very country where Mr Elphinstone now resides, which may be generally termed the North-western Deccan. It is the original seat, and now the chief dominion of the Mahrattahs, who, in their present form, are indeed a very recent state, but who are a Hindoo people of immemorial antiquity. In this country, almost exclusively, are to be found the monuments of that system of subterraneous architecture, which still continue to excite the admiration as well as astonishment of travellers. At Keneri, at Elephanta, at Carli, and above all, at Ellora, (to say nothing of inferior caves), temples, and probably dwellings for the attendant priests, have been hollowed out of rocks, with a toil, magnitude and magnificence, which class them among the most stupendous and wonderful of the works of man. What increases the wonder with which these works are contemplated is, that their authors could not have been driven to the construction of these extraordinary temples, by any physical necessity, or allured to it by any superior convenience; and that their regularity and elegance are much too great to leave any doubt that all other sorts of architecture were perfectly understood, and usually practised, at the period of their excavation. In lately perusing the MS. Journal of one of the most accomplished visitants of India, we were struck with regret and surprise that in Daniel's Prints and Sir C. Mallett's mensurations, the public have no description of the region of wonders which lies within a few miles of the Godavery;

the remains of Aurungzebe's magnificence at Aurungzabad, the unparalleled fort of Dowlutabad, and the excavations of Ellora, which dispute with the pyramids the first place among those works which are undertaken to display power, and to embody feeling, without being subservient to any purpose of utility. Surely Mr Elphinstone might usefully amuse his leisure in tracing the history, and describing the present state of this curious and little known, though very accessible country.

Even the modern history of the Mahrattahs abounds with interesting scenes. In the judicious collections of Orme, and still more in the original and picturesque narrative of old Dr Fryer, we catch many glimpses of the character of Sevajee, who, like another Pelayo at the head of his Highlanders, braved the Mahometan power in its zenith, and delivered from the yoke of very fierce conquerors, the religion and independence of his country. Many of the exploits of this celebrated adventurer remind the European reader of similar events in the history of the middle age. His predatory expeditions against the commercial city of Surat, were very lately brought to our recollection by the perusal of the animated description of the attack of the Republic of Naples by Roju Guiscard, which we owe to the first of living historians. *

The second publication, of which the title is prefixed to this article, is formed from the notes of Joseph Rousseau, French Consul at Bagdad, by the learned M. Silvestre de Sacy. The materials are too slight to form a valuable work, even under his hand. The object of Rousseau was to attract the attention of the French government towards the factory at Bagdad, as a station of considerable importance to their correspondence with Persia; to projects of commerce in the Persian Gulf, and to their designs against India. Many of the observations relating to that subject are deserving of attention. If ever France should recover her place among nations, she will, under every government, direct her attention towards India, of which the value to Great Britain is extravagantly magnified in that and in every other country of the Continent. Russia, from whom alone any

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* Sismondi Republiques Italiennes, vol. i.;—the only great work published at Paris during the first reign of Napoleon, in which it is impossible to discover under the power of what sovereign it was composed, unless indeed it may be traced in those more than usually strong and frequent invectives against despotism and conquest, which arise from the natural workings of humanity disturbed, and the love of liberty exasperated, by the subjection of Europe to a conqueror.

danger to India can be at present dreaded, has peculiar means of creating an influence in the Pachalic of Bagdad, where the government is in the hands of soldiers from Georgia now a province of the Russian empire. The account of the Wahabis, which follows M. Rousseau's description of the Pachalic, is the work of M. Corancez, long French Consul at Aleppo. It is not without merit; and some strokes of the manners of the Arabs of the Desert are well represented. But the history of the probably short-lived power of these formidable sectaries still remains to be written, and will form a remarkable episode in the ecclesiastical and civil annals of the Mahometan world. The account of *Yezidis*, or worshippers of the Devil in Mesopotamia, by *Padre Garzoni*, a missionary in Curdistan, is meagre. It is, however, the only modern account of the sect; and a curious specimen of the eccentric opinions of a country, in every age prone to fanaticism, and fertile in all the varieties of the most fantastic theology. From this, as well as from other accounts, * it appears that *Curdish*, which is the language of these singular religionists, is a rude and barbarous dialect of Persian.

The memoir of Mr Rich is not introduced here for any purpose of rivalship with the elaborate work of Mr Elphinstone. Neither the extent, nor the subject, nor the opportunities of information, allow any such comparison.

His own pretensions are indeed sufficiently modest. 'This 'memoir is viewed by the author, as only the first fruits of im-'perfect research. It may perhaps be considered with the more 'indulgence, as it is believed that it is the only account of these 'memorable ruins hitherto laid before the public by a native of 'the British Islands.' The name and remains of Babylon, derive, from various sources, a great power over the imagination. They are the remains of the most ancient works of civilized men. On the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the scene of universal history opens; and, with the first dawn of historic light, we perceive in that region powerful monarchies already established, great capitals built, and those monuments of the earliest art constructed, of which the remains continue to attest the magnitude and splendour. China, it is true, and India, have also a great claim to antiquity. But these countries, which Sir William Temple called 'the great outlying monarchies,' have no connexion, or no discoverable connexion,

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* J. Adelung's Mithridates, 297; where the learned writer hazards the bold conjecture, that the Curds or Curduchians were a Persian colony, planted in their present mountainous country by Cyrus, after his conquest of Assyria.

with our European history. Their story, therefore, is no part of our Universal history. But the annals of the modern world are joined by an unbroken series of causes and effects, reaching back, through Rome and Greece, and Syria and Egypt, to the historical remains of the Assyrian and Babylonian monarchies. With them, too, are closely connected some of the most memorable events in the history of our religion. The records of the human race do not present a contrast more striking, than that between the primeval magnificence of Babylon and its long desolation; and there are few reflections more interesting, than that, in the solitary spot now covered by vast heaps of undistinguished rubbish, the first astronomical observations were made thirty, if not * forty, centuries ago, at a time when the site of London had probably been untrodden by any human foot. It was not without reason that Major Rennell thought that 'the delineation and description of the site and remains would prove one of the most 'curious pieces that has been exhibited in these times.' (*Rennell's Geogr. Herod.* p. 388.)

Mr Rich's Memoir is only the first essay towards such a work as Major Rennell has thus encouraged intelligent travellers to undertake. It is a modest and perspicuous account of what he saw during a short visit, in several passages not without descriptive merit, and creditably distinguished by abstinence from fruitless inquiry and rash conjecture, and in which the classi-

* The date of the astronomical observations, of which an account was transmitted by Callisthenes to Aristotle. It is true, that this great antiquity rests on the testimony of Simplicius alone; but M. Montucla considers the commencement of a series of astronomical observations at Babylon, as certainly fixed at least a thousand years before the Christian era. It is singular, that the Babylonians should have illustrated the dimensions of the earth, by estimating, that a man, who walked constantly a league an hour, would make the tour of the globe in a year, which gives a diameter not very distant from the true. *Cassini*, seemingly without knowing the Babylonian estimate, calculated, that a man who walked a league an hour for 12 hours of each day, would circumambulate the globe in two years. This curious fact is to be found only in Achilles Tatius, a weak writer of the third century; but his very weakness renders it unlikely that he should have invented it:—no authority is known more recent than the Chaldeans, from which he could have borrowed it; and it must be owned, that somewhat more fragments of oriental knowledge have stolen into the Greek writers of the Eastern provinces, upon the mixture of nations after the Christian era, than are to be found in that flourishing period of Grecian literature, when it was proudly national, and cultivated with a contemptuous exclusion of the learning of every other people.

cal and oriental learning of the author is as much proved, by the careful exclusion of false pretensions and impertinent display, as by the natural fruits of solid knowledge. Like Mr Elphinstone, he ensures the confidence of the judicious part of the public in his future statements, by the cautious and scrupulous fairness, with which he never fails to lay open the sources and the limits of his information. With his respectable talents and attainments, and with the contempt for imposture, and repugnance to ostentation, which characterize this Essay, he has only to proceed with industry in the course which he has honourably begun. His residence, though with few enjoyments for the individual, is fortunately situated for the gratification of public curiosity. He is surrounded by objects of physical, historical, and literary interest. The first is undoubtedly the complete examination and description of the remains of Babylon. The traces of the canals, which united the two rivers, more perhaps for purposes of irrigation than for those of internal traffic, are a curious subject of observation. As the irrigation is neglected, the Desert resumes the territories which had in ancient times been conquered from it by human industry. It is a sort of antipode to the western frontier of the United States of America, where cultivation advances far more rapidly, than Turkish tyranny can contract it.

The great epic poem, or rather romance, of the ancient Arabs, is not yet made known to Europe, even by such an abridgement as D'Ohsson made of the *Shahnamah* in his useful *Tableau de l'Orient.* The *Yezidis*, mentioned before, are perhaps the most singular sect in the world. They appear to worship only an evil principle. But the horror naturally felt, not only by the missionaries, but by neighbours and travellers, against these perverted and ferocious sectaries, may perhaps have kept out of view some of those softenings, with which the universal feelings of human nature usually mitigate the harshest systems of dogmatical theology, and render their doctrines more consistent with humanity, though perhaps less consistent with each other.

The singular sect called the Christians of St John, who have their chief seat at Bussora, are known with little exactness. No situation could be more favourable than Bagdad, for a history of the rise, progress, and perhaps of the downfal of the Wahabis, who, in their abhorrence of Polytheism and outward symbols of devotion, as well as in the barbarity of their laws of war, seem to restore the primitive ages of Mahometanism. All the traces of ancient languages spoken in the mountainous countries to the north, may lead to curious results. As Mr Rich, we understand, has traversed Asia Minor several times, in various

directions, some of which had been little if at all known to Europeans, an account of the Pachalic of Bagdad, including all such original information respecting Turkish Asia, as he can communicate, would be an excellent employment of his leisure, and could not fail to be a very acceptable present to the public.

Meritorious publications by servants of the East India Company have, in our opinion, peculiar claims to liberal commendation. The price which Great Britain pays to the inhabitants of India for her dominion, is the security that their government shall be administered by a class of respectable men. In fact they are governed by a greater proportion of sensible and honest men, than could fall to their lot under the government of their own or of any other nation. Without this superiority, and the securities which exist for its continuance, in the condition of the persons, in their now excellent education, in their general respect for the public opinion of a free country, in the protection afforded, and the restraint imposed by the press and by Parliament, all regulations for the administration of India would be nugatory, and the wisest system of laws would be no more than waste paper. The means of executing the laws, are in the character of the administrators. To keep that character pure, they must be taught to respect themselves; and they ought to feel, that, distant as they are, they will be applauded and protected by their country, when they deserve commendation or require defence. Their public is remote, and ought to make some compensation for distance by promptitude and zeal. The principal object for which the East India Company exists in the newly modified system, is to provide a safe body of electors to Indian offices. Both in the original appointments, and in subsequent preferment, it was thought that there was no medium between preserving their power, or transferring the patronage to the crown. Upon the whole, it cannot be denied that they are tolerably well adapted to perform these functions. They are sufficiently numerous and connected with the more respectable classes of the community, to exempt their patronage from the direct influence of the Crown, and to spread their choice so widely as to afford a reasonable probability of sufficient personal merit. Much, perhaps enough, has been done by legal regulations, to guard preferment from great abuse. Perhaps, indeed, the spirit of activity and emulation may have been weakened by precautions against the operation of personal favour. But this is, no doubt, the safe error. It is not of course our intention to discuss so large a subject in this place. We shall conclude with one observation—The East India Company, and indeed

any branch of the Indian Administration in Europe, can do little directly for India. They are far too distant for much direct administration. The great duty which they have to perform, is to controul their servants and to punish delinquency in deed; but, as the chief principle of their administration, to guard the privileges of these servants, to maintain their dignity, to encourage their merits, to animate those principles of self-respect and honourable ambition, which are the true securities of honest and effectual service to the public. In every government, the character of the subordinate officers is of great moment. But the privileges, the character and the importance of the civil and military establishments, are in the last result the only conceivable security for the preservation and good government of India.

Art. VIII. *Exposé de la Conduite Politique de* M. le Lieutenant-General Carnôt, *depuis le 1er Juillet* 1814. 2nde Edition. Paris. Courcier. 1815.

It is not our intention, in the present article, to discuss the momentous questions of general policy, connected with the distinguished individual whose name appears in this title-page. We purpose to confine our remarks to that which concerns him personally; and they are offered, by way of supplement, to a former article upon his celebrated Memorial, addressed to Louis XVIII. If he had continued in the high station to which he was called during the last summer, we should not have deemed a recurrence to the subject so necessary. But, when men have fallen from power because of their principles, and when, even in the recesses of that obscurity which they prefer to a splendid apostasy, they are still exposed to persecution, it becomes the lovers of liberty to second their demands of justice, though, for the moment, the clamours of the multitude should be found in unison with the sycophancy of courtiers to refuse it. For the rest, we believe it would puzzle the most ingenious and most suspicious of mankind to descry any other motive than the love of justice, which could induce persons, at the present time, to undertake General Carnôt's defence, more especially persons who have all along professed so widely to differ in opinion with him upon fundamental points.

Finding himself the *only one* of Buonaparte's late cabinet ministers, who is proscribed by the decree of the 24th of July, he here inquires into the grounds of this strange exception. It cannot be, he contends, that the others were playing a double game before the second abdication, and serving their country in appearance, while they were secretly in league with its

enemies. Besides that such an imputation would be rejected by them with indignation, he asserts, as a fact within his own knowledge (and all that we have seen appears to confirm it), that whatever difference of opinion may have prevailed among them as to the means, their whole conduct was zealously pointed to one object, the defence of their common country. To the rest of those ministers, he appeals with respect to his own services; and placed, as they all now are, in situations of safety, some of them in high authority, one of them at the publication of the tract in the highest station under government, he challenges them to say what duty he omitted in that arduous crisis, which preceded the battle, and followed the abdication. He even calls upon the Allies to deny, that their united efforts were as successful as circumstances would permit, in saving the effusion of blood, and securing the safety of the capital.

Was it, then, the General asks, because of his former pamphlet, that the distinction was made? No other motive has ever been assigned for it; and yet a more absurd one cannot be imagined. For, not to mention the universal contempt in which the Royalist party studiously held it, the question, whether he had authorized, or even permitted the publication, had been solemnly decided in the negative by a judicial investigation last year. After Buonaparte's return, however, it was republished, and industriously circulated, with various mutilations and additions. Of these the General was entirely ignorant; nor, as he says, was it very much in his nature, to have busied himself in such a matter, while executing the duties of the most important department of the State at the most critical moment. But as soon as he heard of the republication, he applied to the Minister of Police, in whose province it lay, to stop it; and he frequently complained to Buonaparte himself. The latter treated the affair as of no consequence; and the former avowed, that he had himself furnished funds for the publication. As far as in him lay, he had constantly checked the publication, refusing his permission to all the booksellers who applied for it, and only abstaining from proceeding legally against the publishers, because the matter belonged to the police, which had in fact taken measures against them, and let them escape.

Upon the object and motives of the Memorial itself, General Carnôt adds several interesting remarks; and the charges against the government of 1814 which he had before urged, he now repeats with his wonted firmness,—undismayed by the more severe complexion of the times, the increased power of the Crown, and the exasperated enmity of his adversaries.

'Chacun sait qu'on marchait ouvertement à la plus violente réac-

tion; qu'on affectait de fouler aux pieds la Charte constitutionnelle: que toutes les promesses faites par le Roi étaient éludées sans pudeur par les agens de son pouvoir; qu'on ne s'attachait qu'à décourager les défenseurs de la patrie: que tout ce qui avait pris une part quelconque à la révolution était dévoué à la proscription, menacé dans son honneur, dans sa vie, dans ses propriétés. Ces faits sont notoires; les personnes les plus dévouées au Gouvernement en convenaient à la tribune; ils sont officiellement avoués aujourd'hui. On pouvait se taire sans doute; on pouvait se laisser menacer, diffamer, sans rien dire; mais peut-on faire un crime à celui qui réclame l'exécution des lois journellement violées à son prejudice, qui se récrie contre les infractions continuellement faites aux engagemens les plus solennels?' p. 11, 12.

Speaking of the arrival of Buonaparte, and the marvellous spectacle which his progress offered, through an unresisting, and passive population at the best, though he came almost alone, the General boldly tells the reason of such a phenomenon.

'Pourquoi chercher à se tromper soi-même et faire prendre encore le change au Roi, sur le véritable principe d'un évenément si extraordinaire? pourquoi s'en prendre à des causes secondaires, lorsque les premières, les vraies causes sont connues de tout le monde? Ne sont-ce pas les atteintes continuelles portées à la Charte; les inquiétudes jetées parmi les acquéreurs de domaines nationaux; les menaces, les sorties sans cesse renouvelées contre tout ce qui avait pris part à la revolution? et ne voit-on pas encore aujourd'hui renaître de nouveaux germes de troubles dans l'intérieur? sera-ce encore un délit d'avertir les agens du pouvoir, que des causes semblables peuvent produire de semblables effets? sera-ce manquer aux justes égards qu'on leur doit, de leur dire que ceux qui leur succédèrent n'eurent point à se faire de pareils reproches?' p. 16, 17.

It is inconsistent with the design of this article to enlarge upon the evidence which, since the subject was last under our notice, has left the violations of the Charter, and the truth of the remarks now cited from this Tract, a matter of absolute demonstration. But we may, without stepping aside, refer the reader to the confessions extorted from the Government itself at the moment of its last dissolution—extorted, not by any external force, but by the intimate persuasion, that the only remaining chance of salvation was to be sought in a full and publick acknowledgment of what, its own conscience whispered, the people well knew to have been its errors. We allude especially to the addresses of the Chamber of Deputies to the King, by their president, M. L'Aîné, on the 10th and 17th of March, in which the faults of the administration are broadly stated, and the necessity of a change of system avowed; and to the declaration of the 18th of March, promising that the 'unguarded acts' of the ministers shall cease. We may add the King's proclamation at

Cambray, dated so late as the 28th of June, in which he admits errors to have been committed, and promises to profit by experience, and avoid the repetition of them.

That General Carnôt only desired to see the King remain faithful to his engagements, and govern according to the Constitution, seems incontestably proved, by the conference which he describes himself to have had with M. de St Roman, a staunch royalist in the King's service, to whom he now publicly appeals for the correctness of the relation. It was when Buonaparte had advanced towards Lyons, and was supposed to be near that city, that M. de St Roman waited upon him, and expressed his great personal alarm at the state of affairs, and the apparent probability of the King being forced to leave the capital. The General, who expresses much respect for this gentleman, courteously observed to him, that he believed if there were no royalists but such as he, nor any republicans but such as himself, men would not fight with one another about matters of opinion. Being pressed to state what he thought the probable result of the present crisis, and whether he saw any means of avoiding the evils which menaced the state, he answered, in a manner not very well calculated, we should think, to uphold the character of a malcontent, and plotter of mischief, or a partizan of Buonaparte, which the unthinking rabble of all ranks have, in this country, been taught to bestow upon him,—

'Je lui répondis que je ne connaissais pas bien l'état de choses, 'mais que je croyais qu'il était encore possible d'y remédier; 'qu'il fallait pour cela que le Roi s'empressât d'annoncer qu'il 'était dans la ferme résolution de maintenir désormais les Au- 'torités dans la ligne constitutionnelle, et qu'il renvoyât les Mi- 'nistres qui ne travaillaient visiblement qu'à l'en écarter; que 'si l'on était une fois rassuré sur les véritables intentions de S. 'M., je croyais que Bonaparte ne trouverait aucun appui en 'France, et que je ne doutais pas qu'il n'échouât complétement 'dans son entreprise.' p. 19.

Buonaparte however arrived at Paris, and was once more Emperor of France, without a struggle. M. Carnôt solemnly asserts, that he neither aided, nor even knew beforehand, of the expedition which thus marvellously succeeded in destroying a dynasty possessing, but a few days before, all the outward appearance of solidity and duration. 'J'affirme que, ni directement ni indi- 'rectement, je n'ai pris aucune part aux tentatives qui ont pu 'être faites pour le retour de Napoléon; que je n'ai entretenu 'aucune correspondance à ce sujet, et que je n'ai eu connais- 'sance d'aucune correspondance entretenue par d'autres; que je 'n'ai assisté à aucune réunion particulière, à aucun conciliabule;

'qu'enfin j'ai partagé l'étonnement universel, lorsque j'ai apris 'sa descente sur les côtes de France.' (p. 17, 18.) Laying out of view his acknowledged character for strict veracity, nothing short of madness could induce a man in his critical situation to make such assertions, if they were unfounded, in the face of so many enemies anxious to obtain a justification of their behaviour towards him, and furnished, some of them, as Fouché, from their own knowledge, with the means of exposing him. But the night after Buonaparte arrived, he sent for him, and appointed him to the home department. Does his acceptance of this office, and his discharge of its arduous duties, constitute the ground of the decree against him? Then, why were not the other ministers comprehended in it; and why, above all, was one of them, instead of being proscribed, placed at the head of affairs under the King? Buonaparte had regained his power with the unanimous concurrence of the army, and without the slightest opposition from the people. Was it incumbent on M. Carnôt to treat him as an usurper, and plot his destruction, or foment a hopeless civil war, for the restoration of princes, to preserve whom in their place not a soldier had lifted his arm, or a citizen his voice, at a moment when an unarmed individual was driving in his carriage through the country to dethrone them? But the General might at least have refused office under a man whom he had so often denounced as a tyrant: and he frankly avows the reasons which now made him cooperate with Buonaparte, as they had a year before induced him to offer his services for the defence of the frontier.

But, together with these reasons, there was another which, we confess, appears to us much less sound,—a conviction that Buonaparte had returned from Elba with views of moderation and peace! 'J'ai cru, et je crois encore,' says this intrepid person, 'que l'Empereur etoit venû avec le desir sincere de con-'server la paix et de gouverner paternellement.' The fearlessness which prompts such an avowal, in such terms, at a moment like the present, when the cause of Buonaparte is desperate, and M. Carnôt is as it were upon his trial, may well excite astonishment. But we own, that our wonder is hardly less at the fact, of such sentiments ever having entered so acute and experienced a mind. But it was not only towards Napoleon that the General's candour appears to have misled him; he believed the Allies to be as moderate as the Emperor, and never suspected that their professions might be flung into the shade by the prospect of brilliant success. 'J'ai cru que les Allies ne voudroient pas 'rapporter de nouveau la desolation dans un pays dont le vœu 'etoit si fortement prononcé pour la tranquillité de l'Europe.' —'On ne doutoit pas que les puissances ne nous laissassent,

'comme elles l'avoient tant de fois protesté, choisir le gouverne-
'ment qui nous conviendroit, pourvu que nous demeurassions
'fideles aux stipulations du traite de Paris.'

Thus we see, that there were views of a nature somewhat romantic, both respecting Buonaparte and the Allies, mingled with the solid and defensible ground upon which he took office, namely, the necessity of supporting the Government, in order to avoid one of the worst calamities that could befal his country—civil war. The ground upon which he continued to act, after he found those hopes disappointed, was the necessity of saving France from the very worst of all calamities,—foreign conquest, ending probably in dismemberment, certainly in forcing a government on the people. But romantic as we may think some of the hopes entertained at first, it is impossible to regard sentiments like the following as coming from any other than an honest and high-minded character. 'Oui, j'en conviens, j'ai partagé ces sen-
'timens. Je me suis flatté de voir nos désastres finis; de pouvoir
'faire tourner désormais les ressources de l'Etat aux progrès de
'l'industrie, au soulagement de la classe indigente, au perfec-
'tionnement de l'instruction publique. J'ai joui en moi-même,
'dans la pensée qu'en ma qualité de Ministre de l'Intérieur, je
'pouvais devenir l'un des agens principaux de ces heureux
'changemens.' (p. 24.) And again, after speaking of his plain remonstrances to Buonaparte, upon the arbitrary acts he was so soon betrayed into—'Je lui suis demeuré fidele jusqu'à son abdi-
'cation; je l'ai défendu avec un zèle extrême, parce que je ne
'sais pas défendre autrement, et qu'en le défendant, j'ai cru
'défendre la Patrie; mais je n'ai point fait auprès de lui le
'rôle d'un flatteur, et je ne lui ai jamais rien demandé pour
'moi-même.' (p. 25.)

After all, we suspect, the hatred shown towards this eminent person is of a date considerably more ancient than his late administration, or his defence of Antwerp. The royalists and their foreign allies have never been able to forgive his signal military exploits during the war of the Revolution; and as this was a feeling not very capable of being plainly avowed, at least in France, they deemed it expedient to express it in other terms, and affected to confound him with Robespierre, as if he had been the accomplice of that monster in the reign of terror. He seems to be aware that this is the turn given to his conduct; and has thrown together a few particulars extremely interesting, as connected with the history of those awful times, and peculiarly deserving the attention of any one who would form a correct judgment upon the merits of the individual.

This charge, it should be remembered, was openly made against

him in the Convention, immediately after Robespierre's fall, by the party which that happy event had raised to the chief power: But his defence was deemed so satisfactory, that the accusation was thrown out unanimously, and abandoned by those who had brought it forward. So extraordinary a testimony to his innocence, at such a moment, ought, in all fairness of argument, to go a great way; and, at this distance of time, it would be rash, not to say unjust in the extreme, to pronounce a contrary sentence. But let us look a little further into the merits of the case. The only matters ever alleged against M. Carnôt, are reduced to a very small number of signatures, officially given by him to decrees of the Committee of Public Safety. Upon this it is to be observed, that he confined himself wholly to the affairs of his own department, the conduct of the war; and that, although he presided in rotation over the terrible Body to which he belonged, and as president nominally issued, that is, signed, its orders, he did so in virtue of the arrangement, that each should affix his authority to the acts of his colleagues, and that no one should interfere in another's department. Had he refused his concurrence to them, they would have refused their ratification of his military proceedings; and in order to show how little he could, by possibility, have known of the orders signed by him, out of his own department, he informs us of the extraordinary fact, that he was, at the time, carrying on the whole correspondence with *fourteen* armies, without employing a secretary. That he worked without relaxation fifteen or sixteen hours a day, will not much surprize any one who hears of such an office. After all, situated as he then was, he had but one alternative; either to continue in this dreadful situation, cooperating with men whom he abhorred, and lending his name to their worst deeds, while he was fain to close his eyes upon their details—or to leave the tremendous war which France was then waging for her existence, in the hands of men so utterly unfit to conduct the machine an instant, that immediate conquest in its worst shape must have been the consequence of his desertion. There may be many an honest man who would have preferred death to any place in Robespierre's Committee,—and, for ourselves, we should never have hesitated in the choice; but it is fair to state, that, in all probability, M. Carnôt saved his country by persevering in the management of the war. It is proper likewise to add his assertion, that he saved more lives by his interferenee and resistance, while leagued in those unholy bonds, than Robespierre and his associates destroyed. Those who, after considering these things, retain the opinion, that nothing, not even the salvation of France, could justify such

an alliance, may be in the right: It is a safe maxim which teaches us, that there are some deeds so shocking as to mock all computation—deeds to be at all hazards shunned, what ills soever may ensue. But we protest against the ignorant clamour of persons, who, upon *ordinary* grounds, object to M. Carnôt's conduct, unacquainted with the facts, and quite unaware that his country exalted him in a transport of gratitude at the very moment of Robespierre's most just punishment. He was, notwithstanding the *reaction* (to use a modish phrase) which then took place, retained in the Committee, and returned for no fewer than fifteen different places in the ensuing election. It is well known that the two bodies of the Legislature soon after raised him to a seat in the Directory, and that his exclusion from that body two years after, was effected upon the pretext of his having shown too much favour to the Emigrants and other Royalists. In questions like the present, the testimony is not to be disregarded, which popular opinion, pronounced at the moment, and upon subjects so immediately within the knowledge, and so powerfully addressing the feelings of the publick, gives in favour of a ruler. At this distance of time, it is unsafe to appeal from so remarkable a decision, unless with the view of trying it by a standard much loftier than the people ever can apply, and admitting a principle of which they are wholly ignorant, that there are some things which a man had better see his country perish before his face, than consent to. Tried by this severe test, M. Carnôt will be found wanting: But let it be remembered, that, whoever admits the public safety to be a justification of all measures; whoever denies a man's right to sacrifice his country to his principles; whoever refuses to an individual the right, not of going down to the grave rather than part with his integrity, but of maintaining his virtue upon the ruin of the state, must, of necessity, acquit that distinguished personage. Let us not, at all events, call things by wrong names, and pronounce him guilty, without reflecting in what sense we are to use the word. Nothing is more prejudicial to the cause of virtue, than confounding together, under one appellation, objects which ought to excite the most various, and even opposite, sentiments.

For the rest, he informs us, that the whole Convention knew Robespierre, (*cet homme affreux*, as he terms him), to be 'his 'most mortal enemy, and, precisely, because he would not 'share in his fury.' 'On savait (he adds) qu'il avait promis 'de faire tomber ma tête aussitôt qu'on croirait n'avoir plus be-'soin de moi; mais il se pressa trop de demander l'acte d'accu-'sation de ses ennemis, et se fut la sienne qui tomba, avec cel-

' les de Saint-Just et de Couthon, que j'avais hautement désig-
' nées depuis long-temps sous le nom de *triumvirs*. Je dirai
' même à cette occasion, que Saint-Just proposa un jour en ma
' présence, au Comité, mon expulsion, comme on avait pro-
' noncé quelque temps auparavant celle de Hérault de Séchel-
' les, ce qui l'avait aussitôt mené à l'échafaud. Je répondis froi-
' dement à Saint-Just qu'il sortirait du Comité avant moi, ainsi
' que tout le triumvirat, et le Comité, frappé de stupeur, garda
' le silence.' p. 32, 33.

Another circumstance equally deserving of our notice, is the total indifference which General Carnôt always showed towards the populace, and his keeping aloof from all agitators and factious persons. While they were eternally in the tribunes or at the clubs, he never spoke in the assemblies except when the discharge of his duty obliged him; and then his discourses were of a kind too severe to flatter the follies or encourage the licentiousness of the people. As for the Parisian clubs, he never once entered the threshold of any assembly of that description. Referring to his conduct in the Legislature, he says, ' On a seule-
' ment pu y voir que la patrie etait tout pour moi: mais on sait
' assez quelle est la récompense ordinaire de ceux qui se dé-
' vouent exclusivement au service de la patrie.' p. 33.

We close our account of this tract with the following remarkable passage at its conclusion, in which he sums up the account of the injustice he has been exposed to.

' Qu'il me soit permis d'arrêter un moment ici l'attention de mes lecteurs sur la bizarrerie de quelques événemens de ma vie politique.

' J'ai partagé avec mes collègues le bonheur de sauver Paris, et par un coup d'état je suis exilé de Paris.

' Je me suis chargé de la haine de Napoléon, pour m'être opposé seul à son premier avénement au trône des Français; je suis du très-petit nombre de ceux qui n'ont jamais brûlé d'encens sur ses autels, et l'on me compte parmi ceux qui ont conspiré pour le rétablir sur le trône.

' Je me suis plaint au Roi des infractions que les agens de son pouvoir se permettaient de faire à la Charte constitutionnelle qu'il nous avait donnée, et l'on prétend que ces plaintes sont un outrage fait à S. M.

' J'ai toujours fait profession de me soumettre au gouvernement établi, et l'on me dépeint comme un factieux qui ne m'occupe qu'à marcher de révolution en révolution.

' Je fus le plus mortel ennemi de Robespierre, et l'on me fait passer pour son complice. Je me suis mis sur la brèche pour empêcher les réactions, et l'on me fait passer pour avoir cherché à les favoriser.

' J'ai passé les jours et les nuits à seconder les opérations de nos armées, et l'on me représente comme occupé, pendant ce temps, à

dresser des listes de proscription. Dans mes nombreuses missions, je n'ai jamais ordonné de mon chef, même une arrestation, et l'on fait de moi un proconsul sanguinaire.

' Je me suis constamment montré l'ennemi des conquêtes; je ne voulais pas même, dans notre plus grande prospérité militaire, qu'on fut jusqu'à la limite du Rhin, et l'on assure que je ne respirais que guerre, invasion, bouleversement des états.

' Je n'ai jamais sollicité ni places ni faveurs; c'est toujours malgré moi que je me suis vu appelé aux grandes fonctions publiques; je ne suis pas plus chargé de richesses qu'au commencement de la révolution, et l'on me dépeint comme un homme avide de domination et de fortune. *

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* Of his well known disinterestedness, he has himself given no details; we insert therefore the following facts, taken from a letter recently published in one of the public Journals, most hostile to the General, and written by a person well known, and who had been proscribed at the Revolution of 18. *Fructidor*. The writer describes himself as being ' neither the eulogist nor the censurer ' of General Carnôt; but confesses he was unable to keep silence, when he saw him, in the Royalist pamphlets, compared with Mandrin the highwayman, and recommendations given to ' bury him alive, ' or ' exhibit him in an iron cage. '

' In the year 8, General Carnôt took charge of the War Department. At that period, fifteen months salary were due to the individuals employed in that office. In the space of three months, all was paid, excepting the salary of the Minister himself.

' The Minister rose generally at five in the morning, and was employed until nine in expediting himself the most urgent business. Then the heads of division were introduced, and the Minister only quitted them to attend the Council.

' We were just entering on a campaign. A contract for *horses* was about to take place. *Lanchère*, the contractor, obtained the preference, on account of the good security which he offered. It had been customary, under the old government, never to conclude a bargain without presenting the Minister with a *douceur*. The *douceur* on such an occasion would amount to 50,000 livres (upwards of 2000*l*.) The Minister at first did not understand what this meant. But, upon being informed of the *custom*, he took the present without hesitation, and, immediately returning it into the hands of *Lanchère*, " There, " said he, " are 50,000 livres in advance upon payment of your contract; be correct in your proceedings, and I will continue to employ you. "

' General Carnôt could have amassed wealth, and that without committing himself, by means of the contracts for the invalids and the hospitals; but such speculations were at all times unworthy of that Minister. Indeed, it was in consequence of the unpleasant altercations he experienced in reducing the expenditure of the hospitals, that he resigned. '

' J'ai offert mes services au chef de l'Etat dans un moment où le salut de la patrie était presque désespéré, et l'on a dit que c'était par ambition.

' Chargé de la défense d'une place importante, j'ai inspiré la confiance au soldat, je lui ai fait aimer la discipline, j'ai maintenu l'ordre et la sécurité parmi les habitans, lorsque tout au-dehors était livré aux alarmes et à l'oppression ; j'ai, sous ma responsabilité, empêché l'incendie d'un immense faubourg de cette ville, et l'on a essayé de persuader que je ne m'étais montré dans cette place que comme un despote et un vandale.

' J'aime et je cultive les sciences et les lettres, et l'on a dit que j'avais voulu désorganiser l'instruction publique.

' J'ai idolâtré ma patrie, et bientôt, peut-être, je serai forcé de solliciter de la générosité des princes étrangers un asile dans leurs états.

' Des parens, des amis, tous les hommes à idées libérales et modérées prennent part à mes infortunes : ils me croient dans l'affliction. Qu'ils se rassurent ; je puis confirmer à leurs yeux cette grande vérité de morale universelle, qu'avec un cœur pur on n'est jamais malheureux. —— ' *ille potens suî*
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, vixi. ' p. 49—51.

These are not the lamentations of a disappointed courtier, or a decayed and broken-down intriguer ; they are the parting words of a stern patriot, in whose mind, if the gentler feelings of our nature had not their full place, it was only because the love of his country swayed with absolute and undivided empire ; whose political conduct, if sometimes harsh and unbending, never once was equivocally selfish or timid ; whose zeal for publick liberty, oftentimes exposed him to the vulgar charge of enthusiasm, and only seemed to admit of a temporary abatement, when, in the choice of mighty evils, he saw that he must either league himself with domestic oppressors, or witness the more intolerable yoke of strange, barbarous, and exasperated conquerors. But wherefore do we dwell upon the character and the fortunes of an individual, wholly withdrawn from the publick gaze, and surviving, in obscurity, all but the recollection of exploits which once bore his fame abroad upon the wide spreading renown of his country ?—It is because we believe his errors to have been honest, and because we know them not to have been profitable ; because he has at all times dared to avow and to maintain his principles, fearless of consequences to himself, and only bending before the storms that menaced the publick safety ; above all, because he has been singled out by the minions of arbitrary power as a sacrifice to their idol of ' *legitimacy*, '—an ancient abomination, with a newfangled, uncouth name, but long ago chased, we trust for ever, from this free country with the other devices of our popish tyrants.

We might indeed justify the interest taken in the fate of M. Carnôt, were it merely as an individual, by reminding the reader that his misfortunes are scarcely less remarkable than his merits. He has been in opposition to all the tyrannies, and suffered by almost every one of the changes which for five and twenty years have visited his distracted country; and now, in the decline of life, with neither health nor spirits to struggle against calamity, he is fated to see his countrymen enslaved by a foreign soldiery; the trophies which he so mightily assisted in winning, torn from them as the symbols of crime; and himself proscribed once more, alone of his colleagues, but in common with his party, his family and friends. It is natural, from such a situation, to draw reflexions of a melancholy cast. Yet a patriot in adverse circumstances, is not to be pitied like an ordinary sufferer. His misfortunes are his country's, not his own; and he feels the calmness of martyrdom, if not its exultation, when, in fighting for the good cause, he has reached what the vulgar regard as the pitch of despair. He can look back upon the past triumphs in which he shared, and the contests in which he was honestly defeated, to relieve his present anguish; and even if the future should afford him no gleam of hope, he can submit cheerfully, because he feels that his own duty has been faithfully done. If a frame, wasted before its time in the service of mankind, or the somewhat slower progress of natural decay, have brought him within view of the period to which all things hasten, he looks forward to the enjoyment of a repose which he had never tasted; and, gazing at length upon prospects where disappointment can no longer cast a shade, he feels satisfied that his misfortunes have benefited the cause he served. The cold-hearted and worldly-minded may mock his enthusiasm; the slave of a base and unprincipled despotism may affect to deride what he has long since learnt to dread from the bottom of his soul; but let him beware how he disbelieves the existence of such a spirit, or reckons upon its extinction with the victims whom he has destroyed; for the fire may again burst from their ashes, and devour him with all the idols of his worship.

It is impossible to reflect on the conduct of many leading persons in these times, and the language familiarly held by their creatures, without serious alarm for the liberties of mankind. Were their talents at all proportioned to their power and their numbers, we might indeed be dismayed. A proneness to receive the yoke; an aversion to every thing like manly resistance; a greediness after displays of force and power; a delight in the topics and expressions of arbitrary sway, seem to recal the very worst periods in the history of the country, when the people, in their zeal to be enslaved, outran the measures, and almost kept

pace with the wishes of the Court. Under the hollow pretext of discussing what may be good for France, we have of late been listening to doctrines utterly subversive of the foundations upon which English liberty is built. The sacred doctrine of resistance, the corner-stone of the Constitution, has been covertly attacked; and we are already become familiar with a more open and audacious promulgation of the principle, that the crown is for the benefit of him who wears it. Nay, proofs are not wanting that the accidental circumstances of the Catholic question have alone prevented our ears from being assailed by a defence of the religious persecution under which our Protestant brethren in some parts of Europe, are at this moment suffering;* while every manifestation of arbitrary principles into which an inexperienced and misguided sovereign has been betrayed, has been palliated and almost applauded by the pensioners, the placemen, and the place-hunters of the English press. We own, that it is difficult to see these things without anxiety, lest they prove the forerunners of evil times. Many persons, indeed, can descry no danger to liberty in those inroads, trifling perhaps in themselves, which all history shows to be speedily fatal if not immediately resisted. Nay, we verily believe, that were the Crown disposed to levy a sum of money without the authority of Parliament, or to keep together the army, without a Mutiny bill, numbers of your calm, rational people, who despise enthusiasm, and laugh at all danger to the Constitution, would think it signified very little, so the sum was only a small one, and the Mutiny bill were to expire but for a week or two; and would treat him as a zealot who should say, that our freedom was in danger, while trial by jury, and the liberty of the press, still remained. In short, unless the whole fabric could be destroyed at once, these men of cool sense

* We are prevented from entering at large upon the interesting subject of the Protestant persecutions which have lately disgraced the constituted authorities in France, by the extreme difficulty of separating the religious from the political parts of the disputes in that distracted country, and our fears of giving a false impression upon so delicate a question. From the facts which have come to our knowledge, we are enabled to say, that such acts have been committed, though chiefly under the colour of what is termed the *reaction* upon political grounds. The extent of these outrages we have no means of ascertaining; but they well deserve to fix the attention of the people of this country. Some interesting particulars will be found upon this subject, in a tract entitled '*Statements of the Persecution of the Protestants,*' *by the Reverend J. Cobbin*, published by Ogles & Co. London. The author shows himself to be a warm friend of religion and civil liberty.

see no real danger to the Constitution. With such an army, however, and such a revenue as the Crown possesses, the turning of a straw is important to the balance; and they who preach the slavish doctrines just now cited, are indeed the heralds—we know them to be the well paid heralds—of a despotism by which every man who dares not resist it, deserves to be crushed. It cannot be too often repeated to the people of this country, that their very worst enemies are those who affect never to see any real danger to liberty;—hold up to ridicule all its best friends as senseless alarmists, crying out without a reason;—and at each blow that is given to the undoubted rights of the Nation, are ready to exclaim how slight it is, and how much is left uninjured. †

ART. IX. *Travels into the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly and Macedonia, during the Years* 1812 *and* 1813. By HENRY HOLLAND, M. D. F. R. S. &c. Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Co. London, 1815.

IT is but a few years since Mr Gibbon could say with truth, that the country which is the principal theatre of these travels was as little known to the civilized world as the wilds of North America. There is, however, no longer the same room for this reproach. The new situation in which Europe has been placed during the last 20 years, if it has obstructed the intercourse of nations in many respects, has certainly promoted it in others. The French expedition to Egypt, carried into the East a number of learned and scientific travellers, who, but for that singular attempt, would probably never have gone beyond the borders of their own country: And the first of those who have lately visited Albania, was a member of the learned Body which proposed to plant the sciences of Europe on the banks of the Nile. The attempt of Napoleon to shut all the ports of Europe against the trade of England, forced merchandize into new channels; and while the manufactures of that country, and the produce of her colonies, found their way

† The extraordinary measure of delaying the assembling of Parliament, until some months after the most important Peace ever concluded by this country has been signed, ratified, and in part carried into execution, merits particular attention; especially considering the time chosen for such a departure from the practice of the Constitution. To ask a parliamentary sanction of the treaty, after this interval, is a mere mockery.

from Salonica to Vienna, across the wildest part of the Turkish empire, the people became accustomed to the sight of strangers, and the chieftains felt it their interest to protect them. The English traveller also, excluded from France and Italy, to satisfy his curiosity or his restlessness, was forced into the more distant regions of Egypt, Syria and Greece. Since Pouqueville, the French physician just referred to, three English travellers have, in succession, visited Albania, and have given some account of its geography and its inhabitants. Hobhouse, in 1809 and 1810, travelled over a great part of that country, and has recorded what appeared to him most worthy of notice. Major Leake, after passing much time in Greece, has published *Researches*, which however are almost entirely confined to the subject of language, the dialects of the Romaic, and their affinity to the antient Greek. Room was still left for Dr Holland's inquiries, which are the more valuable that he appears to have attended particularly to the physical geography and mineralogy of the country, and that he had an opportunity of crossing over the great central chain of Pindus as he passed from Albania into Thessaly, and afterwards of penetrating farther into the northern parts of the former tract than any European traveller had done before him.

It may assist our readers in forming a distinct notion of the principal scene of these travels, to consider that the great promontory, of which Greece makes a part, is traversed longitudinally by a chain of mountains descending from the north, which, between the parallels of 40° and 39° north, attain their highest elevation, and had anciently the name of Pindus, separating Epire on the west, from Thessaly on the east. Farther to the south, the same chain, lowering its elevation, forms the celebrated heights of Oeta, Parnassus, Helicon, and Cytheron; after which, in the plains of Attica, it descends to the level of the sea. The length of this chain does not much exceed 200 geographical miles; its direction is north-west and south-east, nearly bisecting the peninsula traversed by it, which is about 120 geographical miles in breadth, having the Ionian sea on the west, and the Archipelago or Gulph of Salonica on the east. At the south end, where the promontory just described greatly contracts its breadth, it is joined by the isthmus of Corinth to the Peloponnesus or Morea on the west side; and to Eubœa or Negropont by a still narrower neck on the east. Taken altogether, these may be considered as one great promontory, which maintains everywhere a breadth nearly uniform, but increasing somewhat at its southern extremity, where a very irregular and deeply indented outline either marks the depredations of the sea, or the encroachments of the land.

Greece, however, the country which has been the parent of so many great men, and the theatre of so many great events, did not occupy the whole even of this limited territory. On the western side of the longitudinal chain was Epirus, of which the inhabitants were Greeks; but beyond them, and farther to the north, were the Illyrians, an uncivilized race, on whom the Greeks bestowed the name of barbarians, with more justice than always accompanied their use of that appellation. The present Albania comprehends a great part both of Epirus and Illyricum. It is a name, however, not applied to any part of this tract by the writers of antiquity, earlier than the days of Ptolemy, in whose geography the names of Albani and Albanopolis are mentioned for the first time. Albanopolis is there laid down about 48 geographical miles north-east of Dyrachium, and near the source of a river which is represented as running into the sea, on the south side of that promontory. The course of this river in the modern maps, is different from that in Ptolemy's, and would place Albanopolis east from Dyrachium (Durazzo) inclining a little to the south. The Albani are represented in the map of the same geographer as inhabiting a territory of small extent between the river just mentioned, and another farther to the south, which it is not difficult to identify with one traced in the modern maps of that region. The antient Albani, therefore, inhabited but a small tract near the northern extremity of what is now occupied by the people of the same name. Thus, we are left entirely in the dark as to the extension of the name of Albania from a small district to a great country; and we are equally without information concerning the origin of the people who now inhabit it. The writers just named, have taken some pains to remove this obscurity, and to trace out the history of the Albanians. Their researches have not been very successful: And indeed, for what purpose should we inquire into the history of barbarous tribes, ruled, at least in the times nearest the present, by the iron rod of despotism, and subject to the continual vicissitudes of servitude and insurrection? If those tribes, however, have produced in Scanderbeg a hero who may rank with Pyrrhus, the glory of the same country in better times, it must be confessed that they have one strong claim to our attention.

The present condition of Albania also merits attention, as it exhibits the phenomena of incipient civilization, and of light breaking in from the west on the darkness, so profound and extensive, which has long overwhelmed the east. On this subject, Dr HOLLAND affords some very important information. He appears himself as a candid and enlightened observer, free from prejudice, and having the information necessary to enable him

to describe both the natural and the moral phenomena of the countries which he has visited. He is the same person of whom some years ago we had occasion to speak with much praise, on account of the historical detail concerning Iceland, which he drew up when he returned from the visit which, along with SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE, he made to that island. We are happy to meet with him now in a more genial climate, and shall endeavour to follow him through Albania and Thessaly. He has paid much attention to the geography of these countries; and his own skill has been assisted, as he tells us, by that of SIR WILLIAM GELL, to whom the geographer and the antiquary are already under so many obligations. The map accordingly, which he has given us, though on a small scale, seems infinitely more correct in its physical characters, particularly in the relation of the chains of mountains to the courses of the rivers, than those of the other travellers we have mentioned. The maps of POUQUEVILLE and HOBHOUSE, though in some respects constructed with considerable care, are loose and vague as to the position of the mountains, and convey no idea at all of the direction, the breadth, or the elevation of the chains which they form. The map of Greece, in the Travels of the younger ANACHARSIS, is as defective as the rest, though it probably possesses considerable correctness as to the outline and the figure of the shores. There is, it must be admitted, a great deal of merit in having excelled in the description of a country where the physical geography is of so much importance.

The chief city of Albania is Ioannina, situated on the west side of a lake, in a high plain, about 30 miles from the sea, and elevated above it about 1000 or 1200 feet: the length of the lake is about six miles, and its breadth hardly two, its channel being narrowed by a projecting point, on which stands the citadel or fortress of Ioannina, with a small island opposite to it. The area of the fortress, which forms a small town in itself, is cut off from the city by a lofty stone wall, and a broad moat filled with water from the lake. The extent of the city, as it stretches backwards from the fortress, and on each side, is more considerable than the same number of inhabitants would occupy in the towns of other European countries. Besides the vacant spaces of the mosques and burying grounds, all the better houses, both of Turks and Greeks, have areas attached to them, in which there generally grow a few trees, producing that intermixture of buildings and wood which is always beheld with so much interest.

'The central part of the city, occupied in great part by the streets forming the Bazars, is the only one where much continuity is preserved; and here the houses are in general much lower and

smaller than elsewhere. The breadth of the town, which nowhere exceeds 1½ miles, is defined by a range of low eminences, running parallel to the shore of the lake, and affording, from their summit, one of the most striking views of the city, the lake, and the distant heights of the Pindus chain. The interior aspect of Ioannina, except where there is some opening to the landscape that surrounds it, is gloomy, and without splendour. Few of the streets preserve a uniform line; those inhabited by the lowest classes are mostly wretched mud-built cottages, and are chiefly in the outskirts of the city. The middle ranks dwell in a better description of buildings, the upper part of which is constructed of wood, with a small open gallery under the projecting roof. The higher classes, both of Greeks and Turks, have in general very large houses, often forming two or three sides of the areas attached to them, with wide galleries which go along the whole front of the building.'

The number of inhabitants of this metropolis does not seem to DR HOLLAND to exceed 30,000; though there is considerable uncertainty, accounts varying, as he says, from 25 to 40, or even 50,000. This population is composed of Greeks, Turks, Albanians, and Jews; the Greeks probably the most numerous, and certainly the most respectable. They are the oldest inhabitants of the city; many of their families having been established there for several centuries.

The Albanian residents in Ioannina are among the lower class of the people; those in military service are chiefly quartered upon the Greek families, and are a severe burden. A Greek merchant is often required, all at once, to provide lodging for 40 or 50 men, of an irregular and undisciplined soldiery. The absence of the Vizier from his capital, is of course a sort of jubilee to the principal inhabitants. Very few of the natives of other European countries are to be found at Ioannina. Mr FORRESTI, the English resident, was absent at the time when they first visited the city. M. POUQUEVILLE, the French resident, under the title of Consul-General for Albania, had passed seven years here, somewhat comforted by the presence of his brother, who had the office of Consul at the sea-port of Previsa.

'Our acquaintance with this gentleman was the source of much satisfaction to us during our stay here. We found him extremely intelligent and well informed, and were indebted to him for a degree of attention, which the nature of his situation, under a government hostile to ours, did not entitle us to expect.'

The police of Ioannina is extremely good; the vigilance of the Pasha extends to every corner of the city; and patroles of Albanian soldiers pass the night in the streets, to ensure tranquillity. No one is allowed to walk in the streets, after dark, without a lamp or torch. The bazars are regularly closed at a certain hour of the evening, and are delivered over to the care

of some large and fierce dogs, who are the nightly guards of the place.

The climate of Ioannina is much influenced by its situation, and its vicinity to the mountains. Its height, as already stated, was inferred from barometrical observation to be between 1000 and 1200 feet. Though in the latitude of 39° 30′, its average temperature for the winter does not appear to be greater than that of the western parts of England. They arrived at Ioannina in the beginning of November; and all the higher ridges of Pindus were covered with snow. The weather was fine, but cold; and the thermometer, at 8 in the morning, varied from 40° to 44°. Several rainy days succeeded, with occasional thunder; and much snow fell on Pindus, and even on the mountains nearer to the lake. Before day-break on the 9th, there was a thunder storm, very violent and of long continuance; and the reverberation from the mountains round the city was beyond measure grand and impressive. This was succeeded by weather perfectly serene. At 8 in the morning on the 13th, the thermometer was at 40°. At the same hour next day, it was 23°; and a good deal of ice had been formed in the night. On the 14th, there were two slight shocks of an earthquake, followed by heavy clouds and rain on the succeeding day. In the months of January and February, the cold was very severe, the winds being north and north-east. The snow lay on the plain to a great depth; and for ten days the lake was so firmly frozen over, that the people crossed it everywhere on the ice. It is to be remarked, that this lake is nowhere of any considerable depth. Earthquakes are frequent here, which might perhaps be conjectured from the vicinity to the Ionian Isles, where they so often occur. These earthquakes are said to be generally followed by rain. The winds at Ioannina are often extremely violent. The common temperature of springs in the country is 55° or 56°.

It has been already mentioned, that the depth of the lake is inconsiderable. At the northern end, the waters issue through a low marshy ground, and afterwards pass underneath the great ridge of Metzukel to another small lake about six miles distant. This is the principal issue of the waters from the lake of Ioannina. The strata are all calcareous; a circumstance which is known to be highly favourable to such subterraneous communications.

Ali Pasha, the ruler of Albania, has rendered himself almost independent of the Porte, and has united, under his own government, many of the smaller districts that were formerly subject to separate Pashas. He was left by his father, at the age of about fifteen, to the care of his mother, by birth an Albanian, and a woman of the most undaunted resolution. After a

long conflict with the neighbouring chieftains, he acquired possession of the great district over which he now rules. It may be said, that the territory subject to his dominion is defined, at its northern extremity, by a line drawn from about Durazzo eastward to the head of the Gulf of Salonica. The line of the coast, extending southward from Durazzo along the shores of the Adriatic, and afterwards of the Gulf of Corinth, form the western and southern boundaries of his dominions, while the eastern is formed by the coast of the Archipelago, as far as a line drawn from Thermopylæ to the Gulf of Corinth. This territory, according to the classical divisions of antiquity, comprehends the whole of Epirus, the southern part of Illyricum, a part of Macedonia, and the whole of Thessaly, &c. The power of Ali, however, is not equally absolute throughout this extent. In Albania, he is despotic in an unlimited sense; in Thessaly, and the south-eastern part of his territory, his power is more restrained, and more subject to the controul of Constantinople. He is himself a person of considerable talents; of much more than the ordinary information of a Turkish ruler, and far better instructed about the politics of Europe than is usual with his countrymen. He maintains at Constantinople a number of agents, Greeks as well as Turks, who support his influence in the Divan, and forward the progress of his political views. Residents from England, France and Russia are established at his own court; and he is engaged in a regular correspondence with these, and other powers of Europe and Africa. His political information is generally exact, and obtained with so much promptitude, that Ioannina often becomes the channel through which both Constantinople and the Ionian Isles are informed of events in the centre of Europe. With information and views, as we have said, much above the level of Turkish attainment, he has all the ferocity and savage revenge which belong to his own nation.

His attention to the English, with whom he conceived it his interest to be on good terms, and his desire of consulting an English physician, made him receive DR HOLLAND with great kindness. At their first interview, he expressed a wish to have the Doctor's opinion about his complaints. These complaints were not of a very acute or urgent nature: The Doctor does not inform us more particularly of their nature; but whatever they were, his prescriptions seem to have given satisfaction, as the Visier parted with him unwillingly, and would have gladly detained him in his dominions. It was not, indeed, without a promise of returning that he could obtain leave to prosecute his journey into Thessaly, and other parts of Greece.

In an account of any place in European Turkey, the situation of the Greeks is one of the objects of greatest interest. The trade of Ioannina, which is very considerable, is chiefly carried on by the Greek inhabitants. Indeed, the greater part of the foreign trade of Turkey is carried on by Greek houses, which have residents at home, and branches in various cities of Europe. DR HOLLAND was intimate with a Greek family at Ioannina, where, of four brothers, one was settled in that city, another at Moscow, a third at Constantinople, and the fourth in some part of Germany, all connected with one another. Most of the Greek merchants have travelled much in Europe, are instructed in the manners of different nations, and speak several languages. The port of Trieste has generally been a great channel of this trade; and many houses established there have a relation with others in Vienna, Leipsic, &c. A large amount of Greek property was lodged in the bank at Moscow, including the funds of several public institutions. 'We were,' says DR HOLLAND, 'in Ioannina at the time that the news of 'the burning of Moscow arrived, and could judge of the great 'sensation which that event excited among them.' The Greeks of Ioannina are celebrated among their countrymen for their literature, and are unquestionably entitled to the reputation they have obtained at the present time. Nearly two thirds of the modern Greek publications are translations of European works: Such translations are often both suggested and executed abroad; and the presses at Venice, Vienna, Leipsic, Moscow and Paris are all made to contribute to this purpose.

There are two academies in the city, at which the greater part of the young Greeks are instructed. The gymnasium of Athanasius Psalida, ranks as the first of these, and has acquired reputation from the character of the master, who is considered as one of the chiefs of the literature of modern Greece. He has travelled much—is a master of many languages—a good classical scholar—an acute critic—and a poet; besides being versed in various parts of the science of Europe. His only avowed work, is one, entitled *True Happiness, or the basis of all religious worship*, in which a general tone of sceptical opinion is prevalent. He instructs his pupils not only in Languages but in History, Geography, and various branches of Philosophy. The other academy at Ioannina is calculated for a younger class of scholars. The father of Valano, the present head, is the author of one or two mathematical works, well esteemed in that country. The school is supported in great part by the noble benefactions of the Zosimades, one of the greatest and most wealthy of the modern

Greek families. Two of the brothers are resident in Italy, a third in Russia. It is said that the sums they annually transmit to Ioannina, in the form of books, of funds for the school, and of other literary benefactions, do not fall short of 20,000 piastres. Various books have been published and circulated for the use of the Greeks, at the expense of this benevolent and enlightened family. Among these, is an important work, called the Hellenic Library, of which several volumes have been already published at Paris, containing the works of Isocrates, Plutarch, Ælian, &c.

DR HOLLAND having agreed to revisit Ioannina, began to prepare for a journey into Thessaly, and for crossing the chain of Pindus, before the snows of the winter should render the route impassable. The son of Ali Pasha, viz. Vili Pasha, was the governor of Thessaly, and resided at Larissa; and he now, at the request of his father, was also to become a patient of an English physician. DR HOLLAND, and a friend who accompanied him, received from ALI PASHA an official mandate, to serve as their passport through the country, and by which they were recommended to the protection of the Waiwods, Agas, and other magistrates of every district through which they should pass. In crossing the area of the Seraglio in the morning of their departure, they saw the head of a man suspended upon a pole, three or four feet above the ground, the blood still dropping from the neck. The execution must have taken place but a few minutes before; but they did not think it prudent to inquire into the circumstances. The sight appeared, indeed, wholly indifferent to the rude assemblage of soldiers who were walking about, and were doubtless well accustomed to such spectacles.

They had a Tartar given them to attend them in their journey. These men perform the offices of public couriers all over Turkey, and are remarkable for their power of enduring fatigue, and of travelling on horseback with great rapidity. It is said that one of them rode from Tripolitza in the Morea to Constantinople, and back again, in little more than 12 days, though the distance is 1200 miles.

They had several summits to ascend before they reached the central chain of Pindus. One of these, Metzoukel, is described as remarkable for the magnificence of the view which it affords.

'On the one side are the deep bason and lake of Ioannina, with the surrounding plain and mountains; the palaces and minarets of the city still distinctly seen overhanging the waters of the lake; on the other side the profound valley of Aracthus, which separates Metzoukel on the east from the central heights of Pindus: both for sin-

gularity and grandeur, I know scarcely any view which is comparable to the one from this spot.'

On descending from this height and crossing the intermediate valley, they began the ascent of Pindus, the successive ridges and elevations of which conduct the traveller to a height that is here estimated at 7000 feet.

They stopped at a Khan, a little below the summit, where they were to pass the night.

'The evening was cold and stormy, and the place as we approached it, had an aspect of wildness and desolation. It was a square of low buildings rudely constructed, with a gateway in front, surmounted by a sort of open turret. The apartments for the accommodation of travellers are wretched places, with naked walls, no windows, and not a single article of furniture, except straw matresses. Bread, goat's-milk, cheese and wine, were the only provisions we could obtain here; and we found that our Ioannina friends had judged kindly in furnishing us with a small store for our journey. The water at this place, however, is reputed of very excellent quality; and it is said that the Visier is frequently supplied with it from a fountain, which has been erected in a hollow of the mountain, near to the Khan. The Tartar Osmyn, and another Turk who had joined our party, slept in a room adjoining to us. Several other cavalcades of men and horses came to the Khan in the course of the evening; and the noise of rude song and boisterous merriment went through every part of the building.'

From this point their journey lay to Metzovo, a town situated among the heights of Pindus, about 21 miles distant from the Khan where they had passed the night. The inhabitants, who are chiefly Wallachians, are respectable, and extensively engaged in commerce of the same kind as at Ioannina. Here they found a good deal of wood, which was a sort of novelty, and which added great beauty to the valleys which intersect the precipitous faces of the mountain. Metzovo is one of the most interesting geographical positions in the south of Turkey. From that part of the chain of Pindus, four large rivers take their rise. The river Arta, which runs into the gulph of that name in the Ionian sea, is the least considerable of the four. The Aspropotamo, the ancient Achelous rises at no great distance from the former river, and runs in a southerly direction through a mountainous tract which has been rarely visited by modern travellers. It continues its progress between the antient Etolia and Acharnania, and enters the Ionian sea near the town of Messalongi, opposite to the small islands, the Echinades of antiquity, which Herodotus says were formed by the river itself. The third river is the Salympria, or ancient Peneus, which, from the east side of Pindus, descends into the plains of Thes-

saly, and makes its way into the Archipelago, through the deep defiles of Tempe. The Viosa is the fourth stream, the Aios of antiquity; a large river, which, running in a north-west direction (in the text erroneously called north-east), falls into the Adriatic near Polina, the ancient Apollonia.

The ridge between the plains of Ioannina and the valley of Aspropotamo, exhibits, where the road crosses it, a series of beds or layers of calcareous shale, regularly disposed, and, in some places, with very great inclination.

'I did not observe in the shale any marine organic remains. The same formation is seen along the banks of the river Arta, on the way to Metzovo, often with a very contorted stratification; and interrupted, at intervals, by rocks of limestone, which come down in abrupt cliffs to the channel of the stream. This limestone probably forms the basis of all the country to the west of the river Arta, and is also the material of the lower part of Pindus on its eastern side. The bed of the river, however, and the channels of the streams which join it from the east, contain fragments which prove that the central parts of Pindus are composed of primitive formations. I observed fragments of liennite, porphyry, and serpentine; a few of mica slate, and others of a conglomerated rock, chiefly composed of primitive fragments. I did not see any granite, but a very great abundance of fragments of jasper, green, red, yellow, &c. The general aspect of the mountains had much of the character belonging to a country of primitive slate, but I had no direct evidence of this, the lower part of their declivities being covered with limestone rocks or shale.

'The uppermost ridge of Pindus, where we traversed it, appeared to be composed entirely of serpentine, which immediately attracts the attention of the traveller by its peculiar appearance. I first observed this rock on quitting the valley of the stream, which we followed in the first part of our ascent from Metzovo. Near the summit, where the vegetation became very scanty, its glassy surface reflected the light of the sun, so as to produce a remarkable, and even brilliant effect. There was no appearance of stratification, the rock showing itself in rude, amorphous peaks and masses. This serpentine is perfectly distinct in its characters. It is of a blackish green colour, pretty uniform throughout the substance of the stone, and mixed with very little red. The lustre is resinous; internally dull, externally glistening. Of the extent of this serpentine formation I am unable to speak; but from the external character of the mountains, and the fragments I found in the valley of the river Arta, I conceive it likely that it occupies various points in the summit of the chain, probably reposing in these unconformable masses upon some of the primitive slate rocks.'

After enjoying for some time the magnificent view from the summit of Pindus towards the valley of the Peneus, which lies

at its feet, they began the descent, which was more gradual than on the western side, and with more trees, such as pines, beeches, and planes. It gives a great idea of the trade carried on across these mountains, that the author mentions frequently meeting with large cavalcades of horses, attended by Tartars and Albanians, and loaded with grain, cotton, and coarse cloths, which they were carrying from Thessaly. In one day they met with not less than 400 of these.

When they reached the valley of the Salympria, or Peneus, they found it highly interesting. It abounded in wood, much of which was the plane tree, extremely luxuriant, and now variegated by the richest tints of autumn. The channel of the river is occasionally confined by steep cliffs, but more generally spread out in a wide bed, and often enclosing islands. During the floods of winter, the breadth often exceeds a quarter of a mile; but at the time it was visited by our traveller, the stream did not occupy more than a tenth of the entire bed.

They had now descended into the vale of Thessaly, and their attention was immediately attracted by the extraordinary rocks of Meteora. These rocks rise from the flat surface of the valley, and consist of a group of insulated masses, cones and pillars, of great height, and so perpendicular, that each of their fronts looks like a vast wall formed rather by art than by nature. The deep and winding recesses between them are thickly wooded; and the foliage of the trees increases the effect of the great pyramids of naked rock which rise from the bosom of the wood.

'When we approached this spot, the evening was far advanced, and the setting sun still threw a gleam of light on the summits of these rocks, and showed the outline of several Greek monasteries, in a situation entirely separated from the world below. For a moment, the delusion might have extended to the moral character of these institutions, and the fancy might have framed to itself a purer form of religion, amidst this insulated magnificence of nature, than when contaminated by the intercourse of the world. How completely this is delusion, it requires but little knowledge of the present and past history of monastic worship sufficiently to prove.'

They rested all night at the small town of Kalabaca, immediately below the loftiest of these natural pyramids. The next morning was employed in an excursion to the rocks and monasteries themselves. The group of rocks is almost entirely insulated from the adjoining hills. Though the outline of the group is irregular in form, yet, generally speaking, it may be called triangular; the length of each side of which may be something more than two miles. The point immediately above Calabaca, cannot be less than 400 or 500 feet in height. On the side of the town it rises to about two-thirds of this height, by a perpen-

dicular plane of rock, so uniform in surface that it seems as if artificially formed. On the opposite side, the base of the rock falls even within the perpendicular from the top, and there is the same singular uniformity of surface. The pinnacle is clothed with brushwood, but is perfectly inaccessible on all sides.

'The most striking part of the scenery is to the north-west of this point, and within the area of the supposed triangle. We entered there one of the deep valleys or recesses which lead to the interior of the group, and continued our progress through the forest of wood which occupies the space between the rocks. On each side of us were lofty pinnacles of rock; some entirely conical; others, single pillars, of great height, and very small diameter; others very nearly rhomboidal in form, and actually inclining over their base; others, again, perfect squares or oblongs (that is, we presume, quadrangular and upright prisms), with perpendicular sides and level summits. Nor by the term masses are mere fragments of rock to be understood. It is the original mountain which is thus wonderfully cleft and divided; by what agency it may be difficult to determine; but, perhaps, by the joint operation of some convulsion, and of that progressive decay which proceeds so perpetually and so extensively over the face of the globe. The height of these rocks is various; the greater number rise more than 100 feet from the level of the valley, several exceed 200 or 300, and that already mentioned appears to exceed 400.'

'The natural history of the Meteora rocks is as interesting to the mineralogist as their picturesque scenery to the painter. They are composed entirely of a conglomerate, the included fragments of which are, for the most part, of small size, and appear to belong almost exclusively to the class of primitive rocks. On examination, I found among the fragments granite, both with red and white felspar, gneiss, mica slate, chlorite slate, sienite, greenstone, quartz, pebbles, &c. most of these stones showing the appearance of their having been water-worn, or otherwise subjected to attrition. The basis of the conglomerate seems to be merely the same fragments in a more comminuted state; the rock in its general mass, presenting to the eye a dark iron-grey shade of colour. In some of the perpendicular cliffs, the stratification of the conglomerate is very distinctly and beautifully seen in their horizontal layers; the best specimen of which stratification is probably that in the great precipice behind Kalabaca.'

'The summit which I have already mentioned as the highest point of Meteora, is apparently composed of some other material than the conglomerate. Examining its appearances as minutely as was possible, I was led to think it probable that it might be one of the Trap-rocks; but this is obviously doubtful, from the circumstances under which the observation was made.'

Here we must be permitted to observe, what indeed could hard-

ly escape so skilful an observer as DR HOLLAND, that the stones and fragments, if there are any at the bottom of the perpendicular rock, must probably afford the means of verifying the above conjecture. If among these are found any pieces of trap, they must certainly have come from the summit of the pyramid. If none such are found, the existence of trap at the summit must at least be considered as extremely doubtful. On the extent of this conglomerate, nothing certain can be concluded from DR HOLLAND's observations. That he did not meet with it any where else in the vicinity, is not quite conclusive against its greater extent, as it may be a wall of conglomerate, having nearly the same direction with the chain of Pindus, and separating the primitive rocks of those mountains from the secondary formations stretched out into the plains of Thessaly. As DR HOLLAND's route led him to cross this line nearly at right angles; he was not likely to meet with it in any other part of his tour. However that be, the conglomerate itself is extremely singular, and highly deserving of attention. It calls to our mind, though the resemblance may be less striking than we imagine, the rock over which the water of Feyers in Inverness-shire pours itself, when it forms the cataract of the same name, and descends into the lake of the Ness. DR HOLLAND observes, that the conglomerate of Meteora is extremely liable to decay, but that, nevertheless, it is difficult to conceive how, without the agency of earthquakes, it should have taken forms so singularly abrupt and precipitous. The horizontal and undisturbed position of the strata which he observed in those rocks, seems unfavourable to this supposition; and their existence in the form of slender pillars, and overhanging rhomboids, makes it evident that earthquakes have not acted on them, for a long time at least, with any considerable force. The particular constitution of the rock, and the general agency of decay, till the question is further examined, must be regarded as the only causes to which we are entitled to have recourse.

It is highly interesting in the history of these classical countries, to find any confirmation of the descriptions given of them by the writers of antiquity. DR HOLLAND remarks, that there is not any absolute proof that the rocks of Meteora were known to the ancients by any peculiarities of form similar to the present; and it is indeed certain, that the progress of time must have made great changes in their appearance. There are, however, some allusions to a character not altogether foreign from that which they at present possess. Homer, in the Second Book, after mentioning Trica, which is the modern Tricola, a town only twelve miles farther down the valley, joins with it in

the same line, Ithome, which he calls Κλωμακοεσσα, that is, rugged, or full of cliffs; an expression very applicable to the country in its present state. Strabo also describes Ithome as a place fortified by nature with rocks and precipices; and he mentions it as not far distant from Trica.

On the summits of these insulated rocks, the sanctity or fanaticism of the Greek monks had anciently placed twenty-four monasteries, which, by their own decay, or that of the rocks on which they stood, are now reduced to ten. Dr HOLLAND, with his friend, visited one of them, which was elevated more than 180 feet above the plane. They were drawn up in a net, at the end of a rope which was let down to them over a pulley. The view of the country and the rocks from the summit was extensive, and singular in the extreme. The monks received them with civility; but their conversation did not impress them with any favourable idea of the advantages, either spiritual or temporal, to be gained from dwelling in their lofty and insulated situation. The plate which DR HOLLAND has given, p. 239, conveys a very striking idea of these extraordinary habitations.

The plain of Thessaly, into which they had now descended, is, in its physical geography, extremely remarkable. It is not uncommon to meet with a valley or a plain, whether of great or of small extent, encompassed by mountains on all sides but one; but Thessaly is so encompassed on every side; and has for the issue of its waters but one narrow outlet, hardly wider than is sufficient to let the river pass through. On the west, the great chain of Pindus is the boundary of Thessaly, and separates it from Albania; on the north, a branch, running eastward till it meet the sea, cuts off the plain of Thessaly from the country of Macedonia. The ridge last mentioned, as it approaches the coast turning to the south, and shooting successively into the renowned summits of Olympus, Ossa, and Pelion, interposes a mighty barrier between Thessaly and the Archipelago. On the south, the mountain chain of Othrys, joining to Pelion on the east, and the ridges of Pindus on the west, completely encompasses the country drained by the Peneus. This last river, augmented by five others, which traverse the same plain, finds a passage, namely, the celebrated defiles of Tempe, through which it pours its water into the Archipelago, or the Gulph of Salonica. These defiles form therefore a great feature, not merely in the geography of Greece, but in the physical geography of the earth, as phenomena of the same kind do but rarely occur. The ancients, though their attention to natural appearances was not much sharpened by scientific views, were greatly struck with the peculiarity of the discharge, which na-

ture had thus provided for the waters of the Peneus. Tempe has been a favourite theme with the poets and historians, both of Greece and Rome; and Ælian, in particular, has given a full and elaborate description of it, which is confirmed by modern travellers in its principal features. No doubt seems to remain, that the great valley of Thessaly was once the bottom of a lake; and this appears so natural a conclusion from the facts, that it was the general belief of antiquity. Our author has described the appearance of the defiles, and the impression which they made.

'The sun had already set before we reached the opening of Tempe; and we saw, through the shades of the evening, the precipitous outline of cliffs and lofty eminences approaching each other, and gradually contracting the width of the valley. There is an extreme beauty in the scenery which is thus intermediate between the plains of Thessaly and the rocky defiles forming the interior of the pass. It is wild and irregular, and abounding in rocky eminences, but without harshness, from the luxuriance of foliage and the softness of the valleys which intervene. The river pursues a tranquil course in the bottom of the valley, flowing under the shade of plane trees, and here and there encircling some little islet covered with wood.'

On the south side of the river, among the heights near the western extremity, is situated the town of Amphilochia, where they passed the night. The next day was unfavourable for the survey of the pass; but it was necessary to proceed.

'From the heights of Amphilochia, we descended slowly into the valley, reaching the banks of the river where it enters the deep ravine which conducts it towards the sea. Looking generally at the narrowness and abruptness of this mountain channel, the imagination instantly recurs to the tradition which mentions its being once covered with water, for which some convulsion of nature had subsequently opened this narrow passage. The term *vale*, usually applied to Tempe, is wholly inapplicable. The real character of Tempe, though it perhaps be less beautiful, yet possesses more of magnificence than is implied in the epithet given to it. The features of nature are often best described by comparison; and to those who have visited St Vincent's Rocks, below Bristol, I cannot convey a better idea of Tempe, than by saying that its scenery resembles, though on a much larger scale, that of the former place. The Peneus, indeed, as it flows through the valley, is not greatly wider than the Avon; but the cliffs of Tempe are much loftier, and more precipitous.'

'The length of this remarkable gulf is nearly five miles, the same as stated by antient writers; its direction in all this distance varying but little from a straight line. Its breadth is varied by the projection or recession of the cliffs; but there are places in which the bed of the river occupies the whole space between the rocks, and where the breadth from cliff to cliff cannot exceed 200 feet, and possibly

may be still less. * Throughout a great part of the extent of Tempe, the road is carried over and along the ridges of the cliffs, sometimes seeming to overhang the river, and then receding, to seek a passage across the ravines which descend from the mountains.'

It was only from conjecture that DR HOLLAND could judge of the height of the rocks which bound this pass on either side. Those on the north side, about the middle of the pass, he conceives to be the highest, and to be from 600 to 800 feet above the level of the river. The rocks on each side of the valley are evidently the same; a coarse marble of a bluish-grey colour, with veins and portions of the rock, in which the marble is of a finer quality.

'The front of the cliffs has a general appearance, to which the term shattered may well be applied; long fissures, both horizontal and perpendicular, traversing the rock. In many places large caves are hollowed out in the rock; and, though it would be too much to affirm, from the character of the cliffs, that there is proof of this defile having been formed by a sudden and violent natural convulsion, yet the general appearance, as already remarked, might certainly warrant some belief in the traditionary record of this event, which we have from so many antient writers. Herodotus makes mention of the belief common in Thessaly, that Neptune had opened this passage to carry off the waters; and gives it as his own opinion, that the separation of the mountains had been effected by an earthquake.'

Notwithstanding our respect for DR HOLLAND's opinion, we cannot help thinking it more probable, that this great opening is the work of the Peneus itself. The authority of the tradition must go for nothing; the operation of an earthquake was naturally enough suggested by the appearances, to men who looked only at the object before them; it was the most obvious way of explaining the phenomena; and, from being an opinion, would readily pass into a traditionary fact, as has happened in a thousand other instances. Indeed, if the convulsion which drained the lake had ever happened, it must have been so long before the country was inhabited, that no memory of it could exist. As to the reality of the great lake which once covered the plains of Thessaly, we entertain no doubt whatever; but we must then ask of HERODOTUS and DR HOLLAND, what the waters of the lake did before the earthquake came to their assistance? As much water, it is evident, must always have run out of the lake as run into it, otherwise it would have continued to increase. The waters, therefore, must have found an issue at the lowest part of the great rampart of mountains, which

* Ælian states the least breadth at a plethrum, not much more than 100 feet.

has been described as encompassing this extraordinary plain; and this was probably at the gorge which united the mountains of Olympus and Ossa to one another. The flowing of a great body of water over rugged and precipitous rocks, and working on materials not of the hardest kind, would cut out a channel by degrees; and the Peneus, after foaming for ages from rock to rock, and precipitating itself from one cascade to another, has long since made a smooth passage, through which it pours its deep and tranquil stream into the gulph of Salonica.

This might appear a bold and unreasonable supposition, if we looked only to the defiles of Tempe. But when we consider that these defiles, like the gates of the Missouri, are only an extreme case of a great class of appearances, for which in their ordinary condition the interposition of an earthquake is never once thought necessary, the matter will appear in a different light. Dr HOLLAND compares the defiles through which the Peneus flows, to those through which the Avon makes its way into the Severn; but we will venture to say, that it never once entered into his mind to consider these last as the effects of any natural convulsion. The lateral torrents from Olympus and Ossa, which appear both from antient and modern descriptions, to be precipitate and numerous, would be powerful auxiliaries to the Peneus, in executing the great work which Nature had thus assigned it.

But we must not take leave of Thessaly, without noticing what relates to our author's stay at Larissa, the capital of that country, and to his interview with VELI PASHA. Larissa is a town, containing at present not more than 20,000 inhabitants; the internal appearance of it is mean and irregular; and there is a general indication of wretchedness in the houses and their inhabitants. The only striking feature, is the situation on the banks of the Salympria, which is here a broad and deep stream, and its banks covered with wood.

The Pasha had appointed the residence of the travellers in the house of the Archbishop POLICARP, an Albanian by birth, and the only one of that people who, in modern times, has attained the metropolitan dignity. The archbishopric of Larissa is one of the most valuable in the Greek Church: nine bishoprics are included under the diocese; and its gross revenue was stated about 9000*l. per annum.*

The day after their arrival, they were admitted to an audience of the Pasha, whom they found in the Seraglio, accompanied by a guard of Albanian soldiers. Having read the letter from his father, he expressed, in a courteous manner, his satisfaction at seeing the travellers at Larissa. He spoke of the

pleasure he always had in meeting individuals of the English nation, whom he considered as his friends; and mentioned the names of several who visited Tripolitza during his residence there as governor of the Morea. He afterwards conversed for some time on politics, and chiefly on the campaign of the French in Russia, a subject which evidently interested him much, as it had done his father, and the more from his having been personally engaged against the Russians on the Danube, little more than a year before. He then began to talk of his complaints; observed with some chagrin that there had been a difference of opinion among his physicians concerning them, and requested of Dr HOLLAND to take them under consideration. He urged him to continue his stay at Larissa as long as possible, and offered the use of his carriage to assist him in surveying the neighbourhood of the city. His manner, throughout the whole of the interview, preserved the same tone of politeness; he had evidently formed it, in part at least, on the European model, which his situation had given him more opportunity of studying than is common among his countrymen. In his smile there was something of gracefulness, which strangely contrasted with the loud and vehement laugh of Ali Pasha; and in all his movements, a species of refinement which would be striking even though it did not so remarkably differ from the ordinary manner of a Turkish grandee.

Though brought up amidst his father's wars, and in the view of his despotic government, VELI has acquired the reputation of humanity, and it was remarked that during his government of the Morea, the number of executions in that province was much smaller than at any preceding period. He is the only Turk who has ever shown any taste for antiquarian knowledge, or for the models of art contained in the country around him. In one of his journeys from the Morea to Thessaly, he actually turned aside to visit the ruins at Athens. He pitched his tents without the city, and desired that he might be considered as *enas Milordos* come to look at the curiosities of the place. He ascended the Acropolis; surveyed all that remains of antient Athens; conducted himself with much politeness; and when he had done, quietly pursued his journey. The like was never performed, we believe, by any of the Turkish nation; and is a strong proof that even the hard and insensible character of that people is beginning to feel the progress of improvement.

In the evening of the same day, after they had dined with the Archbishop and two Greek physicians VELARA and LUCAS, the carriage of the Pasha, drawn by six piebald horses, drove

up; and a soldier came to inform them, that the Vizier had sent it in compliance with his promise of the morning.

'We set out therefore, and were conveyed over the Peneus to the great plain which extends in that direction as far as the foot of Olympus. A Musulman coachman sat on the box, and a Greek postillion drove the fore horses. Wherever the ground admitted of it, we proceeded with great rapidity, the horses being generally kept on a canter or gallop. Traversing thus the plains of ancient Thessaly, in the carriage of a Turkish Pasha,—Olympus before us; Ossa on the right hand, and the Peneus winding through the plain, and approaching the defiles of Tempe; there was an impression upon the mind, from the character and combination of these objects, which may more easily be conceived than defined.'

It is not often indeed, that things which bring together in one view, the ancient and modern state of these classical regions, harmonize so well with one another.

The time of the English travellers was very agreeably passed in the house of the Archbishop, and in company with the Greek physicians VELARA and LUCAS.

'The former of these, a native of Ioannina, discovered, in his conversation, a very superior and masculine understanding; all whose remarks bore a character of deep and habitual thought, and of extensive knowledge, rendered more impressive by a cast of stoical and contemptuous humour, the offspring perhaps of natural vivacity suppressed by situation, and of ambition disappointed by the events of life. Conversing on the character of the modern Greeks, they are a people, said he, with whom self-interest has the first place, religion the second. He complained of the weakness and submissiveness of his countrymen, and of the neglect which they experienced from the civilized nations of Europe. He described the present political sentiments of the Greeks as divided into three classes, all seeking a change of condition, but in different ways. The insular and commercial Greeks attached themselves to the idea of liberation through England; a second party, in which he included many of the men of learning and the continental merchants, looked to the power then existing in France as a more probable means of deliverance; while the lower classes, and those most attached to their national religion, were anxious to have the Russians for their deliverers. The discussion of these opinions led to a long argument upon the comparative merits of the ancient Greeks, and the civilized nations of modern Europe; in the progress of which Vilara showed an accurate understanding of the ancient authors, and a strong and enthusiastic feeling for the former glories of his country. The occasional reference from these topics to the present degradation of Greece, was made with a mixed tone of melancholy and satire; which illustrated the character of the man, and did not ill accord with the nature of the subject.'

'This learned Greek is well instructed, both in physical and metaphysical science. He has the repute of being the first botanist in Greece; and his knowledge of the progress of chemistry, I found to extend to as late a period as the discovery of the metallic bases of the alkalis; on which subject, and on others connected with chemical science, he put many questions, accompanied with very ingenious remarks. It appeared, that he had thought much on the various topics in metaphysics and morals; and his conversation on those subjects had the same tone of satirical scepticism which seemed the general feature of his opinions. We spoke of the questions of *Materialism* and *Necessity;* on both which points, after some remarks, which showed him intimate with the history and merits of those controversies, he declared an affirmative opinion. His poetical talent is not inferior to his attainments in literature and science; and though I know of nothing which he has hitherto published, the merit of some manuscript pieces of Romaic poetry has procured him much reputation among his countrymen. I had an occasion of noticing his poetical facility, in giving him one or two passages of English poetry, through the medium of the Italian, which a very few minutes sufficed to restore to us in Romaic verse.'

'In conversation on these important topics, the stoical humour of Velara would sometimes pass into an air of loftiness and pride, which might better have suited the old times of Grecian liberty, than her days of modern degradation. As a part of this character, I observed in him a studied indifference to the condition and progress of other countries; and little expression of interest in the anecdotes which conversation suggested on these subjects. With the exception of some questions on the state of medicine and chemistry in England, he made few inquiries, and seemed studiously to repress any movement of curiosity. The same feeling, though in a less degree, I have observed in several other Greeks of literary character; and I can only ascribe it to a certain mixture of pride and shame, with which they regard the fortunes of their country.'

Dr HOLLAND makes an apology for entering into so much personal detail concerning this distinguished Greek; but, in our opinion, he required none; the circumstances are abundantly interesting. Velara is a man worthy to represent the philosophers of ancient Greece; and a person, in whom the character of the modern Greeks is distinctly and strongly brought out. He recals a reflection which, to every one acquainted with the history of these countries, must have but too often occurred, that the dominion of fortune has seldom been more cruelly exercised, than when it condemned to servitude and oppression the posterity of those men who instructed and civilized the world.

From what has been said above, it appears, that it is to the West of Europe that the Greeks look for deliverance from

oppression; and that they complain of the little regard they meet with from that quarter, and of the feeble sympathy which their suffering excites in the nations which owe so much to their ancestors. It is perhaps very natural, that men in their situation should see the matter in this light; but, alas, they do not consider how few instances there are in the history of the world, of war, though the favourite pastime of the human race, being ever undertaken for purposes completely generous and disinterested. It is often undertaken from the most frivolous and unworthy motives; from ambition, revenge, avarice, fanaticism, nay, even fear and prejudice of every kind; but of a war made for a cause purely benevolent, for the relief of the oppressed, for the liberation of the prisoner, or the emancipation of the slave, we fear that the annals of the human race can supply no precedent. It is rare even to see a nation interfere, not by arms, but by its influence and authority, merely in the cause of humanity, and where its own interest is in no way concerned. The Romans, indeed, are said to have entered into a treaty with the Carthaginians, in which it was made an article, that the latter should abstain from offering human sacrifices to their gods; and Great Britain has abolished the trade in slaves, and has enacted, that the prosecution of such trade shall be punished with death. We know not that the history of the world affords any examples of national conduct purely disinterested, except these two; not that we consider them as at all of equal merit, that of Britain being incomparably the most so, because, to accomplish the object, there were great difficulties to be overcome, and great sacrifices to be made. It is an act of justice and disinterested rectitude which does more honour to the country than the most splendid victories.

If, however, such interferences are so rare, there is but little reason to hope that the liberation of Greece can arise from motives of pure generosity and disinterestedness; but it is of human nature, rather than of the disposition of their neighbours, that the Greeks have to complain.

But may not interest or ambition do what generosity alone is too weak or too inactive to perform? The Greeks, who, as VELARA stated, turned their eyes to the late Government of France, must have founded their hopes on something of this kind; and indeed, when a mind of such energy, and so little governed by the ordinary maxims of policy as that of the late Ruler of France, had the command of a great and warlike nation, the destruction of the Turkish government, and, of course, the liberation of Greece, were by no means improbable events. The

restless ambition of the capricious despot, which was so dangerous to the West, might have proved beneficial to the East; and there is no doubt that, had it been successful in Russia, an attack would have been made on the Porte, which its infirm and crazy fabric would have found it difficult to resist. To Greece this hope has vanished; and the same wonderful catastrophe which has quieted the fears of one side of Europe, has extinguished the expectations of the other. In what light are the new arrangements which have followed that catastrophe likely to appear to those who look on them from the unhappy situation in which the Greeks are placed? A combination of many Sovereigns for restraining the exorbitant power of one, and for securing the peace and independence of nations, must, in itself, be an object highly gratifying to the oppressed and suffering of every country. But we are not sure that an examination of the detail, will lead to conclusions equally consolatory. The partition and dismemberment of kingdoms, without regard to the will or welfare of the people; the taking away of a part from one state, and uniting it to another, merely to punish this Sovereign and reward that, while the men who inhabit the territory are no more considered than the flocks and herds that feed in it; the recognizing of such a measure by the minister of the Government which, in all Europe, is the most free, and supposed to be most concerned about the freedom of others; and, finally, the Sovereign of a great country, under the protection of the Allied armies, assembling a national council, the mere creature of his influence, and organizing a constitution, the mere instrument of his power;—the sight of all this can give no comfort to the friends of liberty and the enemies of oppression, either in the East or in the West. If we add to this, the restoration of so many of the old Sovereigns in governments where the abuses are most manifest, without any article interposed for the benefit of the people, it must remain doubtful whether the above combination had it more for an object to establish the balance and tranquillity of Europe, than to give practical efficacy to the doctrine of indefeasible and hereditary right. This principle may have its application one day to Greece itself; and if any unforeseen event shall bring about the destruction of the Turkish government, the restoration, not of the Athenian or Spartan republics, but of the Greek empire, will be attempted; and, while an 'Arcadius or a Honorius is slumbering on the throne of the Bourbons,' a descendant of the Constantines, born in servitude, may be able to wield the sceptre which was too weighty for the *Porphyrogeniti* of former times.

After leaving Thessaly, our travellers went by sea to Salonica, at the bottom of the bay of the same name, the antient Thessalonica, and the capital of Macedonia. Of their observations in that city, our limits oblige us to confine ourselves to the statement of the trade carried on over land from thence to the banks of the Danube. The late emperor of France having succeeded in shutting the ports of most of the countries of Europe against English manufactures and Colonial produce, those, and particularly the latter, found their way in the direction just mentioned to the north of Europe.

Their journey, it is remarked, in length and difficulty is inferior to those performed by the caravans of the East; but it is interesting from its novelty in the Western world, and from the proof it affords that the industry of men has resources which cannot always be exhausted even by the folly and injustice of their rulers. There are different routes by which goods are transported from Macedonia into the Austrian dominions; but the best is through Bulgaria by Widin and Ossovo, where it enters the Austrian territory, and is thence continued through the Bannat by Temiswar, Pest, Raab to Vienna. The goods landed at Salonica are made up in packages of one and a quarter hundred weight, and two of these are the load of a horse. The cavalcades for this inland journey consist often of 200 or 300, and sometimes of 1000 horses. The property so transported, at a moderate estimate might be worth 30,000*l.* on its arrival in Germany. The time occupied between Salonica and Vienna, was in general 35 days, exclusive of the quarantine at Ossovo, which sometimes took place. The cavalcades usually travel 8 hours in the 24; a man is generally allowed for every five horses, besides the guards who watch over the security of the whole. As far down as the close of 1812, no predatory attempt had been made upon these caravans, nor any material loss sustained by pillage during this long journey; a circumstance that does no small honour to the police of Turkey. In their passage through the Turkish dominions, the goods were subject to various duties paid to the Pashas, and other local authorities, which, though in general small, were in a few places very considerable. It was estimated that the total expense of the transportation of sugar and coffee to Vienna, was about cent per cent on the import value at Salonica. It was found necessary, in carrying on this trade, to send specie from Germany sufficient to pay the transit expenses of the goods, no house at Salonica being able to afford this sort of accommodation.

Dr HOLLAND, in his voyage from Salonica to the southern parts of Greece, landed in the Gulph of Volo, at the southern

point of Thessaly, and nearly opposite to Eubœa. Amphilochia is one of the principal towns, and afforded matter of much interesting observation. Much of the modern literature of Greece is deduced from this quarter; Anthimus Gazi, well known at Vienna, is from this neighbourhood. He published, in 1799, in the Romaic language, the Philosophical Grammar of our countryman Benjamin Martin. Cavra, a physician of Amphilochia, has translated the Arithmetic and Algebra of Euler, and also the Abbé Milot's Elements of History. An author, from nearly the same place, has published translations of La Lande's Astronomy, and the Logic of Condillac. Velestino, a town near Volo, is the birth-place of Rega, a Greek whose memory is endeared to his countrymen, as well by his writings as by the fate he met with while labouring for the liberty of his country. His active zeal at the time of the French Revolution procured him enemies; and he was waylaid and murdered near Belgrade. Besides many patriotic songs and ballads, he translated several works from the French and German into his native language. His friend Coronius, who was murdered at the same time, was the author of Greek translations of the death of Abel, of the Galatea of Florian, &c. It were to be desired, that Dr HOLLAND had entered into some more detail concerning the death and transactions of Rega. It was no wonder if the spirit of the French Revolution should communicate itself so readily to men in the situation of the oppressed Greeks, and should have hurried them into conduct, which, though perfectly just in principle, might, in practice, be highly inexpedient.

The rocks on the side of the Gulph of Volo are all primitive, consisting chiefly of marble, mica slate, talc slate, serpentine, &c. This gulph, it is to be remembered, is at the foot of Pelion on the north, and mount Othrys on the south. The asbestos and amianthus also abound in that vicinity.

From Zeitun, which is on the south side of Thessaly, and separated from the vale of the Peneus by the chain of Othrys, Dr HOLLAND travelled across the mountains to Larissa, in order to acquit himself of his promise of visiting Veli Pasha for a second time. In the course of this journey, when he first came in sight of Thessaly, he appears to have been greatly delighted by the beauty and extent of the landscape which was spread out before him.

'I know not, says he, that I have ever seen a landscape more singular and magnificent than that which was now before me. At the moment I arrived on the ridge, the sun was shining brightly on the plains beneath, producing an effect of greater indistinctness over the surface. It seemed like a vast lake; nor was there within a cir-

cumference of at least 150 miles, any elevation sufficient to destroy this resemblance. What is appearance now, may once have been reality; and it is impossible to look down upon this great bason, without giving faith to the tradition, that it was once covered with water. The impression is more forcible from this point of view, than from any other that I have seen.'

At this important entrance into Thessaly from the south, stood the ancient city of Thoumaci; and the extraordinary view from this spot has not escaped the notice of antient writers; for Livy asserts, that the name of Thoumasi was given to the town on account of its wonderful situation. 'Ubi ventum ad 'hanc urbem est, repente, velut maris vasti sic immensa pan-'ditur planities, ut subjectos campos terminare oculis haud fa-'cile queas. Ab eo miraculo Thoumaci appellati.'

He passed a night in the small town of Phersala, the antient Pharsalia, at a Khan, where he supped and spent the evening in company with four or five Turks, the whole party sitting on mats round the fire.

'It was a curious groupe, and amusing to me as an exhibition of Turkish social intercourse. The characteristic taciturnity of the nation was shown in long pauses, which no one thought himself obliged to break, and which were in fact occupied by the assiduous smoking of all the party. When conversation occurred, it was carried on with a brevity of phrase which might have surpassed even that of the old Spartans, and with a perfect uniformity and sedateness of manner. The distinct enunciation of the Turks, and perhaps also the simplicity of the Turkish language, increase the effect of this peculiar conciseness; and if the epithet *philosophical* might be applied to manner alone, would almost, in this instance, warrant its use.'

In the second visit to Larissa, he passed an evening with Velara at his own house, and sat with him till a late hour. Their conversation turned on metaphysical topics, and chiefly on the old Pyrrhonic doctrine of the non-existence of matter.

'Velara took the sceptical side of the argument, and showed great ingenuity, and great knowledge of the more eminent controversialists on that and similar subjects. He was ignorant, however, of the writings of our countryman Bishop Berkeley, of which I gave him a slight sketch in what related to this topic. Of the name and philosophy of Hume, he was already informed.

'This,' says DR HOLLAND, 'is the last time of my seeing Velara; and it was with a feeling of no common regret that I left a man thus eminently endowed by nature and education, yet fated to loiter away his days in the dull and servile routine of a Turkish seraglio.'

The Doctor's Tour through Attica, though it contains many valuable and interesting particulars, we must pass over, in order to return with him a second time into Albania, where he

visited some districts, not before explored by any European traveller. He landed at Previsa, where he met the Pasha, and travelled to his capital, by the route of Suli, when he had an opportunity of visiting a wild and picturesque country, very little known.

'On the morning of the first of March, I set out on my journey for the mountains of Suli. The Visier appointed three guards to attend me; two of them Mussulman Albanians, and officers in his army; the third a Christian, but of inferior rank. On the second day, I reached a pass, where the river Suli, making a remarkable bend to the north, enters the magnificent region of the same name. The landscape here is singularly fine; and, from the place where I reached its banks, to the Castle of Suli, and the Plains of Paramithia, the scenery along its course is more singular than any other I have seen in Greece, striking as this country is in all its natural features.

'Crossing the river by a deep ford, where it makes this sudden turn to the north, I ascended the mountain on the eastern side of the pass or chasm which it now enters, and which is so much contracted by opposing cliffs, to the height of some hundred feet above the stream, that no access is possible, except along the higher ledges of its mountain boundary. The ascent was one of extreme difficulty, and some danger. Skirting under the summit of the mountain, upon narrow and broken ledges of rock, I came to a spot, where the interior of this profound chasm opened suddenly before me; vast, and almost perpendicular precipices, conducting the eye downwards to the dark line which the river forms in flowing beneath. The view from this place, I have never seen surpassed in grandeur,—if grandeur, indeed, be a word which expresses the peculiarity of the scenery: Not only its magnitude, but also the boldness and abruptness of all its forms; and a sort of sombre depth and obscurity in its features, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel. In one view you may trace the progress of the river for six or seven miles, between mountains, some of which are upwards of 3000 feet in height; their precipitous sides beginning to rise even from the edge of the water; their projecting cliffs and ledges covered with small oaks and brushwood; and higher up, where they recede further from the perpendicular line, retaining the same sombre character from the dark thickets and rows of pines which appear at intervals among the rocks.'

On looking down into this chasm, DR HOLLAND's impression was, that this must be the real Acheron of the antients; though a different opinion is entertained by some modern geographers. He thinks that the testimony of the antient authors is decisively in favour of this opinion; and that the extraordinary scenery of this place afforded a picture of the infernal regions, which had been adopted in the ancient mythology. The names of Acherusia and Acheron, were not limited to Epirus, though the lake

and river of this region were the most celebrated. Pausanias makes mention of one in Acherusia, near Corinth; Diodorus Siculus of one in Egypt; Strabo of one in Elis; and we learn from Pomponius Mela, that there was also one in Phrygia. That of Italy is well known.

'I continued my route along the valley I have described, on a rugged path, which winds through the rocks at the height of about 600 or 700 feet above the river. When advanced about four miles within the pass, we suddenly turned to the right, through a deep recess among the mountains. From this there seemed no egress; vast precipices, covered with pine, meet the eye on all sides; and no point seems accessible beyond that on which you stand at the moment.

'We now approached the great fortress or seraglio of Suli. On my entrance into the area of the seraglio, I was complimented by a salute of four cannon, and a volley of small arms; the reverberation of the sound from the mountains was wonderfully fine. Here I learned that the people of these mountains, who, from their wild and secluded situation, had acquired all the characters of a distinct tribe, inhabited ten or twelve large villages, the principal of which was about a mile distant from the modern seraglio. They were Albanians in origin, and retained the Christian religion, in a rudeness of form suited to the manner in which they lived. Their number probably never exceeded 12,000. The Suliot women partook the dangers of war with their husbands; and, at the fountains of Suli, the women settled the precedency in drawing water, by the valour which their husbands had displayed in the field. The bravery of the Suliots, however, was rather that of a band of robbers, than of men combined for the purposes of social life. They were the terror of all the south of Albania: and the descent of the Suliots from their mountains was a general signal of alarm. Suli itself was rarely approached, either by a friend or an enemy, and had never been subdued by the Turkish power in Albania. The ambitious spirit of Ali Pasha could not tolerate the vicinity of men who insulted his authority, and pursued their predatory excursions almost to the gates of his capital. For a long time they remained invincible; and the vizier finally accomplished his object by corrupting their principal leaders. His soldiers, thus aided, entered the villages of the Suli, who still continued to make a brave defence; some of them cutting their way through the troops of the Pasha; and many of them, even of the women, putting themselves to death, in order to escape the enemy. The anger of the Pasha was not to be satisfied, but by the total extinction of this brave and unfortunate race.

'The seraglio of Suli was built to command the newly conquered country; and its situation is perhaps hardly to be paralleled. From the great gallery, you look down a precipice, probably not less than 1000 feet in height, into the dark waters of the Acheron. On every side, is scenery of the wildest and most singular nature; the

mountains and precipices are on the greatest scale; and are thrown confusedly around, as if some other agency than the slow working of Nature had operated to produce these effects. The eye is perplexed by the vastness and intricacy of the scene, and requires time to select the objects on which it can repose.'

The whole groupe of the Suli mountains, as well as the rocks that form the eastern barrier of the valley, are composed of white conchoidal limestone, containing a great quantity of flint, which sometimes alternates in layers with the limestone, but, in other places, is found in nodules. These layers, which vary in thickness from a few lines to two or three inches, are sometimes well defined in their junction with the limestone. In other places, there is an apparent transition from the one to the other, or frequently a thin seam of oxide of iron, and decomposed earth. The nodules are generally much shattered, so as to break into small angular fragments with a slight blow of the hammer. In various parts of the cliffs, the limestone is exposed in a series of regular beds, in some places with a great inclination.

The Doctor made the best survey he could of the neighbouring country, by means, he says, of a sextant and compass, laying down the outline of the ground on paper as accurately as could be done from two or three points of view. Though he must have executed this measurement under great disadvantages, we have no doubt that it was very rightly and scientifically gone about; and we sincerely regret that these sketches, with maps of other parts of Albania, are among the papers which the Doctor lost or had stolen from him in the farther prosecution of his journey to the northern parts of this country.

From examining this singular tract, DR HOLLAND made a second visit to the capital of Albania, and from thence travelled northward along the western shore, to a number of places in the same country, which had hardly been seen by any European. His most northerly point was Pollina (Apollonia), not far from the mouth of the *Viosa*. In the course of this excursion, into which we have not room to follow him, he passed by the ruins of Gardiki, a singular monument of the unrelenting cruelty and savage revenge of ALI PASHA, notwithstanding the indications we have seen in his conduct of a man at least half civilized. The inhabitants of that unfortunate town had, when ALI was very young, and, in company with his mother, flying from his enemies, treated them both, and particularly the latter, with great indignity. The remembrance of an affront given to a parent whom he loved and respected, never was effaced from the memory of ALI; and, at the distance of forty years, he put the inhabitants to the sword, without any distinction of sex or age. He collected them within an enclosure fenced round by a high wall,

when they were fired upon from all sides; and the few who escaped the muskets, were cut to pieces by the swords of his soldiers: they were not suffered to be buried. The PASHA himself gave the signal for this horrible massacre, and seems to have considered it as a pious act, by which he discharged a duty to the memory of his mother.

We take leave, with pleasure, of such barbarians; but, nevertheless, with regret of the humane and intelligent traveller from whose narrative we have made so many extracts. Of his judicious selection of the facts, and of the scenes to be described, we have already taken notice; and, from his sentiments and opinions, we have seldom seen reason to dissent. On some parts of the composition of the work, we cannot bestow such entire commendation. The language appears to us less simple than is suited to works of this kind, and attempted to be kept up on a higher level than belongs to this species of composition. An easy and natural style, approaching to the epistolary, or even the colloquial, providing that vulgarity and coarseness are avoided, is that in which the narrative of a traveller appears to the greatest advantage. Simplicity and liveliness are indeed the two great qualities on which, as far as the mere composition is concerned, the popularity of every book of travels will be found to depend. The author of the work before us, aiming at a more elevated style than his narrative could easily support, has often been led away from what was most concise and simple, to seek for uncommon turns of expression, by which he has been sometimes led into improprieties, not unfrequently into obscurity, and, at the same time, into a greater diffuseness than was necessary. Abstract terms are frequently introduced, where others would have been more proper and more readily understood. The word *population*, for example, is constantly put for the people, or the inhabitants of a country; whereas, it ought never to be employed but to denote the relation between the number of the inhabitants of any place, and the extent of the territory which they occupy. The word is so explained by DR JOHNSON, and is uniformly used in that sense, and no other, by the best writers. When it is said, 'the modern Greeks, like their ancestors, are fond of discriminating the peculiar character of the 'population,' one would suppose, that the character of the population meant its nature, as great or small, dense or rare; but it in fact means the character, moral and intellectual, of the *people* themselves.

We might mention some other improprieties into which the author has been betrayed by the same cause; too great a love of novelty, and of variety of expression. These are faults, how-

ever, easily remedied, and, at any rate, of small account, when weighed against the good sense, accuracy, and candour, which seem all to belong to him in an eminent degree. The last mentioned quality, at all times so estimable, is more so than ever at the present moment, when the want of it is held up as a virtue, and when it is usual to measure a man's patriotism, and his attachment to his own country, by the contempt and dislike which he expresses for other nations.

ART. X. *Lives of Edward and John Philips, Nephews and Pupils of Milton, &c.* By WILLIAM GODWIN. 4to. Longman & Co. London.

THE public would have perhaps welcomed Mr Godwin's reappearance as an author, most heartily, if he had chosen the part of a novelist. In that character his name is high, and and his eminence undisputed. The time is long past since this would have been thought a slight, or even secondary praise. No addition of more unquestionable value has been made by the moderns, to the treasures of literature inherited from antiquity, than those fictions which paint the manners and character of the body of mankind, and affect the reader by the relation of misfortunes which may befal himself. The English nation would have more to lose than any other, by undervaluing this species of composition. Richardson has perhaps lost, though unjustly, a part of his popularity at home; but he still contributes to support the fame of his country abroad. The small blemishes of his diction are lost in translation. The changes of English manners, and the occasional homeliness of some of his representations, are unfelt by foreigners. Fielding will for ever remain the delight of his country, and will always retain his place in the library of Europe, notwithstanding that unfortunate grossness which is the mark of an uncultivated taste, and which, if not yet entirely excluded from conversation, has been for some time banished from our writings, where, during the best age of national genius, it prevailed more than in those of any other polished nation.

It is impossible, in a Scottish journal, to omit Smollett, even if there had not been much better reasons for the mention of his name, than for the sake of observing, that he and Arbuthnot are sufficient to rescue Scotland from the imputation of wanting talent for pleasantry; though, it must be owned, that we are a grave people, happily educated under an austere system of morals; possessing, perhaps, some humour, in our pecu-

liar dialect, but fearful of taking the liberty of jesting in a foreign language like the English; prone to abstruse speculation, to vehement dispute, to eagerness in the pursuits of business and ambition, and to all those intent occupations of mind which rather indispose it to unbend in easy playfulness.

Since the beautiful tales of Goldsmith and Mackenzie, the composition of novels has been almost left to women; and, in the distribution of literary labour, nothing seems more natural, than that, as soon as the talents of women are sufficiently cultivated, this task should be assigned to the sex which has most leisure for the delicate observation of manners, and whose importance depends on the sentiments which most usually chequer common life with poetical incidents. They have performed their part with such signal success, that the literary works of women, instead of the humiliating praise of being gazed at as wonders and prodigies, have, for the first time, composed a considerable part of the reputation of an ingenious nation in a lettered age. It ought to be added, that their delicacy, cooperating with the progress of refinement, has contributed to efface from these important fictions, the remains of barbarism which had disgraced the vigorous genius of our ancestors.

Mr Godwin has preserved the place of men in this branch of literature. *Caleb Williams* is probably the finest novel produced by a man—at least since the Vicar of Wakefield. The sentiments, if not the opinions, from which it arose, were transient. Local usages and institutions were the subjects of its satire, exaggerated beyond the usual privilege of that species of writing. Yet it has been translated into most languages, and it has appeared in various forms, on the theatres, not only of England, but of France and Germany. There is scarcely a continental circulating library in which it is not one of the books which most quickly require to be replaced. Though written with a temporary purpose, it will be read with intense interest, and with a painful impatience for the issue, long after the circumstance which produced its original composition shall cease to be known but to those who are well read in history. There is scarcely a fiction in any language which it is so difficult to lay by. A young person of understanding and sensibility, not familiar with the history of its origin, nor forewarned of its connexion with peculiar opinions, in whose hands it is now put for the first time, will peruse it with perhaps more ardent sympathy and trembling curiosity, than those who read it when their attention was divided, and their feelings disturbed by controversy and speculation. A building thrown up for a season, has become, by the skill of the builder, a durable edifice. It is a striking,

but not a solitary example, of the purpose of the writer being swallowed up by the interest of the work; of a man of ability intending to take part in the disputes of the moment, but led by the instinct of his talent to address himself to the permanent feelings of human nature. It must not, however, be denied, that the marks of temporary origin and peculiar opinion, are still the vulnerable part of the book. A fiction contrived to support an opinion, is a vicious composition. Even a fiction contrived to enforce a maxim of conduct, is not of the highest class. And though the vigorous powers of Mr Godwin raised him above his own intention, still the marks of that intention ought to be effaced as marks of mortality, and nothing ought to remain in the book which will not always interest the reader. The passages which betray the metaphysician more than the novelist, ought to be weeded out with more than ordinary care. The character of Falkland is a beautiful invention. That such a man could have become an assassin, is perhaps an improbability; and if such a crime be possible for a soul so elevated, it may be due to the dignity of human nature to throw a veil over so humiliating a possibility, except when we are compelled to expose it by its real occurrence. In a merely literary view, however, the improbability of this leading incident is more than compensated, by all those agitating and terrible scenes of which it is the parent. And if the colours had been delicately shaded, if all the steps in the long progress from chivalry to assassination had been more patiently traced, and more distinctly brought into view, more might have been lost by weakening the contrast, than would have been gained by softening or removing the improbability. The character of Tyrrel, is a grosser exaggeration; and his conduct is such as neither our manners would produce, nor our laws tolerate. One or two monstrous examples of tyranny, nursed and armed by immense wealth, are no authority for fiction, which is a picture of general nature. The descriptive power of several parts of this novel is of the highest order. The landscape in the morning of Caleb's escape from prison, and a similar escape from a Spanish prison in St Leon, are among the scenes of fiction which must the most frequently and vividly reappear in the imagination of a reader of sensibility. His disguises and escapes in London, though detailed at too great length, have a frightful reality, perhaps nowhere paralleled in our language, unless it be in some paintings of Daniel De Foe, * with whom

* A great-grandson of Daniel De Foe, of the same name, is now a creditable tradesman in Hungerford Market in London. His manners give a favourable impression of his sense and morals. He is neither unconscious of his ancestor's fame, nor ostentatious of it.

it is distinction to bear comparison. There are several somewhat similar scenes in the *Colonel Jack* of that admirable writer, which, among his novels, is indeed only the second; but which could be second to none but Robinson Crusoe, one of those very few books which are equally popular in every country of Europe, and which delight every reader from the philosopher to the child. Caleb Williams resembles the novels of De Foe, in the austerity with which it rejects the agency of women and the power of love.

It would be affectation to pass over in silence so remarkable a work as the Inquiry into Political Justice; but it is not the time to say much of it. The season of controversy is past, and the period of history is not yet arrived. Whatever may be its mistakes, which we shall be the last to underrate, it is certain that works in which errors equally dangerous are maintained with far less ingenuity, have obtained for their authors a conspicuous place in the philosophical history of the eighteenth century. But books, as well as men, are subject to what is called fortune. The same circumstances which favoured its sudden popularity, have since unduly depressed its reputation. Had it appeared in a metaphysical age, and in a period of tranquillity, it would have been discussed by philosophers, and might have excited acrimonious disputes; but they would have ended, after the correction of erroneous speculations, in assigning to the author that station to which his eminent talents entitled him. It would soon have been acknowledged, that the author of one of the most deeply interesting fictions of his age, and of a treatise on metaphysical morals which excited general alarm, whatever else he might be, must be a person of vigorous and versatile powers. But the circumstances of the times, in spite of the author's intention, transmuted a philosophical treatise into a political pamphlet. It seemed to be thrown up by the vortex of the French Revolution, and it sunk accordingly as that whirlpool subsided; while by a perverse fortune, the honesty of the author's intentions contributed to the prejudice against his work. With the simplicity and good faith of a retired speculator, conscious of no object but the pursuit of truth, he followed his reasonings wherever they seemed to him to lead, without looking up to examine the array of sentiment and institution, as well as of interest and prejudice, which he was about to encounter. Intending no mischief, he considered no consequences; and, in the eye of the multitude, was transformed into an incendiary, only because he was an undesigning speculator. The ordinary clamour was excited against him: Even the liberal sacrificed him to the character of liberality,—a fate not very uncommon for those who, in critical times, are supposed to go too far: And many of his own

disciples, returning into the world, and, as usual, rebounding most violently from their visions, to the grossest worldlymindedness, offered the fame of their master as an atonement for their own faults. For a time it required courage to brave the prejudice excited by its name. It may even now perhaps need some fortitude of a different kind to write, though in the most impartial temper, the small fragment of literary history which relates to it. The moment for doing full and exact justice will come.

All observation on the personal conduct of a writer, when that conduct is not of a public nature, is of dangerous example; and, when it leads to blame, it is severely reprehensible. But it is but common justice to say, that there are few instances of more respectable conduct among writers, than is apparent in the subsequent works of Mr Godwin. He calmly corrected what appeared to him to be his own mistakes; and he proved the perfect disinterestedness of his corrections, by adhering to opinions as obnoxious to the powerful as those which he relinquished. Untempted by the success of his scholars in paying their court to the dispensers of favour, he adhered to the old and rational principles of liberty, violently shaken as these venerable principles had been, by the tempest which had beaten down the neighbouring erections of anarchy. He continued to seek independence and reputation, with that various success to which the fashions of literature subject professed writers; and to struggle with the difficulties incident to other modes of industry, for which his previous habits had not prepared him. He has thus, in our humble opinion, deserved the respect of all those, whatever may be their opinions, who still wish that some men in England may think for themselves, even at the risk of thinking wrong; but more especially of the Friends of Liberty, to whose cause he has courageously adhered.

The work before us, is a contribution to the literary history of the seventeenth century. It arose from that well grounded reverence for the morality, as well as the genius, of Milton, which gives importance to every circumstance connected with him. After all that had been written about him, it appeared to Mr Godwin, that there was still an unapproached point of view, from which Milton's character might be surveyed,—the history of those Nephews to whom he had been a preceptor and a father. 'It was accident,' he tells us, 'that first threw 'in my way two or three productions of these writers, that my 'literary acquaintance,* whom I consulted, had never heard

* This plural use of 'acquaintance,' is no doubt abundantly warranted by the example of Dryden, the highest authority in a case

'of. Dr Johnson had told me, that the pupils of Milton had 'given to the world "only one genuine production." Per-'sons better informed than Dr Johnson, could tell me perhaps 'of half a dozen. How great was my surprise, when I found 'my collection swelling to forty or fifty!' Chiefly from these publications, but from a considerable variety of little known sources, he has collected, with singular industry, all the notices, generally incidental, concerning these two persons, which are scattered over the writings of their age.

Their lives are not only interesting as a fragment of the history of Milton, but curious as a specimen of the condition of professed authors in the seventeenth century. If they had been either men of genius, or contemptible scribblers, they would not in either case have been fair specimens of their class. Dryden and Flecknoe are equally exceptions. The nephews of Milton belonged to that large body of literary men who are destined to minister to the general curiosity; to keep up the stock of public information; to compile, to abridge, to translate;—a body of importance in a great country—being necessary to maintain, though they cannot advance, its literature. The degree of good sense, good taste, and sound opinions diffused among this class of writers, is of no small moment to the public reason and morals; and we know not where we should find so exact a representation of the literary life of two authors, of the period between the Restoration and the Revolution, as in this volume. The complaint, that the details are too multiplied and minute for the importance of the subject, will be ungracious in an age distinguished by a passion for bibliography, and a voracious appetite for anecdote. It cannot be denied, that great acuteness is shown in assembling and weighing all the very minute circumstances, from which their history must often be rather conjectured than inferred. It may appear singular, that we, in this speculative part of the island, should consider the digressions from biography, and the passages of general speculation, as the part of the work which might, with the greatest advantage, be retrenched: But they are certainly episodes too large for the action, and have sometimes the air of openings of chapters in an intended history of England. These two faults, of digressions too expanded, and details too minute,

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of diction, of any single English writer. But as the usage is divided, the convenience of distinguishing the plural from the singular at first sight seems to determine, that the preferable plural is 'acquaintances.' The cause of the anomaly is, that the word in the other sense has no plural. The ordinary plural termination, therefore, was sharp to the ear.

are the principal defects of the volume; which must be considered hereafter as a necessary part of all collections respecting the biography of Milton.

Edward and John Philips were the sons of Edward Philips of Shrewsbury, secondary of the Crown Office in the Court of Chancery, by Anne Milton his wife, sister of John Milton. Edward was born in London in 1630, and John in 1631. To this sister the first original English verses of Milton were addressed, which he composed before the age of seventeen, to sooth her sorrow for the loss of an infant son. His first published verses are the Epitaph on Shakespeare. To perform the offices of domestic tenderness, and to render due honour to kindred genius, were the noble purposes by which he consecrated his poetical power at the opening of a life, of which every moment corresponded to this early promise. On his return from his travels, he found his nephews, by the death of their father, become orphans. He took them into his house; he supported and educated them, which he was enabled to do by the recompense which he received for the instruction of other pupils; and for this act of respectable industry and generous affection, in thus remembering the humblest claims of prudence and kindness amidst the lofty ambition and sublime contemplations of his mature powers, he has been sneered at by a moralist, in a work which, being a system of our poetical biography, ought especially to have recommended this most moral example to the imitation of the British youth.

John, the second of his nephews, published very early a vindication of his uncle's defence of the people of England. But both, in a very few years weary of the austere morals of the Republicans, quitted the party of Milton, and adopted the politics, with the wit and festivity of the young Cavaliers. But the elder, a person of gentle disposition and amiable manners, more a man of letters than a politician, retained at least due reverence and gratitude for his benefactor, and is conjectured by Mr Godwin, upon grounds that do not seem improbable, to have contributed to save his uncle at the Restoration. Twenty years after the death of Milton, the first life of him was published by Edward Philips, upon which all succeeding narratives have been built. This *Theatrum Poetarum* will be always read with interest, as containing the opinions concerning poetry and poets, which he probably imbibed from Milton. This amiable writer died between 1694 and 1698.

John Philips, a coarse buffoon, and a vulgar debauchee, was, throughout life, chiefly a political pamphleteer, who turned with every change of fortune and breath of popular clamour,

but on all sides preserved a consistency in violence, scurrility, and servility to his masters, whether they were the favourites of the Court, or the leaders of the rabble. Having cried out for the blood of his former friends at the Restoration, he insulted the memory of Milton, within two years of his death. He adhered to the cause of Charles the Second, till it became unpopular; and disgraced the name of *Whig*, by adopting that denomination, then new, of the Friends of Liberty, when he associated with the atrocious Titus Oates; and in his vindication of that execrable wretch, he adopts that excellent maxim, 'that 'the attestations of a hundred Catholics cannot be put in ba-'lance with the oath of one Protestant,' which, if our own party were substituted for Protestant, and the opposite party for Catholic, might be regarded as the general principle of the jurisprudence of most triumphant factions. He was silenced, or driven to literary compilation, by those fatal events in 1683, which seemed to be the final triumph of the Court over public liberty. His servile voice, however, hailed the Accession of James the Second. The Revolution produced a new turn of this weathercock; and, happily for the kingdom, no second Restoration gave occasion to another display of his inconstancy. In 1681 he was the associate of Oates, and the tool of Shaftesbury. In 1685 he thus addresses James the Second in doggrel scurrility—

'Must the Faith's true Defender bleed to death,
A sacrifice to *Cooper's* wrath?'

In 1695 he took a part in that vast mass of bad verse occasioned by the death of Queen Mary; and in 1697 he celebrated King William as *Augustus Britannicus*, in a poem on the Peace of Ryswick. From the Revolution to his death about 1704, he was usefully employed as editor of the Monthly Mercury, a journal which was wholly, or principally, a translation from '*Le Mercure Historique*,' published at the Hague by some of those ingenious and excellent Protestant refugees, whose writings contributed to excite all Europe against Louis XIV. Mr Godwin at last, very naturally, a little relents towards John Philips. He is unwilling to part on bad terms with him who has been so long a companion. But all that indulgent ingenuity can discover in his favour is, that he was an indefatigable writer, and that, during his last years, he rested, after so many vibrations, in the opinions of a constitutional Whig. But, in a man like John Philips, the latter circumstance is only one of the signs of the times; and proves no more than that the principles of English liberty were patronized by a Government which owed to these principles its existence.

The above is a very slight sketch of the lives of these two persons, which Mr Godwin, with equal patience and acuteness of research, has gleaned from publications, of which it required a much more than ordinary familiarity with the literature of the last century even to know the existence. It is somewhat singular, that no inquiries seem to have been made respecting the history of the descendants of his brother Sir Christopher Milton, and that it has not been ascertained whether either of his nephews left children. Thomas Milton, the son of Sir Christopher, was, it seems, Secondary of the Crown-Office in Chancery; and it could not be very difficult for a resident in London to ascertain the period of his death, and perhaps to discover his residence and the state of his family. Milton's direct descendants can only exist, if they exist at all, among the posterity of his youngest and favourite daughter Deborah, afterwards Mrs Clarke, a woman of cultivated understanding, and not unpleasing manners, known to Richardson and Professor Ward, and patronized by Addison, who intended to have procured a permanent provision for her, and presented with fifty guineas by Queen Caroline. Her affecting exclamation is well known, on seeing her father's portrait for the first time more than thirty years after his death—'Oh my father, my dear father!'—'She spoke of him,' says Richardson, 'with great 'tenderness; she said he was delightful company, the life of the 'conversation,' not only by 'a flow of subject, but by unaffected cheerfulness and civility.' This is the character of him whom Dr Johnson represents as a morose tyrant, drawn by one of the supposed victims of his domestic oppression.

Her daughter, Mrs Foster, for whose benefit Dr Newton and Dr Birch procured Comus to be acted, survived all her children. The only child of Deborah Milton, of whom we have any accounts besides Mrs Foster, was Caleb Clarke, who went to Madras in the first years of the eighteenth century, and who then vanishes from the view of the biographers of Milton. We have been enabled, by accident, to enlarge a very little this appendage to his history. It appears from an examination of the Parish Register of Fort St George, that Caleb Clarke, who seems to have been parish-clerk of that place, from 1717 to 1719, was buried there on the 26th of October of the latter year. By his wife Mary, whose original surname does not appear, he had three children born at Madras; Abraham, baptized on the 2d June 1703; Mary, baptized on the 17th March 1706, and buried on December 15th of the same year; and Isaac, baptized 13th February 1711. Of Isaac no farther account appears. Abraham, the great grandson of Milton, in

September 1725 married Anna Clarke; and the baptism of his daughter Mary Clarke is registered on the 2d of April 1727. With her all notices of this family cease. But as neither he nor any of his family, nor his brother Isaac died at Madras, and as he was only twenty-four years of age at the baptism of his daughter, it is probable that the family migrated to some other part of India, and that some trace of them might yet be discovered by examination of the Parish Registers of Calcutta and Bombay. If they had returned to England, they could not have escaped the curiosity of the admirers and historians of Milton. We cannot apologize for the minuteness of this genealogy, or for the eagerness of our desire that it should be enlarged. We profess that superstitious veneration for the memory of that greatest of poets, which regards the slightest relique of him as sacred; and we cannot conceive either true poetical sensibility, or a just sense of the glory of England, to belong to that Englishman, who would not feel the strongest emotions at the sight of a descendant of Milton, discovered in the person even of the most humble and unlettered of human beings.

While the grandson of Milton resided at Madras, in a condition so humble as to make the office of parish-clerk an object of ambition, it is somewhat remarkable, that the elder brother of Addison should have been the governor of that settlement. The Honourable Galston Addison died there in the year 1709. Thomas Pitt, grandfather to Lord Chatham, was his immediate predecessor in the government. It was in that year that Mr Addison began those contributions to periodical essays, which, as long as any sensibility to the beauties of English style remains, must be considered as its purest and most perfect models. But it was not until eighteen months afterwards, when, influenced by fidelity to his friends, and attachment to the cause of liberty, he had retired from office, and when, with his usual judgment, he resolved to resume the more active cultivation of literature, as the elegant employment of his leisure, that he undertook the series of Essays on Paradise Lost; not, as has been weakly supposed, with the presumptuous hope of exalting Milton, but with the more reasonable intention of cultivating the public taste, and instructing the nation in the principles of just criticism, by observations on a work already acknowledged to be the first of English poems. If any doubt could be entertained respecting the purpose of this excellent writer, it must be silenced by the language in which he announces his criticism.—'*As* the first place among our English poets is due to Milton,' says he, 'I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his Paradise Lost,' &c. It is clear that he takes for granted the para-

mount greatness of Milton; and that his object was not to disinter a poet who had been buried in unjust oblivion, but to illustrate the rules of criticism by observations on the writings of him whom all his readers revered as the greatest poet of their country. This passage might have been added by Mr Godwin to the numerous proofs by which he has demonstrated the ignorance and negligence, if not the malice, of those who would persuade us that the English nation could suspend their admiration of a poem, the glory of their country, and the boast of human genius, till they were taught its excellences by critics, and enabled by political revolutions to indulge their feelings with safety. It was indeed worthy of Lord Somers to have been one of its earliest admirers; and to his influence and conversation it is not improbable that we owe, though indirectly, the Essays of Addison, which manifest and inspire a genuine sense of poetical beauty, more than other criticisms of more ambitious pretensions, and now of greater name. But it must not be forgotten, that Milton had subdued the adverse prejudices of Dryden and Atterbury, * long before he had extorted from a more acrimonious hostility, that unwilling but noble tribute of justice to the poet, for which Dr Johnson seems to have made satisfaction to his hatred by a virulent libel on the man.

It is an excellence of Mr Godwin's narrative, that he thinks and feels about the men and events of the age of Milton, in some measure as Milton himself felt and thought. Exact conformity of sentiment is neither possible nor desireable. But a Life of Milton, written by a zealous opponent of his principles, in the relation of events which so much exasperate the passions, almost inevitably degenerates into a libel. The constant hostility of a biographer to the subject of his narrative, whether it be just or not, is teazing and vexatious. The natural frailty of over-partiality is a thousand times more agreeable. The Life of

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* The strange misrepresentations, long prevalent among ourselves, respecting the slow progress of Milton's reputation, sanctioned as they were both by Johnson and by Thomas Warton, have produced ridiculous effects abroad. On the 16th of November 1814, a Parisian poet named *Campenon*, was, in the present unhappy state of French literature, received at the academy as the successor of the Abbé Delille. In his *Discours de Reception*, he speaks of the Abbé's translation 'de ce Paradis Perdu, dont l'Angleterre est si fiere *depuis* 'qu'elle a cessé d'en ignorer le merite.' The President M. Regnault de St Jean d'Angely—'M. Delille repaid our hospitality by translating Milton,' says he, 'et en doublant ainsi la celebrité du Poete; 'dont le genie a inspiré à l'Angleterre *un si tardif* mais si legitime 'orgueil.'

Milton has been indeed of late taken out of the hands of his enemies. Dr Symonds has vindicated the principles of Milton with courage and eloquence; and Mr Hayley has minutely described his life in an elegant and pleasing piece of biography. Those who raise so loud a cry against innovation, do not seem to be aware that the slavish fear of speaking freely on the Civil War and the Restoration, on Charles the First and Charles the Second, is one of the last as well as most disgraceful novelties which has infected the English character. It was otherwise in our best times. Thomson, the most peaceable and gentle of men, the friend of statesmen and even of courtiers, speaks thus of the Civil War—

> 'Bright at *his* call thy AGE of MEN effulged,
> Of men † on whom late time a kindling eye
> Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.'

Warburton was a successful adventurer in the church; he was the friend of Mr Murray and Mr Yorke, men not suspected of patronizing extravagant and dangerous opinions; and he was made a bishop by Lord Chatham, who, in his letters to his nephew, prefers the Parliamentary historian to the Royal, and was even led, by the manifest partiality of Lord Clarendon, to unjust doubts of his integrity. The promotion of Warburton was not obstructed by the following tribute to the talents of Cromwell, and to the merits of the great men whom Cromwell supplanted. 'Cromwell 'seemeth to be distinguished in the most eminent manner with 'regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men 'who have overturned the liberties of their country. The times 'in which others have succeeded in this attack, were such as 'saw the spirit of liberty suppressed and stifled by a general venality. But Cromwell subdued his country when this spirit 'was in its height, *by a successful struggle against court-oppression*; 'and while it was conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government the world ever saw embarked in 'one common cause.' Those who have fashioned their doctrines to the present hour, will read with surprise, that this candidate for a mitre makes the guilt of Cromwell to consist in subduing Liberty,—not in subverting the Throne or putting a King to death; and that, after the death of the King, he still considers the armed resistance under the Parliamentary leaders, as 'a successful strugle against Court-oppression.' In a note of the same Warburton on Pope (Warton's Pope, Vol. IV. p. 206.), he ridicules the prejudice entertained at the court of James I. against Grotius as *a republican*, and considers such a prejudice as one of the most disgraceful badges of the partisans of absolute power.

† Hampden.

But it is useless to multiply examples in a matter so well known. It requires great weakness, or gross hypocrisy, to conclude, that because the greatest and best men of England have justified the first resistance of the Parliament, and, considering its success as essential to the preservation of liberty, (purchased, as all such success must be, by calamities, and stained, as it too generally is, by crimes), have rejoiced in the event of the contest;—they were on that account Republicans or Regicides,—that they approved the illegal execution of any man,—or that they did not regard any subsequent attempt to impose a republic upon the people of England, in defiance of their ancient character and hereditary habits, as an enterprise of a criminal and tyrannical nature.

We shall conclude with a very remarkable instance of the atrocious outrage with which the memory of Milton was treated in those evil days which soon followed his death. The well-known Oxford Decree of 1683, had anathematized and condemned to the flames all the books then published in defence of the rights of mankind; and, among others, the works of Milton.

As this decree * adverts on the preamble to the Rye-House Plot, it must have been composed during the examination and trial of the persons charged with that conspiracy. It was promulgated on the 21st of July, the week after the tragical and mysterious death of Lord Essex—on the day of the death of Lord Russell, the man in the kingdom most generally beloved—and while many of the state prisoners, among whom was Sidney, remained to be tried. The practice of inflaming the public passions in such a manner as to affect the administration of justice, and thus aiding a triumphant faction to destroy their enemies by the forms of law, was then so prevalent, that Dryden,

* One of the positions condemned in that decree '*as false, seditious, and infamous,*' was, 'that it is lawful to preclude the next 'heir from his right and succession to the Crown.' Sir J. Jekyll, on the trial of Sacheverell, observed, that the maintaining of the contrary position had been subjected to the pains of treason or præmunire, by the two statutes of Elizabeth and Anne. But the doctrine of indefeasible succession, lately revived under the name of legitimacy, was condemned nowhere with more irreverent liberty than in the verses of Dr Aldrich, Dean of Christ-Church, to King William, on his coronation.

'Nam neque Te regni summa ad fastigia vexit
Lucinæ favor, et nascendi inglorius ordo,
Vivida sed bello virtus, tutataque ferro
Libertas.'

only seven days before a bill of indictment for high treason was preferred against Lord Shaftesbury, published Absalom and Achitophel, in which he calls that nobleman 'a name to all succeeding ages curst.' This decree was, it seems, thought worthy of being commemorated in Latin verses; and the verses, for excellences invisible to us on this side of the Tweed, have been thought worthy of being preserved in the collection called *Musæ Anglicanæ*; though, as the publication was, after the Revolution, in the same volume with Addison's Latin poems, dedicated to Montague the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, the name of the writer is concealed, and nothing appears of him but that he was a member of Christ-Church. After exulting over the conflagration of the obnoxious writings, this anonymous versifier proceeds to observe, that if the writers were to suffer the same fate, and to be consumed in the same fire with their writings, there would be seen burning, amidst the crackling flame, Milton, a name unloved by earth and heaven.

'In medio videas flamma crepitante cremari
MILTONUM—terris cœloque inamabile nomen!'

He seems to leave it ambiguous whether this spectacle would fill him with pleasure, or whether he is not visited by some natural misgivings at a prospect which he describes with the luxuriance of wanton exultation. But his guilt is aggravated by the just commendations which he afterwards bestows on Milton, and by the conclusion in which he is pleased to allow that the fame of *Milton would* only have perished with the world,—*if* he had employed his genius to celebrate the praise of Charles II.—if like another unhappy Poet 'to please a ribald King and Court,' he had 'profaned the God-given Strength, and marred the lofty Line.'

Within sixty or seventy years of the promulgation of this famous decree, an Oxford poet, a most furious Tory, if not then rather to be called a Jacobite, and so bitter an enemy of Milton, that, though a man of great sagacity, he was at that very moment betrayed by a forger into the support of false charges of plagiarism against Paradise Lost, was compelled, by the power of truth over an honest nature, to utter the following lines—

'At length our mighty Bard's victorious lays,
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come.'

The University may now contemplate, with historical calmness, their own fatal errors in a period of guilt and wretchedness. Jones has in better times told her, that she will be the first of literary bodies, as long as she is the most free. Lowth speaking on her behalf, boasted, with truth and elegance, that he breath-

ed the same atmosphere which Hooker, Chillingworth, and Locke had breathed before. The statue of Mr Locke at Christ-Church, shows that colleges, as well as nations, may 'to buried merit raise the tardy bust.'

In a mixed government like that of England, where the care of education is entrusted to two opulent and powerful ecclesiastical bodies, it was reasonably to be expected that one at least should incline towards Toryism, if the other should, by any accident, lean towards the opinions of the Whigs. As long as neither overpassed the boundaries of the Constitution, the diversity of sentiment was natural, perhaps not to be lamented, and certainly not to be condemned. The University of Cambridge, since the accession of the House of Hanover, had been considered as the Whig University; an opinion founded rather on the general tone of sentiment prevalent there, than on a comparison of the political principles pursued in public life by the most illustrious sons of both Universities. This learned body however has, in a late public act, apparently intended to renounce and abdicate its character as a Whig University. In their address of congratulation to the Regent on the victory of Waterloo, is the following remarkable passage. 'And although we reckon it among 'the chief subjects of our exultation and thankfulness, that the 'cause of Civil Freedom, the blessings of which *we duly appre-* 'ciate, will be promoted by the success of our arms,—we feel 'it as *a still higher claim* on our gratitude, that the great in-'terests of religion and morality, will necessarily be advanced by 'the Triumph of Loyalty and Sound Principle over Treason and 'Perjury.'

It would be an insult to a learned University to claim, on its behalf, that allowance for inconsiderate language which contempt generally secures for the fervour of loyalty or servility in an ignorant and place-hunting corporation. The words of so learned a body, must be presumed to be well-weighed; and their language selected with such care, as precisely to convey neither more nor less than their opinions. What falls from those who preside over public education, too, is so likely to make a deep impression on the docility of youth, that a small error may be very pernicious to society; more especially when they assume an authority to decide on the comparative value not only of political interests, but of moral principles. Does the University desire that the English youth should follow this example of making a cold and slight compliment to Civil Freedom, as they hastily pass by on their way to objects in their opinion of higher estimation? Does the University teach, that 'Civil Freedom' is not conducive in the highest degree 'to the great interests of Religion and Morality?' To us,

we will confess, that they appear to inculcate that false and pernicious opinion, by associating these great interests with Loyalty, as contradistinguished from Liberty. Yet Loyalty may triumph, under the most absolute, and even under the most tyrannical governments, over that which by law is treason, and which must be attended with that breach of oaths of allegiance which they call perjury. Are absolute monarchies for that reason to be revered as asylums of religion and schools of virtue? Is it not on the contrary true, that while superstition may grovel, and persecution may rage, under the influence of loyalty and allegiance to tyrannical masters, civil liberty alone protects conscience from oppression, delivers human infirmity from temptations to religious insincerity, and teaches justice and humanity to all men? The religion of the University of Cambridge is the Protestant. That religion doubtless teaches a reasonable obedience; but it rose against the powers of the world, by a liberty of action and opinion against the base principles of indiscriminate submission. Since this address, we have seen how the Triumph of Loyalty advances the interests of the Protestant religion by the barbarous and renewed massacres of the Protestants of Nismes.

Let it be remembered that the University, not we, have brought Loyalty and Liberty into opposition. In a free government they are allies; and in that state we are best pleased to view them. But the University, in a manner quite uncalled for, because in their opinion the victory was favourable both to liberty and loyalty, go out of their way to pronounce, that liberty is at best a secondary object,—which must indeed be true, if it be, as they assert, less connected than loyalty with the great interests of religion and morality. The precise difference between a moderate Tory and a moderate Whig, is, we conceive, this—That a Tory is more influenced by loyalty, and a Whig by the love of liberty—that a Tory considers liberty as the second interest of society, while a Whig regards it as the first. According to this plain and very generally received distinction, the University of Cambridge seems, by its late Address, to have distinctly renounced its old pretensions to Whiggism. No man deserving the name of a philosopher, in ancient or modern times, has perhaps carried the claims of Loyalty higher than Mr Hume. Yet even he, when he speaks of loyalty, ventures only to call it 'that noble and generous principle, *inferior* only in excellence to the more enlightened affection towards a legal constitution.' Or if the University should prefer the opinion of a Treasurer of the Navy to that of a private philosopher, they may see the former express his joy that, in the great instance of the Revolution, where an unfortunate necessity brought loyalty and liberty into collision, liberty prevailed. 'It is the pride and

'happiness of the people of this country to reflect, that the tyrannical attempts of King James terminated in the ruin of the Prince, and the more firm establishment of the rights of the Subject.' (*Rose's Observations on Fox, Vol.* i. *p.* 22.)

ART. XI. *Examen Rapide du Gouvernement des Bourbons en* FRANCE, *depuis le Mois d'Avril* 1814, *jusqu'au Mois de Mais* 1815. Seconde Edition. 8vo. pp. 72. Paris, 1815.

Des Revolutionnaires et du Ministere Actuel. Par M. —— 8vo. pp. 85. Paris, 1815.

WE are almost thankful that we have neither time nor space left even for the enumeration of the many mighty themes that are folded up in the little word which we have placed at the top of this page. Undoubtedly, there never was a moment when the reasonable settlement of France was so important to itself, to its neighbours, and to posterity—nor one in which it was so little to be looked for; never a moment in which the temptation to admonish and to predict with regard to it was so strong, and at the same time so full of peril. In the whole history of the world, perhaps, there has been no conjuncture in which it was so difficult to determine what was to be wished—so impossible to say what was to be expected. With reference to that unhappy country, all parties are confounded, and all principles set in opposition; and its actual situation presents, not so much a choice of evils and dangers, as a variety among which choice itself is bewildered.

With these difficulties, however, it is not our intention to grapple—at least on the present occasion: Nor shall we enter into any question as to the wrongs which France may have suffered from her own rulers, or from other nations—or the rights to which she may yet be entitled to lay claim in either quarter. We inquire not, at present, what treatment she has deserved, or of what government she is capable—what evils she may occasion by her example, or of what dangers she may become the scource by our mismanagement. These are topics, indeed, of incalculable interest, not only to her, but to us, and to all the world;—but they are by far too large to be entered upon here; and we have not as yet either lights or courage to treat of them as they ought to be treated. In the little, therefore, which we propose now to say, we shall merely endeavour to give a short explanation of the immediate hazards to which the peace of that country seems to be actually exposed; and to suggest a few ob-

servations on the course of policy which it will be fitting that this country should pursue, in the event of certain emergencies which can no longer be considered as unlikely.

We suppose there are none of our readers so enviably ignorant, or sanguine, as not to know and believe, that notwithstanding the second restoration of their antient line of princes, opinions are still deeply and dreadfully divided in that distracted country—that the elements of the fiercest dissension are still fermenting in her bosom—and that in the minds both of his friends and his enemies, it is confessedly a matter of doubt and uncertainty, whether the present Sovereign will be able to maintain himself many months longer on the throne which he has so recently ascended.

Of the actual extent of the discontents that undoubtedly prevail, it would be presumptuous for any one in this country to pretend to make any thing like a precise estimate—since it is certain that it is not at all known in that where they are actually raging; and it is undoubtedly one of the most alarming symptoms of the present disorders of France, that with a prodigious exasperation and violence in both parties, they seem to be mutually in the most complete and incurable ignorance of their relative strength and organization. With us the channels by which public opinion is collected and conveyed, are everywhere visible and conspicuous. They have been worn deep and regular by the long continued agency of undisguised communications; and constitute a system by which the amount and direction of the general sentiment may at any time be ascertained with a precision quite sufficient for all practical purposes. In France, however, this sort of communication has never been openly permitted; and, for the last twenty years, the same circumstances which have most powerfully excited and impressed the opinions of the great mass of the nation, have also effectually repressed their expression; while the apparent earnestness with which certain opinions have been expressed on extraordinary occasions, and the levity with which they have been as solemnly disavowed, make it doubly difficult to rely on the few indications which the nature of the government permitted, or the genius of the people supplied. There is no organization, in short, in the structure of their society, for the transmission of political sentiments through the great mass of the community; and the temper and habits of the people are such, as to make us distrust the conclusions which might be drawn from the scanty specimens that occasionally appear. Thus it has happened, that almost all their great internal movements have been ventured upon in the dark; and that, with them, more than with any other people, a few daring spirits have so often succeeded in forcing the bulk of the na-

tion upon courses not more against their interests than their inclinations—because there were no safe or ready means of ascertaining how few they were, or what a great majority was inclined to oppose their usurpation: And from the same circumstances it happens, that, even with the best means of information on the spot, no correct or satisfactory account of the national temper can now be obtained; and that little else can be learned with certainty from the immediate communication of the most intelligent persons in both parties, than that there exist everywhere the grossest contradictions, and the most monstrous exaggerations; and that men of all principles are utterly blinded by their strong passions and sanguine imaginations.

In these circumstances, it is evident that no reliance can be placed upon the most confident assertions of either party with regard to the true spirit and disposition of the nation at large, and that our opinion of it must be formed by inference from certain prominent and admitted facts in their history and situation, and from a comparison of the principles and motives which they mutually avow or impute to each other. The slightest glance at their history, at all events, will at once demonstrate the existence, and display the deep sunk and wide spreading roots of that dislike and distrust of the reigning family, which it would require so much management to obviate, or so much power to disregard.

In the first place, it is now near twenty-five years since they were driven from the sovereignty and the country;—during all which time, its affairs have been conducted without reference to them, or their pretensions. But from this great fact alone, it is obvious, that more than five-sixths of the active population of France must have come into existence since the name of the Bourbons had ceased to be heard of in that country; and even those who had attained to manhood before their disappearance, can only have heard of them, during that long interval, as objects of contempt or hostility. Some kinder and more respectful remembrances might be secretly cherished, and some more loyal vows breathed for their welfare, in the woods of La Vendée, or the alleys of Bourdeaux;—but the public and general voice of France had unquestionably, during all that time, designated them only as objects of scorn and aversion;—and it is equally undeniable, that the state of things which followed upon their expulsion, however fruitful it might be of crimes and barren of substantial comforts, yet gave rise to a series of events, incalculably flattering to the national vanity, and captivating beyond measure to the selfish ambition of the bold and aspiring part of the society.

It is necessary also to remember, that the Princes, by whose

removal this great flood of glory seemed to be let in upon the nation, had neither endeared nor distinguished themselves by any great or dazzling exploit, or trait of magnanimity, by which their memory might have been exalted in popular recollection, and they themselves brought to mind, with loyal and penitential regrets, when discontents were occasionally roused by the exactions of a sterner master. They had emigrated ingloriously in pursuit of personal safety; and had never headed, nor animated, by their presence, any of the attempts which their adherents for some time made with so gallant a desperation for their restoration.—They had taken refuge, too, and generally resided among the bitter and beaten enemies of the nation;—and must have figured to French imaginations, as among the most insignificant dependents of those weak and misguided monarchs who had been compelled to kiss the feet of the great republic—and whose kingdoms had been rent and scattered, and given away at the nod of its Imperial master.

From this retirement, they came back at last,—not in consequence of any voluntary or internal movement of reviving loyalty, or impatience of actual oppression,—not in obedience to the spontaneous call or invitation of any part of the people, or under any circumstances which could render their restoration glorious to the nation they were to govern,—but in consequence of a series of disasters, by which its power and its triumphs were signally overthrown, and the deepest mortification inflicted on that national pride and vanity which had been their support under oppression, and their delight in their days of prosperity. This restoration was the obvious and immediate fruit of the victories of foreigners over the armies and provinces of France. It crowned the first triumphs of those who had been for twenty years the inveterate but baffled enemies of the country, and was confessedly brought about by the slaughter of her citizens—the desolation of her fields—and the humiliation of her national greatness. It formed part of the greatest train of calamities that had befallen the country from without in the memory of the existing generation, and must have been connected in the minds of all Frenchmen, with ideas of defeat, degradation and dishonour;—ideas which received no softening, in this instance, from any part of the nation having been instrumental in bringing it about, or even from the recollection of any feat of arms or of heroic daring having been performed in their own cause, by those whose exaltation was the end and consummation of all this suffering. It was simply the case of France being invaded and conquered, and its government overthrown by Russian and Prussian armies, and of a Prince who had not been

heard of for twenty years, coming under their escort, and ascending the vacant throne.

It is plain, that under all these circumstances, there was no reason to suppose that there could be any active attachment to the person of the restored Sovereign, or to his family, in the body of the nation; and that though their desire to obtain a settled government, and, above all, to disarm the present hostility of their victorious enemies, might induce them to receive him, and even to maintain him on the throne, he could have no personal claim on their regard or affection, and none of that hold of their habitual feelings, which, in regular momarchies, is so apt to identify the dignity of the Sovereign with the honour of the country, and gives to patriotism or national partiality, the name and the attributes of loyalty.—All their habits and feelings and attachments naturally ran in another direction: And, with reference merely to the circumstances we have enumerated, we may safely say that they must have been at least neutral and null in behalf of Louis XVIII., and that he had every thing like loyalty to create in the breasts of a people to which he had been so long a stranger.

But these were not the only circumstances which belonged to his new situation and that of the people he was to govern. The internal condition of France had been altered during his absence, at least as much as its exterior relations. The original possessors of property and rank, and official and personal eminence, had been all displaced along with the reigning family, and those various titles to power and influence been settled for twenty years upon other individuals. The whole frame and structure of society had been accommodated to this change; and if some few individuals yet survived, to whom 'the soil of the achievement' might still be supposed to adhere, by far the greater part were in possession of their honours and emoluments upon legitimate titles. Innumerable multitudes had fairly bought, and diligently improved, the properties that had been originally confiscated in the heat and violence of the Revolution; and almost all who had been promoted to office, or attained to distinction, had deserved the places they had reached, by the cultivation and exercise of their talents, or by eminent services rendered to what was universally acknowledged to be the settled government of the country. Still greater numbers, who remembered no other government, had innocently succeeded to the advantages thus acquired by their parents, and could not easily be persuaded that they were not entitled to retain them. Besides all this, it is never to be forgotten, that, along with many miseries and wrongs, the Revo-

lution had been productive of much substantial benefit to the great body of the people. Seignorial tyranny and ecclesiastical exaction had been entirely destroyed. The right of the nation at large to a voice in the enactment of its laws, and the measures of its government, had been distinctly recognized; and, above all, the capacity of all ranks of people, and of every individual indeed in the country, to be appointed to every situation of power or dignity within it, had not only been allowed, but had been acted upon in the most ample and conspicuous manner. The barrier between the noblesse and the lower orders was entirely thrown down, and the very traces of its existence effaced and trodden smooth:— Almost every person in eminent station in France, had risen from that class of society to which all eminent station had been formerly interdicted, and whose condition had consequently received an accession of dignity and advantage that scarcely admitted of being overrated.

All these were the fruits of the revolution—the dear-bought fruits of the dangers and sufferings, the crimes and anxieties that had occurred in its progress—and now endeared them the more to those by whom they had been purchased at so vast a price.— But the return of the Bourbons had always been considered as the triumph of a counter-revolution;—and it was obvious that the brother of Lewis XVI., ascending the throne by the exclusive aid of a foreign army, could not be supposed to look with indulgence on any of those changes or institutions which had originated in the massacre and expulsion of his family, or upon any of those individuals whom he found in possession of the properties or offices which had formerly belonged to the faithful companions of his exile. A thousand amiable and a thousand excuseable feelings stood in the way of any such indulgence:— and whatever forbearance the necessity of his situation, or the dictates of obvious policy might impose upon him, no man in France could doubt that he must wish to restore their estates and dignities to the emigrants, their privileges to the nobility, and *all* its original powers to the crown. To the body of the nation, however, a sovereign with such dispositions could not possibly be acceptable—nor could his accession be contemplated without feelings of general distrust and alarm. Speaking with a very moderate latitude, we might say that all the considerable men in France in March 1814—all who by station or talent or reputation, could guide its opinions, or determine its conduct, had interests opposed to such an event, and felt that they would be placed by it either in the condition of offenders to be punished, or delinquents to be forgiven.

This then was the situation in which the present sovereign of

France stood at his first accession in April 1814. There was not only no attachment or liking to him or his family in the bulk of the nation—but there were strong and very general interests and habits which rendered their return undesireable, and laid the foundation of a very wide spread feeling of alarm and jealousy in the body of the people. In these, and in many other respects, there was no resemblance whatever between our restoration in 1661 and that of the Bourbons in 1814. Property had not changed hands at all in England, during the time of the usurpation; and, with a few exceptions, the same individuals who held the chief permanent influence in the country at the breaking out of the war, continued to possess it through the whole period that elapsed till the Restoration.—In France, every thing was radically altered, and twenty years had done the work of several centuries.

These distressing, but very obvious truths, were felt too by the Princes themselves and their adherents; and, conscious that nothing but the total discomfiture of the national force, and the actual invasion and conquest of the country, could have opened their way to the throne, they felt that it was not by the assertion of their hereditary rights that it could now be maintained: —Aware that they had been placed there by nothing but the success of the Allied arms; and that these arms could not *always* be held out to support them, they were convinced of the necessity of creating a French interest in their behalf, and at all events of disarming the hostilities and suspicions to which they could not be ignorant they were liable. The only three points they had in their favour were, 1st, the support of their victorious Allies—2d, the ordinary patronage which belongs to all actual governments—and, 3dly, the advantage of being the descendants of a former sovereign, by whose elevation the idea of an open competition, or of setting up the Crown as a prize to be fought for, was excluded. Except these three considerations, every thing, as we have seen, was against them; and these were by no means of such decisive weight as might at first sight be imagined.—The first, and by far the strongest, was evidently of a temporary nature; for though an unprecedented alliance of the great powers of Europe might seat a king on the throne of France, it was evidently absurd to suppose, that they should continue to hold him on it for an indefinite period of time, if he was not able to keep his seat by his own exertions.—The second was the mere necessary result of actual possession, and sure, of course, to be transferred to any one by whom the possessor might be supplanted.—The third did not necessarily point to the individuals actually called to the succession; and,

we suspect, has always had much less weight in France than the inhabitants of happier countries can easily believe. The evils of internal dissension and civil broils, which appear so terrible to those who contemplate them at a distance, seem to have little influence on those to whom they have been long familiar. The strong passions which they excite and gratify, have a sort of attraction like the habit of intoxication or deep play; and we are persuaded, not only that both parties in France would at this moment risk all the horrors of another popular Revolution, if they thought that by means of it they could completely demolish their antagonists,—but that nothing else has contributed so much to pervert our judgment as to the affairs of that country, as our exaggerated estimates of the reluctance which those who have once suffered by civil commotions must feel for their renewal. Be this, however, as it may, the King felt in 1814, that the offer of the Crown which was then made him, originated mainly in a desire to get rid of the existing war with Europe; and that it would never have been made, had the fortune of that contest been different. Accordingly, he did not claim it as his absolute and rightful inheritance, but accepted the offer that was made, and assented in substance to all the conditions with which it was qualified.

By this act, he became at once a constitutional king. He recognized in the body which made the offer, the most conspicuous of all the revolutionary institutions, and gave a wise and unequivocal pledge of his willingness to recognize all that was still recognized by his subjects of the revolution itself, and the principles to which it had given birth. His professions, however, were naturally viewed with some degree of distrust; and coming back surrounded with those emigrants who had always treated the whole revolution as a mere rebellion and successful revolt, and openly declared their wishes for a complete restoration of the ancient monarchy with all its accompaniments, it was of the utmost necessity that his conduct should be in conformity with his professions, and that no single act should betray those dispositions or designs, the existence of which he could not fail to know was so generally and reasonably suspected. Let us see whether his acts were always thus guarded and unexceptionable.

He began by calling himself Louis XVIII.—though no sovereign after Louis XVI. had ever been acknowledged by the nation; and the first hour of his accession he said was the twenty-first year of his reign. There were obvious motives and temptations to the use of this style; but it could not fail to startle and alarm the nation, who certainly never meant to acknowledge that they had owed him allegiance for twenty years before his

arrival among them, or that he had a right to be king at all, independent of their invitation and consent. He then, without taking any notice of that invitation, which he had however accepted, declared that he owed his throne, after God, to the Prince Regent of England. He ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of the emigrants who had fallen at Quiberon fighting against their countrymen, in an attempt to reestablish the whole ancient privileges of the crown and the nobles—and immediately after ennobled, by a special grant, the family of Georges Cadoudal, who had come into the country with the avowed purpose of assasinating its former sovereign. In presenting the constitutional charter to the House of Representatives, his chancellor described it, in his official speech, as 'the voluntary limitation of a power in itself unlimited.' The liberty of the press, which had been solemnly promised on his arrival, was afterwards retracted; and, what was of far more consequence, under the censurate to which it was then subjected all sorts of invectives against the revolution and every thing to which it had given birth, as well as the most direct reclamations of the privileges and properties of the emigrants, were allowed to be printed without challenge, while an unrelenting interdict was put upon all that bore an opposite character. The most indiscreet language upon those subjects was openly held by many persons who were known to be high in the Royal favour; and Monsieur, the King's brother, went so far as to say, in a public address to the emigrants of the South, that though little had been done for them as yet, 'we 'hope, in time, to obtain for you a more complete justice.' The consequence of all this was, that many individuals spoke confidently of the properties which formerly belonged to their families as being still theirs; and that, in consequence of the fears suggested by those proceedings, very many of the holders of these properties offered them for a third part of their value to these new claimants, who, in several instances, rejected the compromise with disdain. About the same time, a royal edict was promulgated for the formation of schools, and the revival of the regulations of 1750, for the education of the young nobility; and subscriptions were opened for their support, in which no name but that of an antient family could be admitted; while it was observed, that the nomination to foreign embassies, and other situations of dignity, was confined almost exclusively to persons of the same description.

To these most alarming indications of the spirit of the new government, were added some more substantial, though less provoking infractions of the charter thus ungraciously promul-

gated. The abolition of the *droits reunis* had been promised with much parade and solemnity; and, shortly after, the payment was exacted with more than usual rigour. The charter had declared, that no tax or impost of any sort should be levied without the consent of the legislature; and a variety of taxes, in particular those upon newspapers, upon letters of naturalization, and for defraying the judiciary establishment, were levied by a mere order of the chancellor. In like manner, the charter had declared, that all the courts of justice should remain as they were, until altered by a special law; but the King, after proposing a law to the Chamber of Representatives for new-modelling the Cour de Cassation, by far the most important of them all, and finding that it was not likely to be adopted, adjourned the Chamber, and reorganized the court of his own authority—diminishing the number of judges, and changing several even upon that reduced establishment—Besides many other acts of a similar character, which could not be explained without a longer detail.

We say nothing at present as to the justice or injustice of these acts. Some of them may have been thought unavoidable, and some may admit of another justification; but from whatever motive, good or bad, they were performed, it seems impossible to deny, that they were calculated to give very general disgust and alarm to the body of the nation—to offend all those who had become considerable under the former government, and to deaden the hopes of those who had expected more freedom and impartiality from that which was begun. The consequence accordingly was, that the people began to regard their new princes with distrust, anger, and disdain. Many who had at first suspported them, became sullen and alienated. Those who had been neutral, were turned into decided enemies; and such as had always been hostile, became clamorous and forward in their opposition.

In this state of the public mind, Bonaparte landed from Elba: And it is in vain to disguise that it was this state of the public mind, and this alone, that made it possible for him to advance triumphantly to Paris. Some concert and preparation there probably was,—but no detailed plan for his march; and the success of the enterprize was evidently trusted, in the main, to the zeal and discontent of the soldiery, and to the general indifference, despondency and alienation which the conduct of the new Government had inspired. France had no occasion, certainly, to love or to trust this mighty conqueror; * and yet,

* We could more easily account, however, for the love of his own subjects whom he had trained to profitable servility or profli-

with all the hazard of an unprovided war which his return brought with it, it is certain that she submitted more entirely and implicitly to him than she did to Louis XVIII. in the first days of his apparent popularity. The interests of freedom and of the rights acquired by the Revolution seemed once more identified with his; and, miserable as that delusion was, the eagerness with which many persons rushed into it, showed sufficiently how very popular these interests still were in the country, and the mighty influence which might be gained or lost by consulting them. The danger to the restored Emperor, therefore, was wholly from without,—while that to Louis XVIII. had been wholly from within. He made head with his usual alacrity against that danger; dashed himself desperately against the iron lines of the English at Waterloo—and was broken to pieces and totally destroyed in the shock. The vic-

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gate ambition, than for the strange partiality which has lately indicated itself for him among some of those who profess to be lovers of liberty in this country. It is a fine thing, no doubt, to be generous to a fallen foe, and not to insult that which we were lately compelled to fear: and, upon this principle, we cordially approve of all the decencies and external civilities that have been observed in the recent treatment of this Imperial captive. It is to our own honour and dignity, however, and not to his merits, that these observances are due; and we are altogether unable to conceive, how his mere downfal should convert him into an object of regard or affection, who was generally admitted, in the days of his exaltation, to deserve the execration of all friends to political freedom or national independence. To us, he has always appeared a most pernicious and detestable tyrant, without feeling, principle, or concern for human sufferings or honour—and such he appears to us still. Even they who now seem inclined to relent towards him, can find nothing better to say in his behalf, than that he is not worse than the run of other tyrants and conquerors—and we believe this to be true: But is that a reason why those who hate and oppose *them*, should feel any kindness and indulgence for *him?* For our part, we know nothing so hateful as a tyrant and a conqueror; and it is quite enough that he is admitted to belong to that fraternity. But it is proper to observe, that, though not worse perhaps in character than other tyrants, he has had far more power, and done far more mischief, than any other in recent times; and therefore deserves to be more hated. The sort of hankering after him which we can trace among some of our good Whigs, proceeds, we have no doubt, from the circumstance of his being now abused and insulted by the servile tools of tyrants not much better than himself. But it is a gross perversion of a good principle, and does real injury to the cause which it is meant to serve.

tory of foreigners, and the defeat of the French armies, again opened the way for Louis to the French throne.

After the impressive lesson which this second expulsion of the family must have taught, it is interesting to consider what measures they adopted to correct the errors, or supply the omissions which had contributed to that catastrophe.

In the first place, instead of waiting beyond the frontier till the first shock of rage and humiliation attending the defeat was over, and the odium of the severe measures to which it necessarily led had subsided, and then coming in to share and mitigate the national afflictions,—his Majesty was advised to come back to Paris in the very midst of the Allied forces, and thus directly to connect himself with all their obnoxious proceedings, and to exhibit himself, not only as profiting by the national discomfiture, which he unquestionably did, but as exulting and rejoicing in their calamities.

In the second place, before any treaty of peace was concluded with the nation, and while the national army had retired by convention, he set himself down in his capital, surrounded by two or three hundred thousand foreign soldiers, and there agreed to terms more humiliating and disadvantageous for France, than ever had been imposed on her in the course of three hundred years of war and negotiation: Almost all her border garrisons and places of strength were to be given up to a foreign soldiery, and large payments were to be made to defray their expenses in this triumphant war, It was in this way that the country was to pay for the expense to which Europe had been put in bringing them back their King!—and his popularity must have been great indeed, if his return did not appear dearly bought with the blood of an hundred thousand Frenchmen—the unprecedented mortification of the national vanity—the loss of twenty frontier towns—and the stipulation of forty or fifty millions sterling of tribute to those Allies of their Sovereign.

In this situation of affairs, and still overawed or protected by the foreign armies, the King immediately removed the whole of the prefects and provincial officers, and replaced them with men for the most part of violent Royalist principles—many of them emigrants, utterly unknown and necessarily suspected in their districts—and almost all of them understood to be adverse to any limitations whatever on the Royal authority. The pretext for this change was, that the former prefects had made no efforts to arrest the progress of Bonaparte; and that it was necessary to have officers upon whose fidelity his Majesty might confidently rely. But the charge of nonresistance to Bonaparte was equally applicable to the nation at large; and it must have

been not a little alarming to the people to find, that no one was thought deserving of the King's confidence who had not professed hostility to their freedom.

The next step, however, was more decisive. The legislative bodies appointed by the Emperor were necessarily dissolved; and if, in the new nomination of Peers, there was a jealous exclusion of almost all who had signalized themselves at any time by attachment to the principles of the Revolution, this was no more than could be accounted for, and excused, by the prejudices and alarms of Royalty, in a body depending entirely on its pleasure for its existence. In the election of the Representatives, however, there was an interference of a more extraordinary and questionable character. These elections, it may not be known to all our readers, had been finally regulated by Bonaparte soon after his assumption of the government, about fifteen years ago. The old aristocracy being entirely destroyed, it was very early thought expedient to do something towards supplying its place; and, in order to reconcile this with the revolutionary right of universal suffrage, it was agreed that the primary electors of every department should nominate a certain number of persons, with considerable qualifications in respect of property, who should elect the representatives for the legislative body. The change introduced by Bonaparte was to make those last electors hold their functions for life—and thus to limit the right of interference in the body of the people, to merely filling up the vacancies which might from time to time arise in their body.—That energetic sovereign, however, was not very fond of popular interference in any shape—and it had accordingly happened that, during the whole period of his power, no vacancies ever had been supplied—and, at the period of the King's last restoration, the electoral colleges, as they were called, were deficient of their complement by one third, or in some instances one half of their number.—When the king came to issue orders for returning a new Chamber of Deputies, it was suggested that the electoral colleges ought previously to be raised to their proper quota: But, instead of referring for this purpose to the primary electors, it was thought better just to order the prefects of the departments, who by this time were all decided royalists, to make up the complement, by nominating, of their own authority, such a number of trustworthy persons in the neighbourhood as might be required for that purpose.

This was accordingly done; and as those supplementary members were, of course, the most violent Royalists which the prefect could find in his district, all the deputies, with a very few exceptions, proved to be of the same character—and, in some in-

stances, the original body of electors refused to concur with these Royal nominees, and left the election entirely in their hands.—Such, we believe, is the true history and actual constitution of that Chamber of Deputies which now exercises the legislative functions in France, and has already signalized itself by so many marks of devotion to the cause of the Court.—So far from fulfilling the appropriate duty of a representative of the commons of the land, by leaning towards the democratical side of the constitution, and maintaining a constant jealousy of royal encroachment, it is notorious that it is a great deal more Royalist than either the King or his ministers—that the minister has been left in a small minority on the popular side, in almost every question of a constitutional nature—and that the great difficulty on the part of the Court has been, not to secure its attachment, but to keep it within moderate limits. The Chamber of Peers, nominated at the same time by the King alone, as the bulwark and aristocratical fence of the monarchy, is far less monarchical than this popular assembly, which professes to represent that part of the state which is the most jealous of court influence. Out of 450 members, of whom scarcely so many as 400 have ever assembled, the common calculation is, that there are more than 150 violent Royalists, who think that the emigrants should have all their property and privileges restored, and that all who had ever held office of any kind before April 1814, ought to be exiled from the country,—nearly 200 who go along with the ministry in more moderate projects both of reward and of punishment—about 30 constitutionalists, and 15 or 20 old jacobins.

A body so constituted, cannot well be supposed to be a fair representation of the public opinion, or to command much public respect by its proceedings. Accordingly, from the first hour of its convocation, it has been the custom with the great mass of the discontented, to make a mock of its pretensions, and to hold it out as in direct opposition to the general sentiments of the country. It is even understood, that the Court itself has been alarmed at the extravagance and excess of its loyalty; and that it actually was in contemplation to have dissolved it, and assembled another, by a more unexceptionable mode of election.

All that has passed since, has been calculated to aggravate, rather than allay, the resentment and distrust occasioned by the course of policy we have been endeavouring to delineate. The removal of Fouché and Talleyrand from the ministry, for no other known offence than that of having belonged to the revolution, and having urged the necessity of conciliating a nation which could not be subdued—a number of arrests by the agents of government without the authority of law—and a law passed

suspending all the provisions for personal liberty, with very little precaution—the continued suppression of the liberty of the press, and the continued partiality of the censors—the barbarous persecution of the Protestants, avowedly on the score of their general love of civil liberty—the mission of the princes into the provinces most noted for the violence of their royalist principles—the exclusive favour shown to priests and emigrants—and the general irritation produced by the presence of the armed allies of the King, and the humiliating restitutions upon which they have insisted—have all conspired to foster that spirit of discontent and impatience towards the government, of which the foundations had been laid by so many other causes.

We have hitherto spoken only of the public and overt acts of the government, and of circumstances the existence and effect of which seem equally undeniable; and if there were nothing more in the case, we should think the causes of a general and very dangerous discontent sufficiently accounted for. But the truth is, that those feelings are more embittered by circumstances of which it is impossible to produce the same evidence, and in the reality of which it is consequently impossible to have the same assurance. It is notorious, however, all over France, that it is not so much against the King himself, as against those members of his family who are most about his person, that the suspicions and resentment of the nation are directed; and that by far the most formidable exasperation has been produced, by the impressions which unhappily prevail as to the principles and deportment of the princes next in succession to the throne. Monsieur, though principally bent upon the restoration of the Church to its primitive power and splendour, is said to profess openly his preference of an absolute monarchy, and to speak with undisguised hostility of all representative assemblies, and other checks on the royal authority. The Duc d'Angouleme, bred up in the same principles, has had his zeal for them inflamed by the enthusiastic temper of his wife, who has all the spirit of a martyr for the cause—and many apologies for that spirit which its martyrs could not always claim. At Bourdeaux and Nismes, and in various parts of the South, self-created bands are said to have risen up, breathing vengeance against all who have taken any part in the revolution; and contending for the restoration of the old monarchy. Their royalism is so exalted, that they will not wear the white cockade, which they say has been contaminated by the touch of republicans and regicides; but adorn themselves in the colours of the Duchesse D'Angouleme, whose champions they profess to be. The Duc de Berri is still more unpopular than any of the other three. To their implacable

hostility to every thing that owes its birth to the revolution, he is said to add a harshness and arrogance of manner, which has given deep and indelible offence. These illustrious persons, and their immediate confidants and advisers, are positively asserted to hold language of the most unequivocal kind in their own circles, under the very roof of the Tuilleries; and to discourse with considerable openness, of the necessity of putting to death all who had any share in the condemnation of Louis XVI., and of seizing the property, and banishing the persons of all who had ever held or accepted any employment whatsoever under any of the revolutionary governments;—to effect all which, they are said to contemplate the formation of a pure royalist army in La Vendée and the South, by means of which, after the factious have been disposed of, they propose to redeem the national honour, by taking vengeance on the English and other foreigners who have taken such an ungenerous advantage of their weakness to spoil and disable the country.

For the truth of these imputations, of course, we do not pretend to vouch; nor do we even profess to have grounds sufficient absolutely to settle our own belief with regard to them: But we do vouch for the fact, that such imputations are very generally made and believed at Paris; and that by persons whose means of information and general veracity are held to be equally unquestionable. It is no less certain, that the same impressions are very widely diffused through the body of the nation, and have been greatly strengthened and exasperated by the late mission of the Duc d'Angouleme into the South, and that of the Duc de Berri to La Vendée. Of their effect in promoting the previous animosity and alarm, it is needless to say any thing.

To what practical end this animosity tends, it is not perhaps quite so easy to determine. In one point, however, all but the highflying royalists seem to be agreed—that they never will submit to a government which does not cordially recognize all that is now defended by any body in the Revolution,—guarantee without grudging all the popular rights and privileges which have been acquired by the Revolution,—and acknowledge as ornaments and benefactors to the nation, many of those who distinguished themselves in the service of France, while it would have been held both criminal and ridiculous to talk of the rights of the Bourbons. Many seem now persuaded, that it is in vain to hope for such a government under the present monarch, or his immediate successors; and that the first opportunity must be taken again to expel them from the country. Others are of opinion, that if the King, who is by no means personally obnoxious, would emancipate himself from the yoke of the princes, and take

into his councils men acquainted with the present situation of France, he might still retrieve his past errors, and maintain himself on the throne for the remainder of his days. The scheme of a republic seems to be universally abandoned—at all events it is universally disavowed. The star of Napoleon, too, seems to be generally considered as set; and though there have been rumours of a design to bring forward his son, under the auspices of Austria, yet this is understood to be, as yet at least, nothing more than an angry and undigested conception of some of the discontented military leaders, and never likely to make any considerable party in the country,—which it would naturally throw, during the minority of the young Emperor, into the hated hands of Austria, or subject to the sanguinary competitions of rival generals and armies.

At present we are inclined to think, that the general voice of the discontented would be for THE DUKE OF ORLEANS—and that his appointment to a limited monarchy would satisfy a greater majority of all parties, and appease far more jealousies and alarms than any other measure that could be suggested. Such a choice would ensure these three great advantages to the nation. In the first place, they would have a king who owed his crown unequivocally to the will of the country, and consequently could claim nothing as his right by birth, nor dispute the legitimacy of any of the conditions under which it was given. In the second place, they would have a king connected with the Revolution by his parentage and early education, and therefore not liable to be tempted by family affection, or to be suspected of being tempted to look upon those concerned in the Revolution with feelings of hatred or revenge:—And, finally, they would have a king so near in blood to the lineal successor to the throne, and so little entitled to the dignity for his personal services or exertions, as to mark a considerable veneration for the principle of hereditary succession,—to conciliate the moderate royalists on the one hand, and to prevent this limited exercise of choice, in an emergency so new and important, from affording any encouragement to the perilous experiment of an elective monarchy—or, in other words, a crown set up as a prize to be fought for by all the daring and ambitious spirits in the country.

These considerations are so forcible, and, at the same time, so obvious, that we cannot help believing, that if things do not mend greatly before the death of the King, whose health and habits do not promise a long course of existence;—or if, even during his life, discontents should rise so high, as to produce another subversion of the government, by far the most likely, and, upon the whole, the most desirable issue, will be the transference of the sceptre to the Duke of Orleans, upon con-

ditions more favourable to general liberty than have yet been admitted by a French Sovereign.

We are far from intending to insinuate, that that illustrious person has actually taken any measures to bring about such a consummation, or that he is even suspected of caballing against the throne of his kinsman. On the contrary, it is generally understood, that he has carefully kept himself aloof from the hazard of all such imputations;—and that though his partisans may conjecture that he will not refuse the greatness that may be put upon him, they are perfectly aware that he will himself do nothing to bring it to him, nor use any other arts to strengthen his interest, than a scrupulous adherence to the principles of the constitutional charter, which the whole nation is now bound to observe. This character, as far as we can gather, is that of much good sense and moderation.

Hitherto we have been speaking very much in the name of the constitutionalists, or those who think they have room to complain of the existing government, and who say that they comprehend nine-tenths of the whole French people;—and in stating the facts on which they mainly rely for the justification of their discontents, we have perhaps unconsciously borrowed a little too much of their tone and temper. It would not be fair, however, to conclude this hasty sketch of the actual state of the country, without taking some notice of the pleas and averments of the Royalists.

Admitting, as they do in substance, most of the facts which we have already stated as notorious, the moderate persons of this party certainly deny that the King looks with any grudging or regret on the rights which the constitutional charter confirms to the people at large, or that the Princes profess any hostility to that constitution. They say, we are afraid not quite correctly, that the system of lenity and confidence was fairly tried during the last short reign, when it was shamefully abused, and that greater distrust and severity are now indispensable for their safety;—that those who are discontented now, never would be satisfied while any power was left to the Crown, and that it is as well to resist their pretensions at this point as at any other;—that they must at all events have a force for their protection, upon which they can rely—and that if the proved faithlessness of so many who made professions of attachment, compels them to choose that force among persons who carry their notions of loyalty somewhat farther than the present constitution admits, that is no fault of theirs; and it will be easy for the government to prevent this excessive devotion of their supporters from producing any practical mischief. They main-

tain also, that the only violent opposition to their government is to be found among the discontented and ambitious soldiery, who wish again for conquest and pillage, under a military sovereign; and that the great mass of the people, though overawed by this dangerous class of persons, are in their hearts for the King's government—as that under which they will have most peace, and most substantial freedom: And they maintain farther, that the genius of the French nation, and their late habits, lead them to submit much more patiently to the hand of power than the voice of reason;—and that if they could only get such an army as to repress all internal resistance, the country would fall very readily into its old habits of obedience to legitimate force. They confess, that the propensity of the people is to war, and that their leading passion is for military glory;—and upon this, in fact, they now build their chief hope of consolidating their government. The Allies, they say, and particularly the English, have behaved ungenerously, and even deceitfully, in coming into their country, with professions of amity to all but Bonaparte and his adherents; and, then taking advantage of their weakness and unprepared condition, to plunder and insult them, like a conquered people; to exact tribute from them; to dictate to them what garrisons they shall have, and where they shall be stationed in their own realm; and to seize upon their whole frontier, and quarter a foreign army upon them for a period of years after all pretexts for hostility have disappeared. By holding out this language, which no doubt falls in exactly with the sentiments of all classes of Frenchmen, they expect very easily to raise an army, which will at once strengthen their hands against all domestic enmity, and enable them, in due time, to drive these treacherous invaders from their soil, and retrieve the military honour of France, at the same time that they restore its independence.

We do not mean to say that this language is held by official persons about the Court on public occasions; but there is not the least doubt that it is held by the great body of Royalists individually, and that with very little reserve or concealment; and that the hatred to England is now, on the whole, more acrimonious, and more openly and offensively expressed among this class of persons than among their antagonists. It is, or was at least very lately, an ordinary topic of reproach with them, that our Government was actually in league with the partisans of Orleans to bring about the expulsion of the present King;—and some belief in this imputation may perhaps have mitigated the hostility of the constitutionalists.

From this state of parties and of facts, our readers may judge for themselves what is likely to be the fortune of this distracted country:—and we have no inclination to disturb their calculations with any predictions of ours. It is impossible, however, with the slightest recollection of the facts, and the general principles of human nature, to doubt that the party of the malcontents is by far the most numerous and daring: But they labour under the disadvantage of having no military head, no sort of pecuniary funds, and no means of safe or easy concert and preparation. The Government, in all these respects, is in a much more favourable situation. It is actually established, and invested with some immediate authority; and, as long as it lasts, may take its measures in perfect security and tranquillity. Both parties, in the mean time, are repressed, and nearly alike repressed we take it, by the overawing foreign force with which the theatre and the prize of their contentions is still surrounded, and the extreme uncertainty of the policy that this force may adopt in the event of a renewed civil war. They are also mutually repressed by the impoverished state of the country, and the almost total destruction of the *materiel* of an army which has taken place in the course of their late hostilities. It is owing to these circumstances alone, we think, that the conflict does not take place immediately.

As to the policy of Austria or Russia—though many extraordinary things are confidently asserted with regard to them—we shall not now venture upon any speculation: But it is impossible to look at such an event as the revival of civil contentions in France, even as a remote possibility, without strenuously inculcating upon *this* country the propriety, the justice, the necessity of an absolute, true, and entire neutrality. We have no right to interfere—We have no interest to interfere—And our interference is most likely to defeat the objects for which it is undertaken, and to ruin the peace and the liberties of all Europe, while it brings this nation to speedy bankruptcy, disorder, and dishonour.

Our ministers have already solemnly abjured all right to interfere in the internal government of France, or in the choice which that great nation may make of a government for itself; and therefore, it is needless to say any thing more on the general view of the subject,—as it probably will not be contended, that, except for some strong and immediate interest of our own, we can ever be entitled to intermeddle with the private concerns of our neighbours. That there are limits to this principle of non-interference, is indeed undeniable; and we are not disposed to be very rigid in fixing their places. If France should

again erect itself into a revolutionary republic, and proclaim hostility to all thrones, we should think this a justifiable case of interference, even antecedent to any actual attack on our own government.—Nay, if Bonaparte should escape frem St Helena, and resume the purple for a third time in Paris, we should not much quarrel with those who should hold that also a ground for immediate opposition: But we must peremptorily protest against any interference for the purpose of keeping Lewis XVIII. on his throne, in despite of the French nation;—or for opposing the pretensions of the Duke of Orleans, or any other competitor whom the voice of the country may call to supply his place.

We are zealous and most sincere advocates for hereditary monarchy,—and our opinions and arguments upon that subject are already before the public at large: *—But hereditary monarchy, without a power and a right in the people to change the line of succession, is the old slavish absurdity of the *jus divinum* of kings; and cannot decently be asserted in any country that has the smallest pretensions to liberty. In England, where we still have a free constitution, and that exactly because we have a Sovereign who owes his crown to such a change in the succession, the mere statement of such a doctrine must appear to be the very height of absurdity and baseness. But, even if this were questionable, surely it will not be pretended that the opposite doctrine, upon which it is our great glory and especial distinction among nations to have acted, and to the practical assertion of which we familiarly ascribe all that is excellent in our political institutions, can at the same time be so very pernicious and detestable, that it can be lawful to take up arms to prevent its adoption in a foreign country, and a duty to make war upon our neighbours, if they seem disposed in this respect to follow our example.

The only ground, in short, that can bear to be stated for such an interference, must be, that our own interests would be in some way compromised by any internal change in the government of a neighbouring country. But what is it to us, or any interest of ours, that the French people prefer the Duke of Orleans to the Count de Lille for their sovereign? and choose to call one prince of the old family to the throne, instead of another? It certainly is very much to be wished, for their own sakes, that they should adhere upon the whole to the principle of hereditary succession; but, even if they should judge differently, and should set up the crown to sale, or openly proclaim it to be elective, we do not see what right we should have to find fault with them.—The mischiefs of such a government are, in common cases, all

* See the Review of Mr Leckie's work, Vol. XX. p. 322, &c.

to the nation that adopts it—and as it is usually rendered weaker and less formidable by the struggles and distractions to which it is consequently exposed, there seems to be no conceivable ground upon which the vicinage can have any right to prevent it. That it is an impolitic and improvident measure in general estimation, can surely give the wise people who think so no right to enlighten the folly of an independent nation by making war upon them till they are convinced of their folly. They must be left to the gentler and more effectual schooling of experience and reflection. What should we have thought in England, in 1688, if the great States of Europe had combined, and required us to show cause why we could live no longer under the dominion of our *legitimate* Sovereign, and enjoined us to make out such a case of necessity as *they* should find complete and satisfactory, before they would tolerate a measure so irregular, and of such dangerous example? Could any nation that pretended to independence submit to such an interference? Could any government, or any combination of governments, that pretended to justice or liberality, presume to attempt it?—The question, however, comes exactly to this issue,—whether the reasons which entitle a nation to make changes in its internal government, must be reasons that are satisfactory to itself,—or to other countries? That there may be reasons to justify such a change, probably will not be disputed; and all that is contended for is, that the nation which is to act upon them should be allowed to judge of their validity. No other tribunal can possibly be aware of their force, or attempt to make their practical application without manifest usurpation.

But even if an independent state could be subjected, in a matter like this, to the jurisdiction of the surrounding governments, and obliged to make out a colourable case before it was allowed to make any such alteration, we conceive that France could have no difficulty in making out such a case, as must, upon every principle of reciprocity, be conclusive and satisfactory, in so far at least as this country is to judge of it. We could not well refuse the authority of the great and glorious precedent afforded by our own history;—indeed there is no other conceivable standard by which any man among us could ever pretend to estimate the reasonableness of any similar attempt. But it would not be difficult, we think, to show, that if there be any truth at all in the view which we have already given of the interests and sentiments of the French nation, and the conduct and dispositions of its present rulers, there are, relatively to French feelings, as strong inducements to change the person of the sovereign in the one case, as in the other. The ultimate motive for all such changes, is the con-

scientious conviction of the people, that their lives, properties, or liberties will be in hazard, if it be not adopted. But there can be no sort of doubt, we suppose, that there are many more individuals now in France who sincerely entertain such apprehensions from the continuance of the present system, than there were in England in the time of James II. To quiet such general or extensive apprehensions, and to prevent them from breaking out into perpetual and incurable disturbances, the principle of hereditary succession, which is itself only to be valued as generally preventing such disturbances, may be lawfully sacrificed; and the sacrifice will be cheap, if the end can be accomplished, without absolutely departing from the principle altogether, but only deviating a little way from the lineal order of inheritance.

This is truly the bottom of the case; and the basis upon which our Revolution, as well as that of the Dutch provinces and the Swiss Cantons, and indeed every other, must ultimately be rested.—But the parallel between our case in 1688, and that of France at the present moment, may perhaps be pushed a little farther. The true cause of the expulsion of James, was the difference of religion. He adhered to the old faith of the country, while its habits and institutions had been permanently moulded to one of later origin; and instead of yielding a part, at least, of his own notions and prejudices, to those of his people, and being guided by the counsels of those who knew them and their temper, he gave himself up to the guidance of Priests and Jesuits and other zealots, who would admit of no compromise, and were substantially strangers to the character of the nation he was to govern. If we read *Emigrants* for *Jesuits*, this is nearly the picture of the present government of France. Twenty years of revolution have made the Court and the emigrants as much aliens to the habits and feelings of France as it now is, as the lapse of a century had estranged Popery and its accompaniments from the habits of our people in 1688; and we believe it will scarcely be doubted, that the political reformation of the former period is at least as much valued by its disciples, as the religious reformation of the latter was by its immediate supporters.

From what we have here said, it may perhaps be inferred, that we wish at all events for the dethronement of the present King, and think that an insurrection for that object would be a laudable and proper measure. This, however, is by no means our opinion. If the crown, indeed, could be brought to the Duke of Orleans, without a struggle or an insurrection, we have no hesitation in saying, that we think France would have a better chance both for freedom, and for tranquillity, than under the present Monarch and his apparent heirs; and we should con-

sider it as a very fortunate and happy event, for her and for the world, if, either by the natural course of mortality, or by any voluntary arrangement in the family, that Prince should now be enabled to ascend the throne, without competition or resistance from any quarter. Beyond this, however, our revolutionary spirit proceeds not;—and if all Frenchmen thought as we do, they would rather apply themselves to conciliate each other, and gradually and patiently to ameliorate their constiution under their present King, than commit their country to the dreadful hazard of a new civil war, for an object which may be desirable, but which they cannot be sure of attaining.

Ignorant as the opponents of the Court are of the exact measure of their own strength, or of that which may be arrayed against it, it is quite impossible that they can have any assurance of a speedy or easy victory:—And with a people so combustible,—already so mischievously trained to military habits and principles,—so ill provided with leaders in civil wisdom,—and so apt to be made the prey of atrocious factionaries, or ambitious generals, we confess that we see much more danger, both to liberty and peace, from the issue of a long internal contention, than from any abuse of which the present government is likely to be guilty—if properly watched, admonished, and resisted. The foundations of a representative government are now laid, we think, indestructibly in the French constitution; and we have no idea that the present King has any design to abrogate or defeat the objects of this great institution. However much it may be abused or perverted, therefore, at this moment, it seems certain, that if every thing is not again cast down by the shock of another popular revolution, the monarchy will be substantially limited, and a certain considerable and growing portion of power vested in the people. We are not even sure whether the nation be fit at this moment for more complete liberty; and whether they would not, on the whole, have a better chance of ultimately obtaining a free and happy constitution, by this progressive and gradual extension of the legislative power, than by starting at once into the function of patriots and citizens. At all events, we should prefer this chance to the perilous experiment of an appeal to arms, and the hazards of an exasperated civil war. We should endeavour to enlighten and conciliate the Nation, and, if necessary, to controul and even intimidate the Court, if it persisted in a narrow or illiberal policy; but we should not risk an actual insurrection—on slighter ground than that of actual and intolerable oppression,—and certainly not for the uncertain chance of obtaining a Sovereign who would no doubt be more suitable in many respects to the present condition of the country.

Such are our sentiments of the course that France *ought* to pursue in the present agitating crisis of her affairs; but we greatly fear that they are not the sentiments of any considerable part of the people of that country: And it is with a view to their acting upon their own opposite impressions, and actually plunging into domestic dissensions, that we have endeavoured to show that we will have neither right nor interest to interfere in that quarrel; and are bound, upon every consideration of generosity and prudence, to let them settle their government in any way they please, or are able,—provided they do not endanger our peace or independence in the operation.

As to the consequences of our yielding to our lamentable passion for war and interference, on our finances and internal prosperity, we shall say nothing in this place, as we expect to be able to annex a short separate article upon these important subjects; and indeed, we have left ourselves room to add but a word or two on the effects of such a mischievous system of policy on our honour and influence, and the fortunes of Europe in general.

In the first place, if it really require the whole united force of Europe to prevent the French from dethroning their present King, it must be pretty plain that he has no considerable number of supporters in his own country, and that the great mass of it is decidedly against him. If it be not so, there can scarcely be any necessity for our interference—and if it be so, then that interference must of necessity appear to the mass of the nation to be a monstrous outrage, injustice, and oppression, the existence of which must exasperate them still more against the prince on whose account they are subjected to it. The natural effects of persecution are now pretty well known and admitted—to exalt and rivet the attachment of its victims to the objects for which it is inflicted—to turn mere reluctance or difference of opinion into furious hatred or ungovernable enthusiasm—to raise common men to the devotedness of martyrs, or the frenzy of assassins—and to put all the strong feelings of revenge and honour in the way of easy reconciliation. There is bitterness enough in the ordinary case of a civil war; but if the Allies, who are already generally hated in France for their humiliation of the national power and vanity, are to take part in that war, this will not only throw the whole weight of national feeling into the opposite scale, but will infallibly give a character of acrimony and deadly hatred to the contest, of which the world has yet seen no example. But a war waged with such feelings, and against such a nation as France, can have no issue on which reason or hu-

manity can bear to look without horror. Even supposing the allied arms to be as completely successful as possible, it is plain that France can never be permanently subdued, without the absolute extermination of most of its inhabitants. Paris, and other great towns may, and probably would be, abandoned to pillage and conflagration; large provinces may be occupied and severed, by decrees of Congress, from the rest of the country; but a warlike and exasperated population of forty millions cannot be absolutely destroyed, or permanently kept under by mere force;—and these violent and deplorable measures, which can only become possible in the end of the most savage and murderous hostilities, will merely sow the seeds of after revolts, insurrections, and massacres,—till some new view of policy or private ambition disunite the victorious Allies, and afford the vanquished an opportunity of again asserting their independence, and wreaking their revenge.

In short, it appears to us, that if we are to mingle again in the internal dissensions of France, and to take part in the hostilities to which they will but too probably give rise, we shall not only render the Prince whom we mean to support more universally odious in that country, but in all likelihood involve the whole of Europe in the most rancorous and desolating hostilities for thirty years to come. In this point of view, it is of the utmost importance to recollect, that the great hazard to which civil liberty, national morality, and general prosperity, are now exposed all over the civilized world, arises from the prevalence of military habits, and the conversion of an undue proportion of the people into a professional soldiery. It is to this that we owe the last return of Bonaparte, and all the disgusting scenes of perfidy and atrocity by which it was attended; and it is to this also that we must ascribe that neglect of literature and political philosophy—that contempt in short of civil arts and civil virtues, the beginnings of which, we conceive, have lately been but too visible in other nations. Nothing indeed can be more certain, than that no country can be free, or rich, or moral, or refined, whose leading occupation is that of war—and among whom the military order takes precedency over, and gives the tone to every other. Even if every other reason, therefore, did not concur to deter us from engaging in wars which do not concern us, and in which we must be equally ruined by failure as by success, this consideration, we conceive, ought to inspire us with redoubled caution; and determine us to abstain from a scene not more painful than precarious, and in which our very efforts must strike so deep at the heart of our prosperity.

ART. XII. *An Answer to the Calumnious Misrepresentations of the Quarterly Review, the British Critic, and the Edinburgh Review.* By SIR N. W. WRAXALL, Bart. London. 8vo. 1815.

ON our return from that 'retreat * on the banks of the Firth 'of Forth,' whither Sir Nathaniel pursued us, to our winter 'hiding-place in one of the Wyndes' of this ancient capital, to which he, with his wonted sagacity, has tracked us, we found this Answer on our table. We have read it; and if any of our readers have doubted either the guilt of Sir Nathaniel, or the moderation of the punishment inflicted on him, we impose on such sceptics the perusal of this pamphlet, as a penance which will amply atone for their doubts, and effectually remove them. We at first intended merely to give the title, and to request that our readers would peruse it, that they might see in every page new evidence of the justice of our former opinion. But as there happens to be no Court of Session on the day when we are writing, we shall throw away an hour of an idle advocate's time in pointing out that evidence to their notice. We shall not presume to follow our author into the noble ecstasies in which, seeing what 'ne'er can be seen awake,' he exclaims, 'Methinks 'I behold them perched on the sacred mausoleum of David 'Hume,' ‡ &c. For our parts, it would require less boldness really to place ourselves in that position, than, like Sir Nathaniel, (whose courage in this respect is heroic), to brave the ridicule of such a metaphor.

From the occasional contemplation indeed of the mausoleum of one of the greatest of historians whose industry may sometimes slumber in the collection of evidence, but whose acuteness is never clouded in its discussion, and whose principal moral error is, that he is perhaps too lenient and indulgent a judge of human conduct, it would be natural enough that we should learn additional disgust for those wretched scribblers whose vulgar credulity receives the malignity of a tale as a substitute for proof, and who, without even the bad excuse of partiality, wage undistinguishing war against the good name of all their illustrious countrymen and contemporaries. Sir N. speaks contemptuously of our countryman John Knox. We, as usual differing from him, feel the most grateful veneration for one of the deliverers of Reason as well as Religion, to whose courage and integrity we owe our present security against the Inquisition of

* Sir Nathaniel's Answer, p. 52. ‡ Ibid. p. 60.

Ferdinand VII., and the butchers of the protestants of Languedoc, and who, among many higher privileges, earned for us the right of freely chastising calumnious libellers, and publicly exposing historical impostors. The sequel of the beautiful passage of Sir N. which has occasioned some of these remarks, so much abounds in metaphor and mythology, that cold and unlearned Scotchmen hardly know how to deal with it. How lightnings came to be *black*, we do not know; but we are disposed to concur with our author, that, even in that unusual state, they would not be 'arrows,'—though, as we never saw the quiver of 'Teucer,' we ought perhaps to speak of its contents with more reserve. We admire, with profound humility, the erudition which could afford so rare and exquisite a quotation as '*Telum imbelle sine ictu;*' and we subscribe to the decision of this great master of metaphor, that 'Rumblings' 'never can imitate Bolts.'

Upon a review of the charges which we made against him, we find that to a considerable number of them, and these not the least important, he makes no answer. He stands mute on his arraignment, and must therefore receive judgment as a calumniator. His imputation of cowardice against Lewis XVI. he does not attempt to justify. His charges against Mr Pitt, Mr Fox, and Mr Burke, of being ready to bring Lord North 'to the block,'—against Lord North of having coalesced with Mr Fox, from desire of income, fear of personal danger (which the virtue and spirit of this writer calls '*prudence*,' Answer p. 45),—against Lord Thurlow for having answered the King in a manner insolent if his Majesty's proposal was reasonable, and barbarous if it was irrational,—against the King himself for duplicity to his ministers, and our charge against the writer for excusing, if not approving that duplicity, which is too gross to be more than imaginary—are all passed over in profound and prudent silence by this pretended Answer. He observes the like silence where he was most of all called upon to depart from it, respecting his accusation against the Princess Dowager of Wales, the Duke of Bedford, and the Earl of Bute, of having received money from the Court of France for the conclusion of the treaty of Fontainebleau.—This tale rested originally upon the testimony of Musgrave, a physician at Paris; and we took some pains to demonstrate its absurdity, by an examination of the nature and reception of Musgrave's accusation. We were induced to do so, partly by our knowledge that (principally, as we conceive, from rumours originating in that absurd narrative) reports most dishonourable to the British name had been circulated on this subject in foreign countries. That the King's mother, the Prime Minister,

and the most opulent Nobleman in the kingdom had sold their country,—that they had been guilty of the meanest and most sordid treachery,—is a fact which, if true, ought doubtless to be made known, that their names might be for ever branded according to the enormity of their guilt,—but of which the truth must be most deeply deplored by every lover of his country as a national disgrace, and which the man who publishes without proof must himself be stigmatized as a false accuser, the guilt of whose groundless charge is exactly proportioned to the atrocity of the crime which he imputes to others. We have animadverted in terms of just severity on this writer's impudence in reviving this long exploded scandal; and we did so with the more sternness, because this book, which no man can quote in London without being laughed at, may hereafter be dragged out of the forgotten corner of an old library at Paris or Washington, to furnish a pretended proof of English baseness and venality. Sir Nathaniel, however, neither retracts the charge nor supports it. He is therefore not only a slanderer, but an obstinate and incorrigible slanderer. 'I leave,' says he, 'Dr Musgrave's informa-'tion to its intrinsic weight.' In other words, he neither assents to our arguments nor refutes them; but having done all the mischief in his power, to the memory of individuals, and to the character of the nation, by the revival of the story, he skulks from responsibility for its truth,—neither avows nor abandons it, but very cavalierly tells us, that he leaves it to its own intrinsic weight!—He has unconsciously copied the picture of scandal given by the satirist—

> 'Now comes the general scandal charge,
> What some invent the rest enlarge;
> And, Madam, if it be a lie,
> You have the tale as cheap as I!'

But such subterfuges must not avail the malicious gossip either in print or at the tea-table. The reviver and circulator of slander are themselves slanderers—and, much more, if they insinuate their belief of it, and indirectly lend their authority to the tale—if they labour with (however stupid) industry to collect all the circumstances which can render it plausible, and exhaust the beggarly resources of their ingenuity, to give it a colour of probability. That they dare not openly profess their faith in the story which they help to circulate, is a proof that they are guilty of cowardice, not that they are innocent of calumny. Nearly five wretched pages of the first edition of these Memoirs are employed in these cowardly and fraudulent artifices, for persuading the readers to believe what the writer dares not say that he himself believes. 'His enemies asserted,' are saving words of no

real importance, when all that follows is manifestly contrived to gain credit for the representation. It is called 'the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty' of Lord Bute's having built an expensive house. It is urged that the Duke of Bedford never answered Junius; and the egregious folly of this pretended argument ought not to screen its malice. Dr Musgrave's ridiculous accusation is propped by a mysterious allusion to communications made before by him to persons of rank at Paris. Junius and Wilkes are produced as witnesses against Lord Bute; and at last it is asserted '*that Lord Bute, at the distance of half a century, is believed* to have rendered *the treaty of Fontainebleau subservient to his private emolument.*' Believed—by whom? If he means that it is believed by men of sense and honour, let him produce his proofs. If he means by foolish and vulgar-minded men, his own book is a sufficient proof of his assertion, and will be quoted (if it ever is quoted) as a proof of the extent of that credulity which springs from imbecility,—and which is blended with the tincture of malice that never fails to colour the curiosity and vanity of the gossip. We are disposed by charity to leave him undisputed possession of Wilkes's address to the electors of Aylesbury. It is absolutely his best historical authority.

To all these serious charges he makes no defence. On another matter, rather personally interesting to his own character, he is equally silent. On the 1st of December 1783, he tells us that he voted against Mr Fox's India bill, 'conceiving it improper longer to adhere to Lord North, who seemed to have forsaken himself.' Now, some of our readers may know, that a second bill for the internal regulation of India was then introduced by Mr Fox, of which many of the provisions were afterwards adopted by Mr Pitt; and that in this second bill there was a clause, directing a rigorous inquiry into those real or pretended debts of Indian princes to British subjects, which have been since immortalized by the eloquence of Mr Burke. The world believed that the fair or fraudulent creditors of the Nabob of the Carnatic, had employed the money of that degraded chief in sending six members to the House of Commons; and we had heard, that Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in a judicial examination, had pretty intelligibly assigned the interest of these creditors as the motive of his vote against the India bill. We intimated our curiosity on this point to Sir Nathaniel in the last Review. But he is silent as the grave. Indeed, he is very delicate about his own private concerns, though unsparingly coarse about those of others; and most honourably keeps his own secrets—being the only ones which he can certainly know, and has an undoubted

right to tell. We lament his silence the more on this subject, because he might have given us not only a sheet out of Benfield's Ledger, but a chapter from the Memoirs of Ossian. If he had given us this information, we might have perused with less wonder, though not with less indignation, the audacious passage in which he ventures to say, that Mr Fox's Commissioners for Indian affairs, among whom were Lord Fitzwilliam, the late Lord Dartmouth, the late Lord Guildford, and the late Lord Minto, were to throw India into the 'rapacious hands' of persons whose character excited general alarm.

We hurry over small matters. He said that Louis XI. 'had 'covered himself with glory.' This we thought the height of ridicule, till Sir N. employed two pages of what he calls his Answer to prove it,—which we think more ridiculous still. He repeats that he *only* said that the King of Portugal had a skin as dark as a Moor, and a face carbuncled by hard drinking; and this, it seems, we had no right to call a description of 'a drunken 'old Moor.' He modestly admits, that Thiebault knew the Court of Berlin better than himself, but thinks it of no consequence which of the two accounts of the *dismissal* of Prince Ferdinand was correct; though the truth be, that, according to the authentic information of Thiebault, there was no dismissal. Let it not be said that the numerous, or rather numberless examples of small inadvertencies and inaccuracies, separately considered perhaps minute, are not very fit subjects of criticism in such a performance as the present. There is no accuracy without minuteness. Such multiplied instances amount to a proof of that habitual laxity and disregard to exactness which is scarcely compatible with scrupulous veracity, and which is utterly fatal to the credit of a collector of anecdotes from tradition and recollection.

But to proceed to higher matter.—We charged this writer with a paragraph full of base and malicious insinuation against Mr Fox, on the subject of the riots of 1780. Lurking among these insinuations, we fortunately detected one tangible and palpable charge, which it was easy shortly to contradict and unanswerably to confute. 'Mr Fox,' says he, 'took no active part 'in the suppression of the disturbances.' Having quoted this rash assertion, intended as a vehicle for the basest insinuation, we proceed to relate an anecdote, which proved '*that Mr Fox did* '*take an active part in the suppression of these disturbances;*'—that he had taken a more active part in their suppression than any other equally eminent person, whose conduct on that occasion was known to us. Sir Nathaniel might have acknowledged his own mistake; or he might, if he durst, have attempted to disprove that statement. He, as usual, does neither; but very

cavalierly treats this decisive proof of the direct falsehood of his own assertion regarding a matter of great importance, as if it were immaterial to the discussion. 'The question is,' he says, 'whether Mr Fox *refused* to lend any personal support to Go-'vernment, when pressed in the House of Commons to coope-'rate for the extrication of the capital, though Burke loudly ex-'pressed his wish for unanimity?' Now, though this be not *the* question respecting the personal activity of Mr Fox, in suppressing the riots, (which is in a separate proposition denied by this writer), yet it is, we own, a question of great, perhaps of decisive importance, to the little remains of credit which may cling to this book. Sir Nathaniel has now twice made an assertion, that a demand for cooperation was publicly made in the House of Commons,—to which Mr Burke acceded, and which Mr Fox refused. Where are the proofs of this twice-stated fact? They are not given in the Book or in the Answer. They are not to be found in the Printed Debates—nor in the Annual Register of 1780, which (from the auspices under which it was supposed to be written) may be considered as peculiarly respectable authority on this point, nor the (New) Parliamentary History, which is collected from the best accounts with commendable diligence. No one work, in short, but Sir Nathaniel's, shows any trace of difference between Mr Burke and Mr Fox, in conduct, language, or opinion, respecting the riots of 1780. The Annual Register quotes the words, though not the name of Mr Burke, in which he deplored the state of a Parliament, where freedom of debate was guarded by a bayonetted soldiery against a bludgeoned mob. He called 'the military power the bane of liberty.' He is said, in the Parliamentary History, to have 'dealt his censure 'with vehemence against Government;' and he was in general so little sparing of invective, that the representation may be very easily believed. The same useful publication informs us, that Mr Fox, after having concurred with Mr Burke in censure against the ministers, '*reprobated, in terms as warm as those of Mr Burke, the promoters of the riots.*' It must be remembered, that this was on the 6th of June, while the riots were raging in their utmost fury. It is difficult indeed to discover how they could have differed. On the 2d of June they both voted with a vast majority, against the disgraceful proposal to discuss the intolerant petition while the rabble were in the lobby. On the 6th they voted with the whole House for the Resolutions condemnatory of the riots. No measure was then, or at any other time, proposed respecting the riots, from which either of them dissented. They appear, on the 6th, to have

both spoken the same language with their friends—with Sir George Saville, who, coming from the ruins of his own house, 'blamed the rioters and ministers alike,' and, with Mr Dunning, who 'expressed nearly *the same sentiments as Mr Burke and Mr Fox*, condemning the ministry, the military, and the mob.' —It is not to our present purpose to inquire, whether the opposition of that period were justified in this language. What we now call for, is some proof that Mr Burke and Mr Fox differed. On the 20th of June, Mr Fox made his noble speech against intolerance, of which some shreds only are preserved. In that debate, the perfect agreement of all the great men on both sides of the House, in support of religious liberty, was observed as a singularity honourable to the age. In his speech in support of Mr T. Grenville's amendment, on the 1st November 1780, a speech of more than usual vehemence, he expressly commended the employment of the military to suppress the riots; and no trace of any contrary opinion is to be found in his speech in March 1781, on Mr Sheridan's motion respecting the police of Westminster. This statement is made with a view that Sir Nathaniel may perceive the necessity of justifying his repeated accusation, by telling us *who* pressed Mr Fox in the House of Commons to cooperate for the extrication of the capital,—*when* the call was made,—*what* the measure was in which he was desired to cooperate,—and, finally,—what were the terms of Mr Fox's refusal, or those in which Mr Burke loudly expressed his wish for unanimity. With his loose notions of historical evidence, it may be necessary to apprize him, that impartial men, in so grave a case, will require the testimony of some respectable witness, in the strictest sense contemporary, able to give a detailed account of the language used in the debates of June 1780, which account must be perfectly consistent with the known course of the parliamentary proceedings. It would be needless to warn any other man, that a loose note, in a single anonymous report, or a passage in a writer who wrote twenty years after the time, without quoting an original witness (if such should be found), will not acquit him from lightly adopting and wantonly propagating a calumny.

We quoted him as saying, that Mr Fox's 'claims on office 'were unsustained by moral qualities;' and we thought this assertion the most shameless libel on the age and nation that had appeared in our time. He tries to excuse himself, by reprinting the whole of that 'hubble-bubble of words,' with which we did not choose to encumber our pages. They prove the libel. In the whole of the confused heap miscalled a sentence, three qualities of a moral nature are indeed ascribed to Mr Fox,—

energy, firmness, and amenity. Without the first, a man cannot perform the highest acts of virtue; without the second, he cannot discharge any arduous duties; and the third, though a moral quality of an inferior nature, derives some value from its power of adding a grace to kindness, and a softness to the naturally scarce virtues of sincerity and probity. But these qualities are, by experience, so well known to be capable of existing in a separate state from those high virtues, of which, when they have any moral value, they are either the armour or the ornament, that when, in combination with mere talents and attainments, they are said to be 'unsustained by moral qualities,' they are in truth a description of a bold adventurer, and of an agreeable, or, at best, an amiable profligate.

Because Johnson, whose name Sir Nathaniel (either from his own lettered accuracy, or because he has heard it most often pronounced by Ossian and his heroes) changes into our Scotch name of *Johnston*, alludes, in a moral satire, to the perfectly certain and long notorious facts, of the decay of Swift and Marlborough, as examples of the melancholy fate of the greatest men, this writer thinks it consistent with '*delicacy!*' to publish, for the first time, before the sensibility of relations and friends can have been quite composed, in the most dogmatical manner, the result of his very transient observation of General Fitzpatrick's indisposition, with the most coarse and vulgar language respecting the original cause of supposed infirmities which in fact never existed, and about which he himself now admits that 'he might have erred.' He now thinks himself farther at liberty to publish a conversation which occurred on this subject at the house of a nobleman who was General Fitzpatrick's friend;—a conversation doubly confidential—because it not only passed in the intercourse of private society, but because it turned upon so delicate a point as the infirmities of a friend soon after deceased, and of which the recent and unauthorized publication is a flagrant breach of the laws of social trust, which those who expose themselves to such an outrage a second time, from the same offender, can hardly be said not to deserve.

He has however infringed the rules of courtesy and faith to no purpose; for the conversation which he ventures to publish, relates only to the depression and languor of long illness (which he in his own jargon calls 'the decline of *Intellectual Fire*,') and could have no allusion to any debility of that masculine understanding, which, among the intimate friends of General Fitzpatrick, was thought still more his distinction than his wit,—and which never was more calmly and firmly displayed than on his deathbed. The eagerness with which the writer hurries to satisfy the de-

praved and envious curiosity of the vulgar, by a peep into the dying chamber of a man of genius, before the tears of his friends are dried up, is one of the disgraceful peculiarities of this book, and one of the causes of the poor and dishonourable success of which the author has the folly to boast. If there be any likeness to the case of Swift—it is not to Johnson, when he makes an allusion to the great Wit, that the writer must be compared, but rather to those treacherous and sordid servants who are said (it is to be hoped falsely) to have exposed their master's infirmities for gain. It is no sort of wonder, however, that with such allurements his sale should have rivalled that of the *Jockey Club* or the *Crimes of Cabinets*—

'As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates.'

Indeed, those who are content to endure the permanent character of such writers, may always be sure of a similar sale.

On the subject of De Witt, we offered him the Defence of Folly, and he has at last provided no better for himself. In the first edition, he said, 'Van Berkel merited the fate of the two De Witts,' &c. These words clearly implied, that the fate of the De Witts was merited. This was the only meaning of which they were capable, from the mouth of a man of sense. But we allowed, that in his mouth they might be harmless nonsense. He is in a great passion with us for not wading through the whole of his second edition, to ascertain that he had changed the words. And now, after reading his altered text, we find that he is in no better condition than before. For, in the first place, the necessity of the alteration proves, that his original words had the sense which was ascribed to them; and, in the second place, the alteration is so blunderingly made, as not to escape from a dilemma as distressing as that to which the original words were liable. The new words are, 'Van Berkel merited the fate which *unjustly befel* the two De Witts.' What was that fate?—The two De Witts, not only without guilt, but without judges, without proof, and without trial, were barbarously torn in pieces by a lawless rabble. This, according to the most obvious import of words, is the fate which he now thinks that 'Van Berkel merited.' It appears to be his sage determination, that the whole question depended upon the guilt and innocence of the parties, and that a guilty man can, in propriety of speech, be said *to deserve* to be cruelly murdered by the populace. His only retreat is into nonsense. That asylum is still open to him. It is an inverted benefit of clergy which we advise him not to disdain. If he does not chuse to be considered as a partisan of the criminal jurisdiction of the mob, he must translate his new sentence into the following words. 'Van Ber-

'kel, who was guilty, deserved to be legally punished for his 'crime, or, in other words, to suffer the fate of the two De 'Witts, who, being innocent, were illegally murdered by a sa-'vage rabble.' But we are really weary of pursuing him,—and cannot continue the chase much longer. One fact, very trifling in itself, is a remarkable instance of his confidence, that the readers of the Answer had not read the Book. He is mightily angry at us for representing him to have said that George II. told the death of his son to his mistress as a *piece of* good news. By way of assuaging his anger, we insert the following extracts from his narrative, omitted out of lenity in our last. 'The 'King, though he never went to visit his son during the whole 'progress of his illness, sent constantly to make inquiries, and 'received accounts every two hours of his condition. *But he 'was so far from desiring Frederic's recovery, that, on the con-'trary, he considered such an event, if it should take place, as an 'object of* THE UTMOST REGRET. He did not even conceal his 'sentiments on this point; for I know, from good authority, 'that the King being one day engaged with the Countess of 'Yarmouth, when the page entered, announcing that the Prince 'was better—*There now, said his Majesty, I told you that he 'would not die!*' After thus painting George II. as having displayed for several months an uninterrupted anxiety and unabated impatience for his son's death—as having clothed this unnatural passion in the disguise of messages of parental solicitude about that son's health—as having even expressed his vexation at a false alarm of the Prince's recovery, we must leave it to every reader of common sense to decide, whether, after such preliminaries, the narrative does not evidently imply, that when George II. said to Lady Yarmouth, in Sir Nathaniel's mispelt German, 'Fritz * *is dode*,' he did not give it as a piece of good news. It is no business of ours to inquire whether the fact be true. He seems to give the whole, though he gives expressly only the last part, upon the authority of Lord Sackville, whose communications of this sort he has published, we suppose, from gratitude to the family of Dorset.

In the case of Lord Lansdowne, he tells us, 'that, contrary to his usual practice,' he has 'used the greatest caution.' Now, for our parts, we see nothing but his usual system;—some caution about his own responsibility—none about the character of other men. He nowhere *says*, that Lord L. was guilty of per-

* Two beautiful specimens of the German orthography, which our author learned at the *courts* of the North, and both of them repeated in the second edition.

sonal corruption: but five pages of insinuation are employed to convey that opinion into the mind of unwary readers. He fancies that, without slandering, he may teach others to slander. But in this case we are first told by our author, that a minister 'of conscious *integrity*, was, in 1783, under no necessity 'of resigning;'—then that Lord Shelburne did resign from '*motives*' which always appeared '*mysterious*;'—afterwards, that 'rumours, *which sunk deep in the public mind, remained uncontradicted*;—that he had availed himself of his official station 'to make profitable speculations in the funds;'—that his enemies even named the agents and the sums;—and that other facts strongly corroborating these Reports *were mentioned*, such as the discharge of mortgages on Irish estates;—and that the alteration of Mr Pitt's conduct towards Lord S. made 'a still greater impression;' and 'that if these reports originated only in 'political hostility, it must be admitted that Lord Shelburne 'was *most unfortunate*.' After all this industry in collecting all the circumstances which could, in his opinion, countenance the tale, he has the uncommon folly to suppose that a few epithets of formal caution, and his not distinctly avowing his own belief, will screen him from the contempt due to a calumniator. His logic is on a level with his morals. Because Mr Burke and Mr Lee perhaps abused the liberty of debate in 1782, in general invective against Lord Shelburne, this writer thinks himself at liberty to impute to him, without proof, a particular crime of the basest character. They, in all the intemperance of invective which the heat of debate may excuse, abstained from any allusion to a specific accusation. The natural inference is, that even in that heated and disturbed state of mind, they disbelieved all such accusations. And, upon this authority, Sir N., thirty years afterwards, in a work of pretended history, thinks himself justified in hinting away the honour of Lord Shelburne. Unless he is to indulge this license too, he thinks it time 'to have done 'with historical research;' and he advises *Thalia*, whom he seems to think the muse of history, to tear her little books in pieces!

We see in the above passage, that he lays great stress on the circumstance of a rumour being uncontradicted; and the possibility that there may exist men capable of adopting this canon of historical belief, as at least a sufficient reason for contradicting his tales. If this rule were adopted in such a country as England, the consequence would be, that all men who are eminent, and therefore obnoxious, must either pass for the blackest criminals in after times, or employ their whole lives in the vindication of their character. The necessity of the case has esta-

blished the opposite practice of trusting to their lives, for finally confuting common calumny, and of never answering any charge unless of a grave nature, from a creditable accuser, and on a fit occasion. By the author's maxim it would happen, that those stories which are the most despised for notice in this generation, will be most entitled to credit with the next. It is thus that in lending this sort of sanction to the calumnious tales of others, he labours by anticipation to steal for his own, out of the contempt of this age, some degree of acceptance with posterity.

This new rule he attempts particularly to apply to Russia; and he is of opinion, that we are bound to believe all that Catharine or Paul have not contradicted in the narratives of Castera or Masson. This would be rather too hard a condition of reigning. He employs a whole page (Answer, p. 32.) in illustration of this ridiculous maxim. He has stupidly misunderstood the object of our enumeration of the murders which we conceived him still to impute to Catharine in his Second Edition. The two last of these *five* murders we did blame him for imputing to her, without proof, and against probability; and, as the general tendency of his narrative is to fix these two murders upon her, we pay no sort of regard to those paltry precautions and reservations by which, in this, as in other cases, he endeavours to gain the object of the accusation without incurring its responsibility. He tells us that the death of the Grand Dutchess *was believed* to have been caused by Catharine—'that 'he had it from the Princes of Hesse; and that its *probability* '*was strongly augmented*,' &c. &c. &c. In the case of the murder of the Princess of Wirtembergh, his impudence is really admirable. He himself had said, 'that it was generally believed she 'was killed by poison; that it was asked whether the Empress 'had caused the poison to be administered, and whether her hus-'band was a party to the crime.' He farther tells us, that as soon as the King of Wirtembergh was acquitted, * '*it followed, of*

* These facts he gives us to understand that he had from a private agent of the Court of Wirtembergh, 'whom he personally knew, and who possessed talent, spirit, zeal and activity.' Count Woronzow offered, as we read in the newspapers, to desist from the prosecution against our author, if the latter would name this agent. It was natural that he should have had a pretty lively recollection of the name of his informant, on so monstrous a tale, and of a man whom he had so much praised, and so minutely described. But, in answer to Count Woronzow, this writer is said to have declared that *he forgot the gentleman's name!* After such an answer, it is certainly a waste of time to discuss the value of his testimony.

'*course, that Catharine could alone be accused of having produced* '*it.*' He tells us, that an anonymous gentleman, who had examined all the papers, gave it as his opinion that Catharine alone caused her to be poisoned;—'unless'—(by an insignificant chance, worthy of being casually thrown in, as a possible exception) 'her decease resulted from natural causes!' On the same authority he tells us, 'that the Duke of Brunswick acquiesced 'in the calamity (*i. e.* the death of his daughter) only *because* '*he could not call the Empress to account!*' And, after all this repetition of his usual game of insinuation, he is, forsooth, indignant at being supposed to have imputed this murder to Catharine. We were far from blaming him for having, in common with Europe, attributed to that Princess a participation in the murders of her husband, of Ivan, and of the supposed Princess Tarrakanoff. We included these in the enumeration, to point out the discriminating dignity of mind with which he confines his recantations to those cases where the objects of his abuse are living and present, and disposed, as well as able, to make him answer for his deeds.

Sir N. is very angry with one of our contemporaries for saying that the book tells no more than the Annual Register, though the author 'attended the House of Commons regularly.' But the attendance was to little purpose; for, in a parliamentary anecdote already told by the Annual Register, he leaves out the only circumstance which made it worth telling. In the remarkable contest for *precedence* which occurred between Lord North and Lord Surry, on the 20th March 1782, he tells us, 'that in consequence of the Minister's eagerness and some 'hints of the importance of his communication,' 'the Members 'opposite allowed him the precedence.' But the truth, partly published in the Annual Register, is, that Mr Fox moved, 'that Lord Surry be now heard;' and that Lord North, with his usual address, observed, that there was now a motion before the House, on which he had a right to be heard; and by that quick retort, turned Mr Fox's Parliamentary tactics against himself. The question likely in some measure to depend on this point of form, was, whether Ministers should appear voluntarily to have resigned, or to have been driven out by the success of Lord Surry's motion.

He cannot quote the words of a great speaker without vulgarizing them. He makes Mr Pitt say, 'I shall wait till the Aga- 'memnon *of the present day* has finished his consultation with 'the Nestor *of the Treasury Bench.*' No man who ever heard Mr Pitt, can doubt that the phrases printed in Italics, are interpolations produced by the impure taste of the reporter.—

There is a flippant vulgarity in these phrases; they have the smartness of an under-bred writer of paragraphs, and they lower and disennoble the style of Mr Pitt. The wit of Sheridan would be extinguished by the recital of this jest-killer; and the most dignified sentence of Pitt cannot emerge from the mire of his recollection, without some stains of vulgarity.

But, says he, is not a single anecdote to be believed?—not even those anecdotes for which he quotes living witnesses? We never went so far. We only said, 'that not a single anecdote could be 'believed on his testimony.' We did not assert that his testimony was an absolute demonstration of the falsehood of what he attested. We did not say that we could not believe much of what he says, in spite of his saying it. We only said, that we thought it safest to believe nothing, merely because he says it.—And in this he evidently concurs; for he in this very place enumerates the few trustworthy passages of his book—which are all attested by other witnesses, and may therefore undoubtedly be believed, notwithstanding the negative power of his testimony.

Instead of being at all abashed, he chuckles with manifest delight and triumph over the charges of indecency and impurity. He finds himself most unexpectedly in the company of Prior and Swift, of Boccacio and Brantome; and dreams that he has caught some sparks of their talents, because he has copied their worst faults. He is proud of finding

'All that disgraced his betters met in him.'

But dull obscenity, and nastiness without drollery, are unredeemed sins. They excite only unmixed disgust. A few men of talent, in former times, either yielding to the gay impulse of youth, or not exempted from the grossness of their age by the superiority of their genius, have debased their wit by vulgar indecency. They who believe that the present age is not more justly intolerant of such coarseness, are extremely ignorant of its character; and the fortune of this book may serve to undeceive them. Its publication was an experiment, how far calumny, and pruriency and filth, without any redeeming merit or compensating talent, might still find readers, even in the country where the general taste was most improved. It was a test to ascertain the quantity of gross depravity left in this country by the progress of morality and refinement. The result is, on the whole, satisfactory. In almost any former period, St Giles's would have polled more than two thousand. Slander, 'ugly and venomous' as it is, has yet two good qualities, one of which in a small degree compensates for its malignity, and the other very much mitigates it. It is usually lively, and it is almost always transient. Our author has done his utmost to deprive it of its

only tolerable property. He has made it dull, and he has tried to make it permanent.

We hope not again to be obliged to notice this writer.—But we think ourselves bound to watch him.—For the present we shall conclude with an Epigram on his book, ascribed to a young gentleman of Oxford, which deserves to be inserted in all collections, for its happy mixture of drollery and poignancy; and which makes one regret that there is not an equally portable and effectual antidote against the venom of more formidable reptiles.

Men, Measures, Seasons, Scenes, and Facts all
Misquoting, Mistating,
Misplacing, Misdating,
Here lies Sir Nathaniel Wraxall!

ART. XIII. *Reflections on the Financial System of Great Britain, and particularly on the Sinking Fund.* By WALTER BOYD, Esq. 8vo. pp. 54. London. Hatchard. 1815.

THE difference between a prudent and an imprudent man in the management of his concerns, is this. The former calculates the cost of a thing before he determines upon buying it; the latter begins with buying it, and never thinks of the price until he has to pay it, a long time, perhaps, after the article is consumed. The good people of this country are very much in the predicament of the imprudent man, in all that regards the conduct of their affairs, and more especially their wars. When they are at peace, and in plenty, they begin to stare abroad on every side, to find out some cause of quarrel; and they never fail to succeed. If they have no subject of dispute themselves, they know a friend who has, and that is just as good; or if their friend have no quarrel, they know one which he ought to pick, and he must be set on to do it. And then, if there be a squabble going on any where, no matter between whom, or about what, they speedily contrive to make friends with one of the parties, in order to be admitted into a share of the sport. To tell them that they had better be quiet—that they are as well off as they can be—and that it is time enough to fight when they cannot help it,—would argue little knowledge of their disposition; nor would it be at all times a very safe experiment. Equally vain would be any attempt to make them consider the risk and the expense of the projected amusement. To calculate, is termed 'cold' at the best; to speak of danger, is 'coward-

'ly;' to talk of cost, is 'stingy.'—The nation is rich—how can its vast resources be better employed than in curbing her rivals, and extending her power and her renown?—So to war we go, with all our forces. After a few years of failure, or it may be of success, (for to the present question it makes mighty little difference), the rich nation begins to feel pinched, and the vast resources are no longer found to be inexhaustible. Great lamentations are everywhere heard over the costs of this ruinous contest; and all agree in wishing it could be terminated with honour and safety. This, however, is not so easy as it was to begin it; and accordingly, some years more are spent in what the vulgar phrase calls 'throwing good money after bad;'—and at length peace comes, to the satisfaction of every one. The burthens of the country are now in reality very great, and the restoration of its prosperity demands many years of tranquillity. It is, strictly speaking, far from being 'rich;' its resources are no longer 'vast;'—but there is much virtue in established usages as to names; and it has become the fixed custom to call the resources of England inexhaustible. A few months of peace makes us all impatient again; and again we get into a war, without reflecting one instant upon the sums it must cost, or reckoning up the means we have left us to pay them. The same round of failure and success is run as before; and we are left complaining bitterly of the expenses brought upon us by measures which, no human being could ever doubt, were perfectly certain to cost enormous sums.

This is the point at which we are now arrived. For nearly three and twenty years, excepting two short intervals of a year each, we have been fighting to our heart's content all over the world; and, latterly, upon the largest scale, and with success unexampled. To expect so much gratification for nothing; so many fine speeches, flourishing despatches, beautiful processions, illuminations, and dinners, impressive odes, newspaper paragraphs, and firings of guns—all for nothing; would be unreasonable in the extreme. Besides, we have saved Europe; and that must cost money. Moreover, we have been at war with our best customers the Americans; and that must both have taken and kept money out of our pockets. Nevertheless, as the folly of not estimating the price before you buy a thing, is nothing, compared with that of refusing to look at the bill when it comes in, for fear of the sum total, we may as well, now that the time is approaching for settling accounts, cast a glance over this long reckoning. Perhaps it may lead the most generous amongst us to be somewhat more niggardly the next time they are asked to put their hands in their pockets.

The cost of the war consists principally of the sums raised

since its commencement to defray its current expenses; the sums raised to pay the yearly expenses of the debt contracted when those first mentioned sums were insufficient; and the amount of that debt which still remains unpaid, or, which is the same thing, the sums which must still be raised in order to extinguish it.

1. To estimate the first head with any thing approaching to accuracy, would be hardly possible; because, beside the extraordinary or war taxes, it consists of the growing surplus of other taxes, which, but for the war, might have been diminished or entirely repealed. But if we omit these entirely, and only consider the war taxes, and confine ourselves to the period during which, from the enormous amount of the debt, and the approaching failure of public credit, it became necessary to attempt raising a considerable proportion of the supplies within the year, we shall obtain a sum, however enormous, yet much within the truth. The war taxes amount now to above 25 millions, exclusive of the portions transferred to the consolidated fund, and appropriated to the debt. Ten years Property, or rather Income-tax, at 10 per cent., has been paid, making at the least 120 millions, beside what was paid at 5 and at 6½ before 1806. Indeed, we have the Chancellor of the Exchequer's admission in 1813, that, before that time, above 200 millions of war taxes had been paid this war. Since he said so, 70 more have been paid; so that 270 millions have been thus raised, exclusive of all that were levied last war.

2. If we reckon up the sums yearly paid for the interest and other charges of the several loans, from 1793 to 1811 inclusive; that is to say, 22 times the charges on the loans of 1793, 21 times those on the loans of 1794, and so on, till we come to the loans of 1811, we shall obtain the sum of 238 millions and a half paid for those loans. The charges of the loans for 1812, 1813, 14 & 15, remain to be added, which will swell the amount to above 240 millions, although, since that time, the bulk of the loans have been charged upon the sinking fund.

3. The funded debt before the year 1793, was 238 millions and a quarter, in round numbers. Its annual cost was nine millions and a quarter. In 1802, the capital had increased to above 589 millions—the yearly charges to 23 millions and a quarter. By the last returns, February 1815, the debt was above 1093 millions and a half; or, deducting the stock redeemed by the sale of the land-tax, 1068 millions, reckoning the floating debt and outstanding demands at 68 and a half, and the annual charge above 43 and a quarter,—being an increase in the debt of 838 millions, and, in the yearly charge, of 34 millions. Now, of the whole debt, about 800 millions and a half are still unredeemed; and the late operations have reduced the sinking fund

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to about eleven and a half, which will take forty-five years to complete the redemption, according to Mr Vansittart's estimate. During that period, therefore, we must continue to raise taxes to the amount of 34 millions a year, in consequence of the late war; in other words, before we have done with it, we shall have paid 1530 millions, beside what has been already paid. Thus, the total cost of the war, upon the very low estimate which was made of the former heads, comes to more than the enormous sum of 2040 millions.

It signifies little, perhaps, to set before the reader sums that mock the imagination, and make the head giddy to look at them. No man can form to himself any clear idea of expenses which are to be reckoned by hundreds of millions. But there are various forms in which the costliness of our warlike propensity comes home to the understanding of the most ordinary and least calculating of mankind. If it had not been for the debt contracted in the late war, we should, some years since, have had no debt at all remaining, supposing us to have raised but a very little more than the original sinking fund of 1786 required. Now, we are saddled for thirty years with taxes to the amount of above forty-four millions a year—nearer one half than one third of the whole income of the nation, according to Mr Pitt's estimate of it in 1798—at that time a great overstatement, but now probably under the truth. Every man who pays taxes directly or indirectly, therefore—that is to say, every man in the country—must continue to pay in something like this proportion for so many years to come—must be about a third part poorer than he would have been, had the late contest never been waged—estimating the income from the property-tax, and taking an average, that is, setting off those in the upper classes, who pay more than the proportion, against those in the lower ranks who pay less.

Another way of considering the subject, is to look at the taxes of which these 34 millions a-year, entailed upon us by the war, are composed. The burthens which are most felt by the bulk of the people, that is, by the middle and lower classes, are the customs, excise, and assessed taxes. The net produce of these three branches, for the year 1814, was about 36 millions, (exclusive of the war duties); the gross amount levied upon the community being about 41 millions. Of almost the whole of this enormous burthen, therefore, we might now be free, were it not for the expenses of the late war. There would be no taxes upon houses by the rent, or houses by the window, or windows by the square foot—no taxes upon servants, or horses, or dogs, or two-wheeled carriages and carts—no excise upon beer or spirits—no custom upon foreign goods of any description

whatever. A few of the taxes that affect only the highest classes, as those upon four-wheeled carriages and armorial bearings, might be continued, at a reduced rate; and would raise enough to defray the actual charges upon this branch of the revenue. The produce of our own, and of foreign countries, would have found its way to the consumer without any other burthen than the fair profits of the grower and the carrier; and we should have enjoyed the same advantages very nearly, as the natives of those spots where the climate is most happy; together with all the benefits of our own peculiar productions, and our superior manufacturing skill. To take very homely illustrations—we might have had good French wines for eighteen pence or two shillings a bottle; porter at less than twopence a pot; and a postchaise at sevenpence or eightpence a mile.

The accumulation of wealth in every hand, would have been the sure consequence of this state of things. Not only our enjoyments would have been incalculably multiplied, but our farms would have increased; and thus a new source of comfort and of wealth have opened upon us, from the increased cultivation of the country, and improvement of its manufactures. Nor would the overgrowth of corn have afforded the smallest cause of uneasiness. At present, the land-owner and farmer are distressed, because grain is cheap while every thing else is dear. The price of every thing which the landed interest buy, is made up in more than one half of taxes. Were those removed, they never could feel the injury arising from cheap corn; for, in a very short time, that would be balanced by the lowering of all other prices in proportion; in the present unnatural state of things, prices may lower a little, till they reach the part which consists of taxes, but there their fall must necessarily be arrested.

But it is needless, it is only painful, to pursue the subject further. We only arrive at fancied pictures of good which is lost for ever, and retire from the view with unavailing regrets at what can never be recalled. It is better to attend for a little to the actual state of affairs, and see whether any thing can still be done to better our condition, by a wise, and at the same time a just, arrangement of the resources that are yet left.

The conclusions drawn from the past seem to be—that we should be somewhat more cautious of again plunging into a war—and that, having paid so much already, we have a right to be exempted from every penny of our burthens that is not absolutely necessary.

The first proposition is strongly recommended by all that we have been saying; but it is still further enforced by the consideration, that our system had reached its uttermost extremity,

and could not have been continued for a year longer, without producing the most alarming convulsions in the financial system of the country. To the further illustration of this we may soon have occasion to return; but for the present, it is sufficiently established, by a reference to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's avowal in 1813, that the expedients to which he was driven could only last him four years. The increased scale of expenditure since that time has greatly shortened the period.

The second proposition requires a little further development. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1813, urged as a reason for relieving the people as far as possible from new taxes, the fact of then having paid above 200 millions of war taxes, he cannot now refuse the inference, that the same people having, since he thus reasoned, paid above seventy millions more, their title to relief is somewhat bettered. But in truth he greatly underrated his own case; for instead of 200 millions, they had paid about 440 millions: all those sums being, in the strictest sense of the word, war taxes, which had been paid for the yearly expense of the various loans contracted on account of the war. And, by the same rule, their claim to relief is now in proportion to above 510 millions already paid for the war. We confess, however, that we adopt this method of reasoning more out of deference to the high authority of the gentleman who used it, than from any idea of its being at all necessary to maintain the right of the country to immediate and effectual relief, if it can only be shown that this is within its reach. The best ground for claiming it, a ground quite sufficient and wholly irresistible, is the fact which no man can deny, that the people are sorely oppressed with their heavy burthens. Every straw, therefore, that can by possibility be taken off their load, must forthwith be taken off. Let us cast our eye for a moment over the state of the account which the prospect of peace seems to present.

There were levied during the year 1814, the last for which accounts have been laid before Parliament, taxes to the enormous amount of 76,893,913*l.*; the net produce of which was 68,781,233*l.* Of this sum, 24,562,073*l.* are war taxes; which were originally imposed, upon the ground that the exigencies of the war required them; and paid, upon the faith that with those exigencies they should cease. There remains of net permanent revenue, 44,219,160*l.*

The expenses of the national debt for the same year amounted to 43,032,237*l.*; but taking into the account outstanding demands and the loans and unfunded debt of the present year, before the war can be wound up an addition of a million and upwards must be made to this annual charge; so that the whole

permanent revenue will do no more than pay the interest and other expenses of the debt.

It may be said, then, that the continuance of the war taxes becomes a matter of necessity, and that they will do little more than pay the peace establishment;—and perhaps not even that, according to the magnificent ideas which some people entertain of what is fitting for so great and so rich a country. But this inference must not be submitted to without examination.

Of the 44 millions and a quarter, which is the estimated expense of the debt, a large portion, viz. about 15 millions, belongs to the sinking fund. Let us, however, take it at 12, after making the deduction for the operations which have lately been practised upon it. Can any man devise a reason against taking seven millions of this sum in aid of the publick necessities?—This would leave a sinking fund of five millions, which would gradually, perhaps as quickly as is either advantageous or safe, in time of peace, pay off the debt. As to the effect of such an operation upon the funds, it would be inconsiderable. Many persons question altogether the effect of the sinking fund upon the price of stocks; contending, that if the money were not applied to the purchase of stock by the Commissioners, it would be in private hands, and find its way to the same point through other channels. We conceive that some effect is produced by its *regular* application through the Commissioners, and that their constantly purchasing to a certain amount, and that a considerable one compared with the whole amount of purchases, must have the effect of equalizing prices, and preventing any very sudden variations. But beyond this we cannot see any tendency in the fund to affect the stocks when they are low; and the temptation of high interest and probable rise is strong. When, indeed, they are high, and various channels of employment are open, the compulsory operation of the acts, obliging a certain large amount of stock to be bought by the Commissioners at all events, may have a tendency to raise or sustain the funds. But, at any rate, five millions a year applied, during peace, must have a much greater effect than three times as much applied when large loans are at the same moment making, and new stock created, to a much greater amount than the sinking fund itself. The prices would rise therefore in peace, though only five millions were applied, if it be the application of the whole fund that prevents them from falling much below *5 per cent.* interest during war. The breach of faith with the publick creditor will hardly be urged against this necessary measure, after the ease with which the inroads of 1813 was suffered to be made upon the *sacred* fund; and besides, it must be recollected, that the

question is one of necessity, and only presents a choice of evils; the faith of Parliament being pledged to the people, that the war taxes shall cease with the war, in fully as solemn a manner as it ever was to the loan contractors, that the sinking fund should remain untouched till the debt should be extinguished. Can any man pretend, that the people of England would have submitted to the income-tax, if they had not been told that it was for a season,—and that beyond the moment of urgent necessity, no attempt would be made to enforce it? Surely if there be a preference, in such a dilemma, they should be spared whose claim rests upon what they have so long endured, rather than they who have all the while been driving a trade with Government; and that, like other trades, attended with some risk, but ending in great profit. The persons who have contracted for loans, and they who have subsequently, by purchases, come into their places, deserve every degree of respectful consideration;—they have rendered inestimable services to the country in the course of its struggles;—and to them the country must again look, should fresh struggles become unavoidable. But if so large a fund as five millions be left to accumulate, without any new loans, it seems only asking them to bear their share of the general difficulties, if the rest of the fund is employed in the relief of the community at large. Besides, it must be remembered, that, sooner or later, some modification of the fund will be absolutely necessary upon other grounds. Were it allowed to accumulate until nearly the whole debt stood in the name of the Commissioners, 35 or 40 millions a year must be suddenly thrown loose, in a manner extremely detrimental to the national capital—for this change must, of necessity, take place at a time when wealth will have greatly increased, and the channels of employment been much narrowed —so as to render the difficulty almost insuperable, of finding means to invest such annual sums as we are supposing to be instantaneously set free. It seems a much wiser thing to diminish the powers of the fund at a moment when the revenue is so urgently wanted, and when no other means of obtaining it, compatible with the public safety, can be devised.

But it may be said, that even this resource will prove inadequate, the peace establishment being estimated at 18 or 19 millions. Now, we contend, that the business of Government is not to begin by making a fine estimate of a peace establishment, and then set about finding the funds for supporting it; but to look first at the funds, and by those to square their expenses. We have spent our all; we are overwhelmed with debt; our unavoidable expenses are over; we have, by the supposed ar-

rangement with our creditors, obtained a certain fund upon which to go on—let us then '*cut our coat to our cloth*,' and do what every man of common prudence does when he is rescued from a state of insolvency brought on by inevitable mischances, and has obtained a small sum to set him up again:—He abstains, of course, from every extraordinary expense which the pressure of misfortune no longer throws upon him, and he regulates his ordinary expenditure by the strictest economy—accounting frugality, parsimony, and even stinginess, as the first of virtues, in his situation. If he were to buy things because he fancied them; or were to argue for one purchase because it would be comfortable, and another because it was cheap at the price;—if, in short, he were ever to ask himself any question, but whether or not he could afford it—he would soon be ruined past all hope:—and so will this country, with all its wealth and power, if, for some years to come, economy—parsimony—be not, in all public matters, the ruling principle. It is, indeed, upon the very opposite principle, that the late war has been conducted. One hundred and twenty-six millions expended in a single year! No thought was ever bestowed upon the question, Can we afford this?—have we money to pay for that?—but each expense was incurred as if it was the only one, and each measure discussed upon its own merits, as if it might not be highly desireable in itself, and yet so dear as to be quite beyond our reach. In a state of war there was some excuse for this, especially when the end of the contest was approaching. But for carrying the same unthinking prodigality into the formation of our peace establishment, no mortal can invent a pretext. If the country permits such folly in its rulers, it deserves the consequences—endless taxation, and peace without repose.

The fund to which we have been referring, as the only one that, properly speaking, remains within our reach, is seven millions a year. To something like this, then, the expenses of the country should be reduced.

The whole civil expenses of the country in 1814 (exclusive of the debt), amounted to 4,059,743*l.* This includes several heavy articles of expense belonging to the war, as secret service money at home and abroad, grants to the Germans, &c.; and some things which are accidental, and ought not again to occur in our accounts until we can afford them, as improvements in architecture, &c. The amount of the civil expenses of the country and its colonies, therefore, did not, strictly speaking, exceed three millions and a half for that year. All the rest of the vast expenditure was to support the war. There were ten millions for loans, or rather subsidies, to foreign powers—about twenty-two for the Navy—four

and a half for the Ordnance—16½ for the ordinary, and 17¼ for the extraordinary expenses of the Army—making a military or warlike expenditure in one year of no less than seventy millions and a half. But it may be presumed that those who argue for a heavy peace establishment are prepared to show why such boundless sacrifices as these were worth making, if no rest was to follow the struggle. Was there ever a period in which this country was more safe from danger either of foreign or domestic war? Was there then ever a time when we could, in perfect security, go on with a lower military establishment? Who is afraid now of invasion? Who even affects to dread insurrection?—Then look at the establishment of 1790, the last year of entire tranquillity. The Navy cost about two millions and a quarter; the Army a little more than a million and three quarters; the Ordnance less than half a million. But as the pay and expenses generally have been increased since that period, we may allow that the same number of ships and troops will require more than four millions and a half—perhaps above seven millions. Then, as our colonies are extended, a larger force is required for them; but means should be taken to make the settlements defray this additional expense. As for keeping up a large army at home, because it adds to our power in Europe; to our name abroad; to our weight at congresses, and so forth—there is one answer—We can't afford it—We have no money to spend upon such things—the country is quite safe; and, if any occasion for going to war shall occur, we can easily increase Navy, Army, Ordnance, and all, so as to do exactly what we have been doing;—and then, if we must pay, there is no help for it; but, until then, we shall keep the money in our pockets, and let our rulers find out some cheaper amusements.

This is the language of necessity, and ought to be spoken from one end of the country to the other, as often as any attempt is made to plunge again into extravagant courses. In the mean time, much may be done towards reducing the expense of the civil establishment; and if that and the military together should exceed the seven millions which we have to spend, recourse must be had to the least exceptionable of the war taxes,—that is, to a small part of the excise and customs. As for the Income Tax, it is on every principle so oppressive, so contrary to the principles of the constitution, so destructive of individual security and comfort, that we cannot suppose a free people will endure it one instant after the termination of the crisis which alone justified it.

In the remarks which have now been made, we have purposely avoided entering into details, and have passed over many topics that must present themselves to every reader. The general

subject of the finances, and more especially the system of universal retrenchment, so imperiously called for by our late extravagance, is one to which we shall frequently be under the necessity of recurring. At present it has been our aim to impress upon the attention of the country, the absolute necessity of a change in those warlike and expensive habits to which of late years all men have been accustomed, and to which our national prosperity has so nearly been sacrificed. To reckon only the expense of any publick service, to argue, for example, against a war, by summing up the money it has cost, is no doubt an inconclusive mode of reasoning; it is taking into view one side only of the account. But equally absurd and miscalculating is the practice of only regarding the supposed value of the service, and shutting our eyes to the expense. We are far from recommending that the safety of the country should be sacrificed to motives of misplaced economy; that our liberties should be sold, or even put in jeopardy, for a crust. But it has become the fashion to call any change that happens abroad a vital interest of England,—and to expect invasion, subjection and ruin, unless some hundreds of millions are expended in bringing things back to their former posture. We presume to think, that, after what has passed, it would be more wise to be quiet—to enjoy, at length, some of the fruits of our exertions—showing ourselves less prone to alarms about our national independence, and more alive to the dangers which our comforts, and, above all, our liberties, are sustaining at home, from the pressure of such burthens as never country yet endured.

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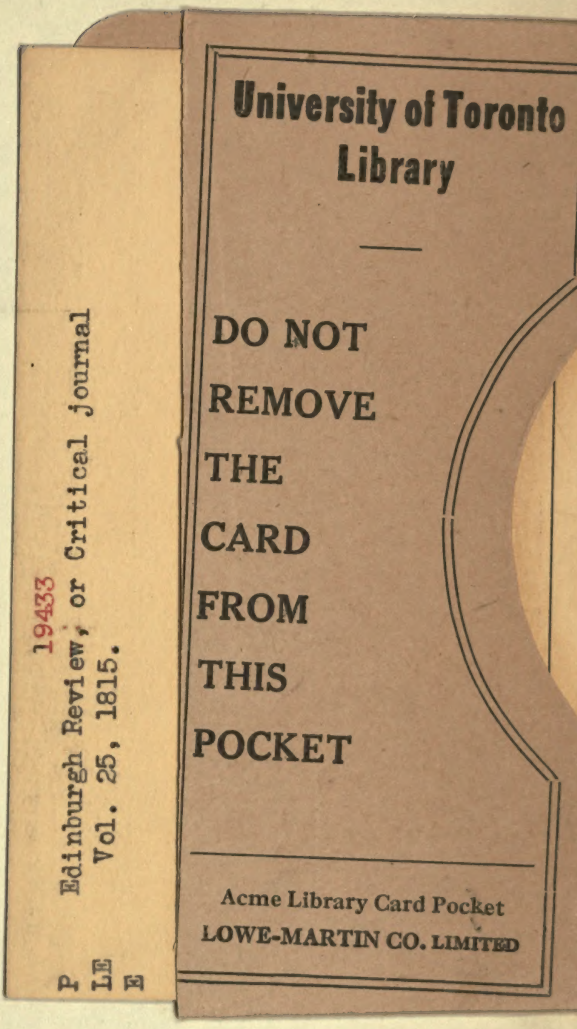
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